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The Saturday Evening
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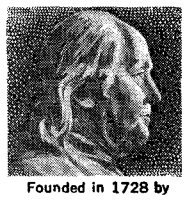

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About this issue

John Skow

ALAN LEVY, this issue's dogged observer of Jackie Kennedy, is a 34-year-old free-lance writer who contributes frequently to leading magazines. Levy's seventh book, *The Culture Vultures*, looks at the mass merchandisers of American culture and will be published by G. P. Putnam's later this year. . . . A map of Jackie Kennedy's New York is the latest of many *Post* illustrations by N. M. BODECKER. For 25 years Mr. Bodecker's work has been appearing in major magazines, as well as in some 30 children's books. . . . This is the third winter that contributing writer JOHN SKOW has taken to the ski slopes for the *Post*. Skow, who lives in New Hampshire, has gone south *(Grits, Magnolia and Skiing*, March 13, 1965) and west *(Skiing the Rockies*, March 12, 1966) for *Post* reports—but this year's assignment kept him in New England, close to home. . . . HERB GARDNER, here in the *Post* for the first time, wrote the successful play *A Thousand Clowns*. / Cover photo by Irv Steinberg.

N. M. Bodecker

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Letters

Sex criminals

Dear Editor:

I have read with sustained interest the study of THE SEX CRIMINAL ['I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID IT'] by John Kobler in the January 28 issue. It is a superior job of writing on a subject little understood by the public and not perfectly analyzed by experts.

DR. DANIEL P. GRIFFIN
Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Editor:

As welcome as it is, Mr. Kobler's article will probably do little to change public attitudes, which are based on an emotion not amenable to sweet reason or logic. The ugly fact is that society wants revenge on the criminal—and this applies with tenfold virulence to the sex offender. "An eye for an eye" continues to be our guide, and the terrible toll in human waste continues to pile up in cellblocks and wards where the victims of our frustrations are kept in dead storage.

THOMAS J. CUMMINS
Oakland, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Don't you think your sympathy is a little misplaced? The sad childhoods of sex offenders are nothing compared to the horrible experiences they have inflicted on others. What will the children they have hurt grow up to be?

MRS. J. B. MORGAN
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sir:

It looks like you have run out of anything decent to write about. If the doctors cannot help such sex offenders, how can you do any good by printing their story in your magazine?

M. E. QUIGLEY
Bountiful, Utah

Gentlemen:

For those of us interested in national sex education on an intensive scale, it seems sad and ironic that we may have men on the moon while we are still wallowing around in a mire of sickness and lies about one of man's most basic instincts.

PATRICIA CHERONE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

If the subject of sex is dealt with honestly at the age when a child is naturally exploring his world, I think there will be fewer sex crimes in our society—and probably a healthier people.

PETER W. JANNEY
Princeton, N.J.

Gentlemen:

I am a young woman who was the victim of a male exhibitionist, and I'll always be haunted by the fear of a similar occurrence or worse. I'll never forget the look on that man's face; and after reading your enlightening and excellent piece, it's easier to realize what it was—it was a look pleading for help.

A SUBSCRIBER
Trenton, N.J.

Monkee business

Dear Sirs:

I would like to compliment Richard Warren Lewis on his splendid article on The Monkees [WHEN FOUR NICE BOYS GO APE!, January 28]. It's true—there's no business like monkee business to teen-agers.

MARY HOUSEKNECHT
Muncy, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for pulling the wool off our eyes. One thing we teen-agers don't need is manufactured musicians.

RIC BRADY
Arlington, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have more respect for The Monkees now—admitting that they are not really the genuine musicians Hollywood has portrayed them to be takes more courage than most entertainers are willing to muster.

J. B. RUSSEL
Los Angeles, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Your story made the *Post* take a giant step—*backward!* The Monkees are the hit of our generation, and you will not change that!

MONKEES FAN CLUB
Wooster, Ohio

Dear Sir:

The teen-agers of Honolulu are disturbed at Mr. Lewis's implication that they were an "unresponsive audience" for The Monkees here. Having sat in the midst of that Monkees' show, I would be more likely to call the audience reception "hysterical." I did not hear one word The Monkees sang for the shrieks, and I found I could take notes quite comfortably in the darkened auditorium by the light of the exploding flash bulbs. And I discovered that I liked The Monkees—they have charm and attractive stage presences.

Please correct this injustice to Honolulu's teen-agers, who can be just as responsive as anybody else's.

JIM BECKER
Honolulu Star-Bulletin
Honolulu, Hawaii

Love songs

Dear Sir:

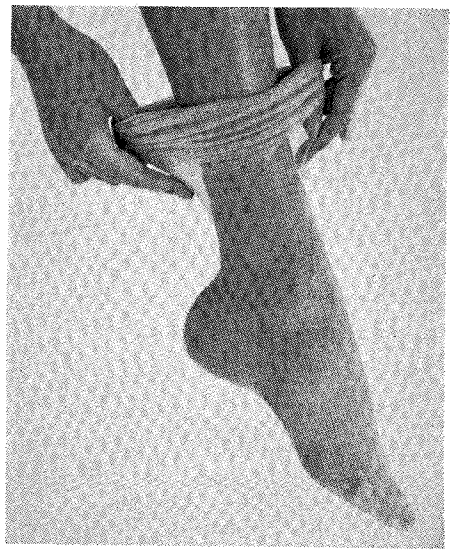
Richard Rodgers's poignant tribute TO THE LOVE SONG—WITH LOVE [January 28] made me very thankful to have grown up during years that contained so many timeless melodies, melodies that still produce a flood of memories. How many of today's tunes will have any meaning 20 years from now?

MRS. JAMES J. GRUBER
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Rodgers is every bit as good an author as he is a composer—and that's saying plenty. I'd love to see more articles from his gifted pen.

JAMES A. RASOR
Massillon, Ohio



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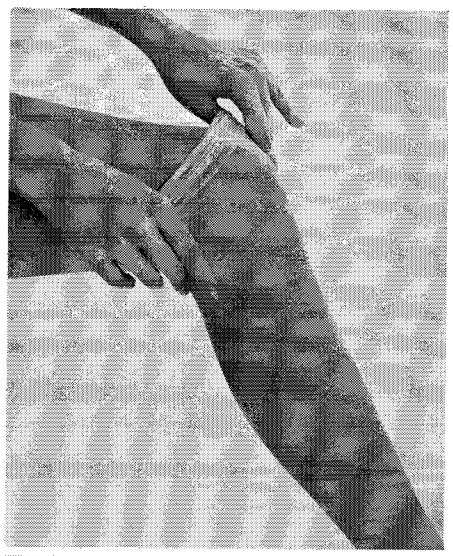

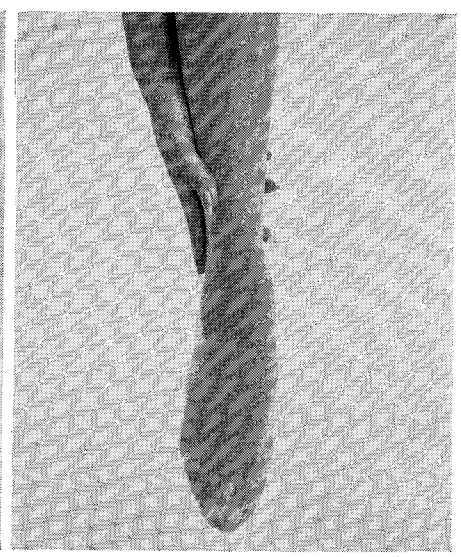

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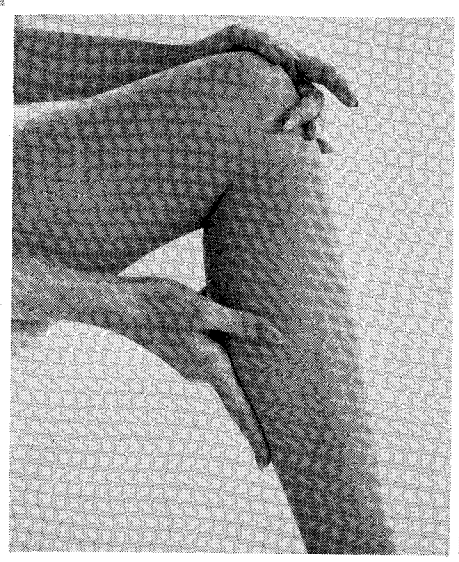

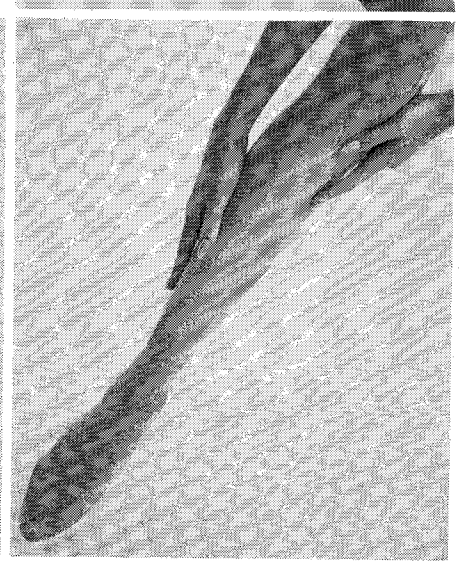

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Letters

Religious salesmanship

Dear Sir:

Thank God for Rabbi Howard Singer [DON'T TRY TO SELL ME YOUR RELIGION, January 28]. It's about time someone put the matter of Jewish-Christian dialogue in the right perspective. Real dialogue, understanding and friendship can never occur until men renounce their stubborn insistence on the superiority of their beliefs.

FRANCIS R. LEWIS
U.S. Army Chaplain School
Fort Hamilton, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

As one of those cynically described by Rabbi Singer as a member of the "interfaith clergymen's civil service," I was disturbed by the total lack of understanding which my colleague exhibited in his article.

Is Rabbi Singer so despairing of what his fellow Jews believe about their own Judaism that he is afraid to expose them to Christian thinking lest they be too easily converted? If so, he levels a damning indictment against our failure to equip our own people with the knowledge to meet what he would have us believe is a hoard of evangelizing Christians.

I discover in Christians a great eagerness to learn and a growing willingness to accept the Jewish viewpoint once they understand it—but this will never happen if we follow Rabbi Singer's facetious advice to "talk about the weather" whenever we are invited by the Christian world to participate in dialogue.

RABBI BALFOUR BRICKNER
Director, Commission on Interfaith Activities,
Union of American Hebrew Congregations, New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is unnecessary to go out after people to overcome them. Those who desire what you have will come to you to find out about it on a voluntary basis.

KINSA BLAKE
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sir:

Surely Rabbi Singer is not naïve enough to believe that all non-Jewish Europeans are Christians. To attach this label to those who ran Hitler's extermination camps is not only inaccurate, but unfair to those who live by the Christian faith.

W. A. LYNCH
Pensacola, Fla.

Sirs:

Your piece was splendid. If everyone in the world would attempt to live up to his own religion, there would be no time or need for discussions between religious groups.

LEITHA HARR
Akron, Ohio

Dear Sir:

After reading the rabbi's article, I'm afraid he's anti-Christian. Isn't that as bad as being anti-Semitic?

ARNOLD O. LOSSNER
Orange, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Is dialogue incompatible with honesty? I have always *assumed* my Jewish friends believed Christianity to be "a 'paganization' of monotheism." And because I believe that "Judaism was the seed and the root, Christianity the flower and the fruit," must all dialogue be precluded?

REV. H. ARMIN MOELLERING
Palisades Park, N.J.

Ia Drang nightmare

Dear Editor:

Until reading Spec. 4/c Jack Smith's story DEATH IN THE IA DRANG VALLEY [January 28] I never realized how terrible the fighting must be—terrible for those who must die, and possibly more terrible for those who must live with the haunting memories. I thank God this country has so many brave, courageous men.

CAROLE RYAN
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sir:

General Sherman said, "War is hell," and Jack Smith's article certainly elaborated on it. I could not finish reading his story.

WADE NEWKIRK
Alliance, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I'm sorry Spec. 4/c Smith has nightmares, but I don't think his sharing them with us helped a bit. How many grieving wives and mothers will remember his words—thanks to you.

MRS. CHARLES WADE
Enon, Ohio

Gentlemen:

Your article had the most sobering effect of any printed matter I have encountered. Let us be thankful that a story of this nature can be related to our public, and that there is still time for every American to sacrifice and fight so that Jack Smith's nightmare does not come to our streets and homes.

WILLIAM S. GOULD
University Park, Pa.

Dear Sir:

In Jack Smith's article he told how during the night after the ambush a patrol came and rescued 14 or so of the wounded. I happened to be one of the men on that patrol—we brought back 13 men, and the last I was able to find out, 12 of these men lived.

All of our company had not received the message that we were in the area; and on our return journey to camp, the patrol was fired on by our own men. Fortunately, only three of us were wounded and none of us were killed.

Thank you—the article answered my many questions of what happened to those we had to leave behind that night.

DAVID A. LAVENDER
Murphysboro, Ill.

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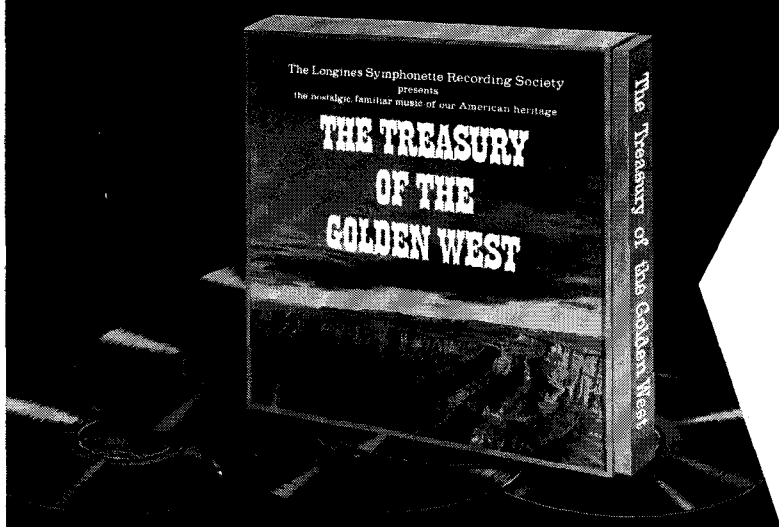
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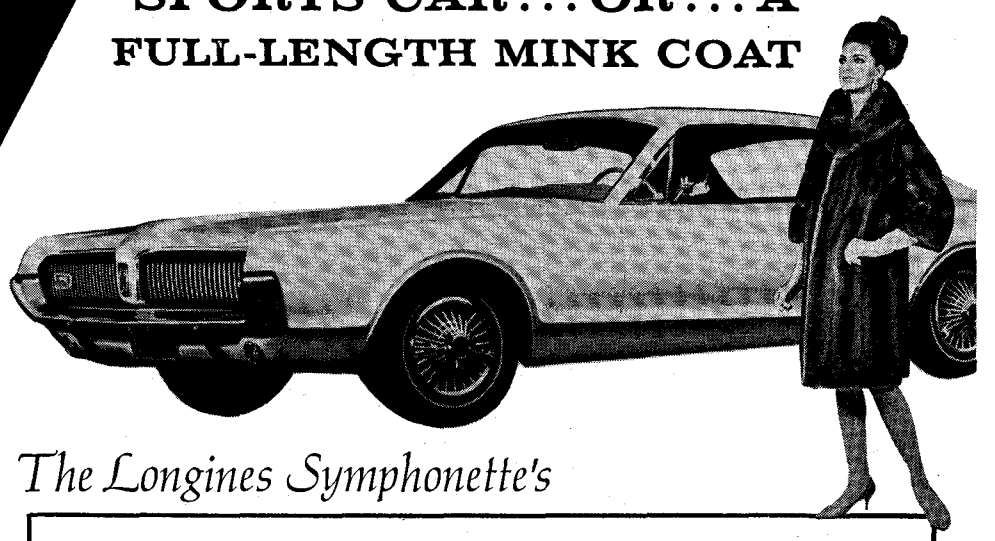

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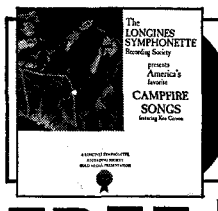

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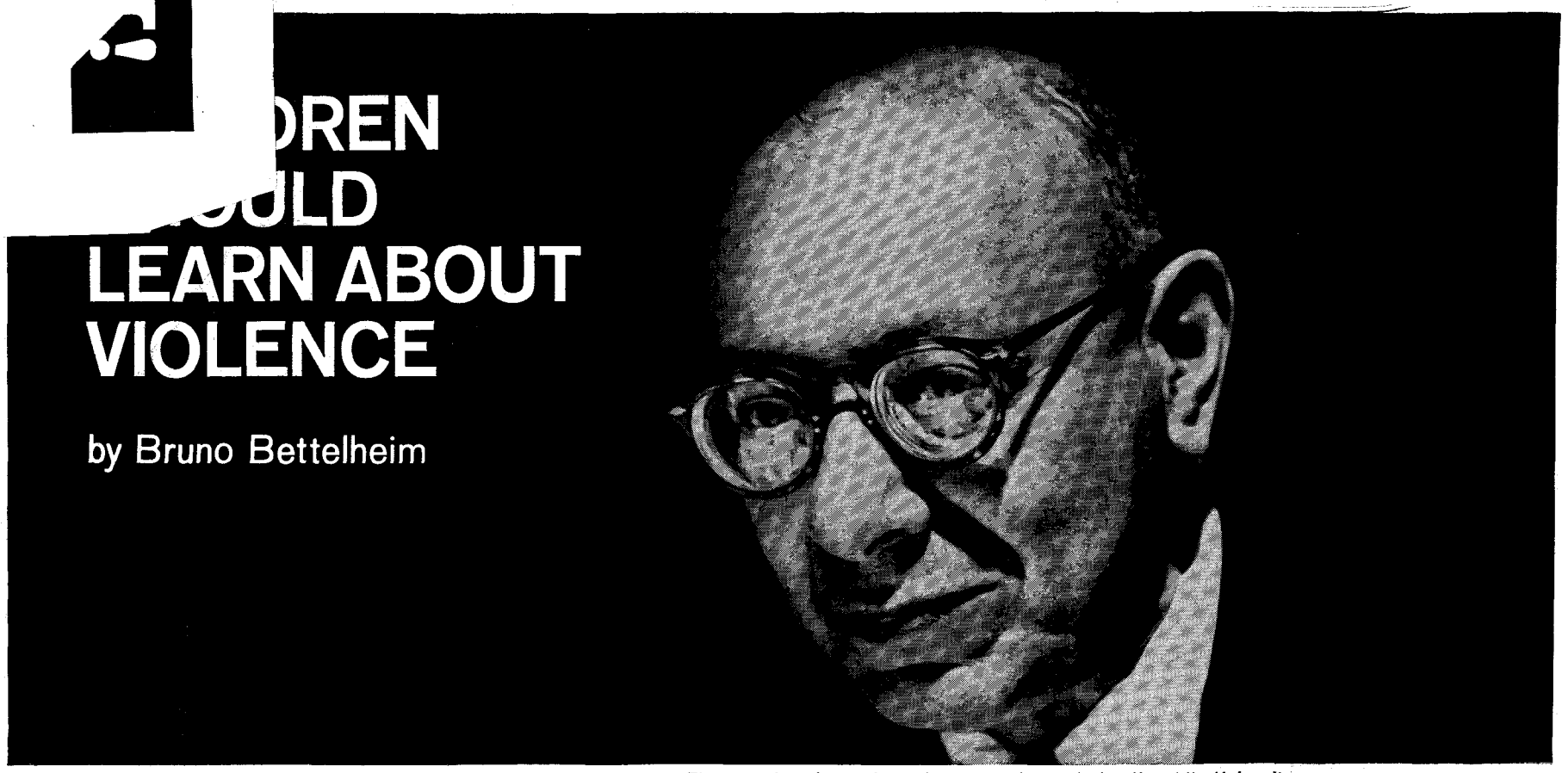
g Out

ORENOULD LEARN ABOUT VIOLENCE

by Bruno Bettelheim



The author is professor of psychiatry, psychology and education at the University of Chicago, and also principal of a school the university operates for the treatment of disturbed children. His most recent book is Empty Fortress, published in January.

We delight in watching violence at the movies or on TV, and reading about it in the spy stories, and talking about it so that even the plight of the Negro is often a thin disguise for telling violent stories. Yet we fear nothing more than the violence rampant in some of our big-city schools, and many of us live in dread of violence as we go home at night, and even in broad daylight. Despite the fascination and the dread, we try to pretend to our children that violence is to be ignored or treated with contempt. This makes no sense. Children must be taught about violence so that they can learn to master it.

As long ago as the *Iliad*, the first great epic of the western world, the Greeks won one day, the Trojans the next, and in the end practically all perished. And since Homer, in this book, introduced the spirit that violence is the central problem to be dealt with in a world striving to be civilized, we were warned to think seriously of what our attitude toward violence should be. Today, the gunfighter has taken hold of our imagination as a moral "hero" (to use the term of literary critic Robert Warshow) because the man with the gun on his thigh believes in violence—but also in self-restraint: ". . . he suggests that even in killing or being killed we are not freed from the necessity of establishing satisfactory modes of behavior. . . ." We deceive ourselves and our children by failing to recognize this openly, at home and in our schools.

Nowadays parents get a great deal of help in accepting *some* of their children's instinctual behavior—even sex. But as far as violence is concerned, we overlook the fact that it is an ineradicable part of human nature. As Freud wrote in summing his views about the future, "The fateful question for the human species seems to me to be whether and to what extent [they] will succeed in mastering the disturbance of their communal life by the human instinct of aggression and self-destruction."

Long before our children have reached the age of reason, we expect them neither to hit nor to swear, not to yell back at us or their playmates. They are supposed to refrain from destroying property, even their own toy. Sure, they have to learn to control themselves. But what outlets for the human instinct of violence *do* we provide? And more important, what learning do we provide that would teach them how to deal with their violent feelings? We are so unreasonable about violence that it is apt to make us violent ourselves. Few children of the educated middle classes are slapped for masturbating any more, though they are not exactly raised in sexual freedom. But let the same parents meet with violence in their youngsters, and as likely as not they will slap the children or give them hell. Thus they demonstrate that violence without restraint is all right if one is older and stronger. We end up using violence to suppress it, and in doing so we teach our children that we believe there is just no other reasonable or intelligent way to deal with it. Yet the same parents, in another situation, would agree that suppression is the worst way to deal with instincts.

When I was a young man of good intentions, I objected to legalized prostitution. But my Victorian father told me, "It is these girls who protect nice women like your mother from the danger of being raped."

I still do not favor prostitution, because these girls should not have to serve as protection for the rest of the population. But by declaring there is no place for sex outside of marriage, just as we declare there is none for violence in our society, we force each person to suppress his violent tendencies till they build up to a pitch where he can no longer deny or control them. Then they suddenly erupt in the isolated act of explosive violence—whether against eight Chicago nurses or against the President of our country.

These outbursts are conspicuous. By their spectacular nature they even give the impression that ours is an age of violence. So we clamor for still greater suppression of even small eruptions of violence, as in the present outcry by some against children playing with guns. At their age such play provides the safety valve that drains off small amounts of violence, leaving a balance that can be managed.

I am convinced that neither comics, nor TV, nor even James Bond corrupts children, despite all the warnings that these media are "seducing the inno cent." It is high time that the myth o original innocence be dispatched to th land of the unicorns along with its op posite, the myth of original sin. Mos of the time innocence is little mor than an anxious clinging to ignoranc and against violence there is no pro tection in ignorance. Violence exists, a right, and each of us is born with h potential for it. We are also born wit opposite tendencies, and these must b carefully nurtured if they are to offse the violence. To do this one must kno the nature of the enemy.

Recently there has been much tal about the "revolt" of the "young gene ation." This worries us because for mo of man's existence there was no adole cent revolt. When boys had to be sel supporting by 12 or 14, when gir married at a similar age, youthful r volt was hardly possible. Nor w adolescents revolt where the social a titude is that man has always lived th same God-ordered existence from whic any change is inconceivable.

But today society is affluent enoug to dispense with child labor and ke the young economically dependen and society also wishes to keep i youth sexually inactive beyond the a when sexual maturity is reache Youngsters are asked to obey custor their parents have only recently cr ated. Many youngsters submit, grind out a boring existence, or o out of society and become beats. B others explode and resort to violenc

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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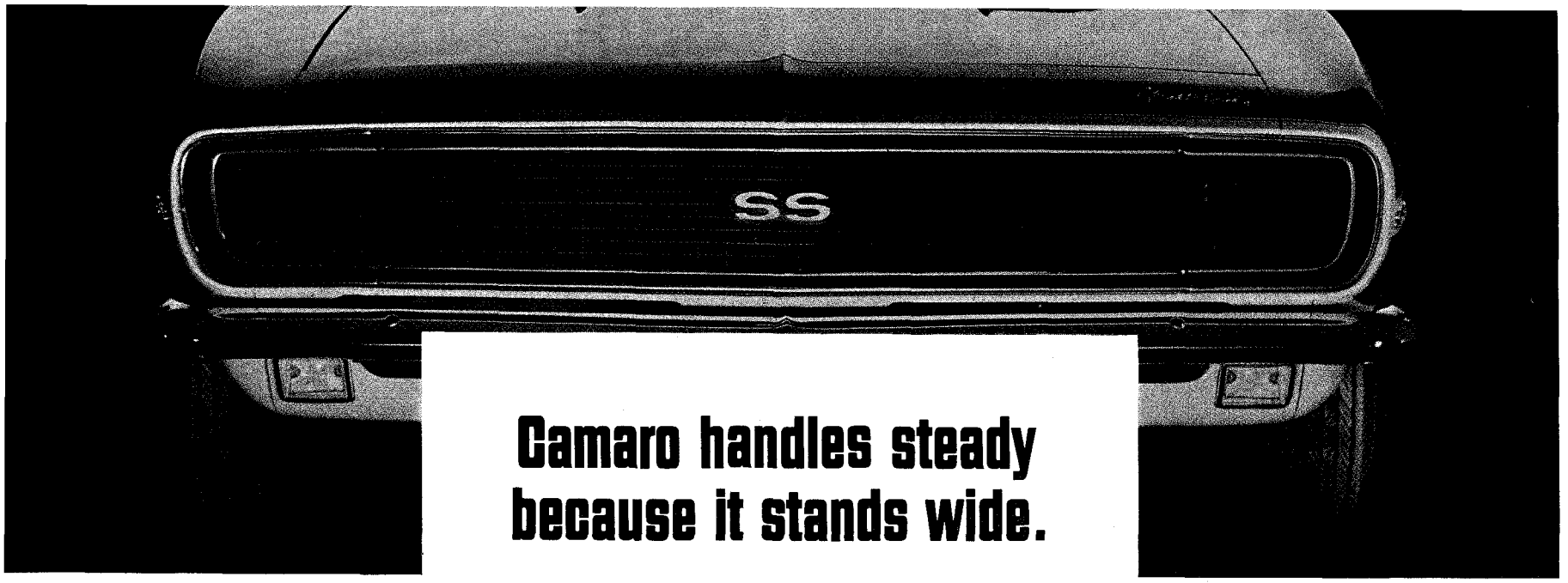

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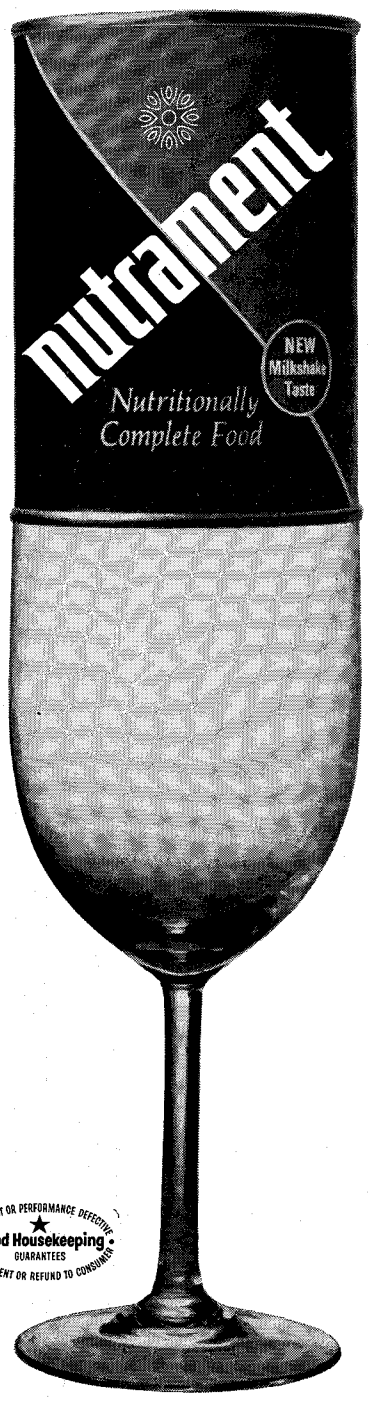

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Mead Johnson
NUTRITIONALS

For them, of course, violence seems a shortcut toward gaining an objective. And by their very revolt they show that they do not know what they are doing—they have not been taught what violence is. It is so primitive in nature that it is generically unsuitable to get for us those subtler satisfactions we want. That is why its examination marks the very beginning of man's becoming a socialized human being.

Whether or not we will use violence or avoid it depends entirely on what alternative solutions are known to a person facing a problem. This shows up most clearly in gang warfare. It is also the reaction of a bewildered dropout. Far from seeing school the way most of us do—as a ladder to success—he views it as the enemy that demands the impossible and thereby prevents success. The frustrated student's violence is not directed against learning as such; it is directed against a system that forces you to return again and again to a place where you have met nothing but defeat. He naturally becomes violent, or bands with similar youths in a violent gang for mutual protection.

Today we are bombarded by images of a life of consuming and owning. But for an awful lot of people the means to such a life are slim. This is especially true of many young people, before they find a sure place in our economic system, if they ever do. Yet they are told that they cannot have a satisfying life without owning things. So they see no alternative to violence, even though their whole education has denied the existence of any such thing. Violence, for the gang member, has precisely the same goals as the ones approved by respectable society: competitive success and prestige in the eyes of one's peers. The social scientist L. Yablonsky quotes one homicidal youngster: "I'm not going to let anybody be better than me and steal my 'reputation' . . . when I go to a gang fight I punch, stomp and stab harder than anyone." Senseless violence—not premeditated violence—seems a quick, almost magical way to prestige for a person who despairs of any alternatives.

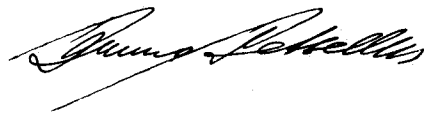
Despite our persistent anxieties, ours is definitely not an age of increased violence—we do not even burn witches publicly, or use hanging as a popular spectacle. But we also must recognize that the chances for safe discharge of aggression are now severely curbed. Rural life, for instance, used to give the child some vicarious experience with the "delights" that violence can provide. In my native Austria, slaughtering the pig was a distinct highlight in the lives of peasant children. There was wood to be chopped. There was the power of horses or oxen that needed to be harnessed, not to speak of the problem of how to deal with the ferocity of a bull. These were not violent pursuits as such, but they nevertheless permitted, often demanded, a great deal of well-controlled violence. Moreover, they were safe outlets; they aroused no counter-violence in their target.

Today we try to achieve the same results with sports. But they are no substitute, for they raise the aggressive feelings of competition to the boiling point, and for every game we win, we are likely to lose one. And we confuse children by pushing the competitive spirit to a pitch while denying them acquaintance with aggression. Even while we send our children into these games, we expect them to keep their clothes and hands clean, to sit too still for too long stretches of time, to play "nicely" years before they have reached the age where playing by the rules of the game makes any sense to them. All this repression builds up an anger that will press for violent release. Even the few approved outlets for violence that existed until recently have been closed. No more Roman candles on the Fourth of July, no more turning over of garbage cans on Halloween.

If we would just listen to the children we would hear how much they want to learn about aggression. Almost as if they had all studied Freud, they somehow sense, in our pushing them, that we are teaching them only about half of themselves. Children know how great is their wish to get even, to take advantage, to grab things, to yell. Yet our nice teaching materials never hint that even the slightest difference can arise among the people in the picture books. We teach the child that either these stories are not true, which means that learning has no merit, or that something is wrong with their parents because sometimes they argue. We can tell children through stories that people are sometimes angry at each other and quarrel, but can still live successfully together—and that this is better, though harder, than to deny that one's parents ever differ.

In my school, children who for years have resisted learning even the simplest words from the primers that picture only sweetness and light learn to recognize, read, and spell a hundred words in a couple of weeks' time once it is admitted to them that violence is a fact. To begin with, we have to introduce the idea that what is hardest to do is to master one's own scary ideas, and that what we do or what happens to us can be destructive and overpowering. After such an explanation a group of these children once picked, as the first words they wanted to learn, the words "scary," "fire" and "hit." To me these children had outlined a course on how to learn about violence: "Hit" deals with human violence; "fire" with inanimate destruction; and "scary" with the outcome of violence and destruction. Words that such children can learn to read after seeing them only once are words like *fire, knife, cut, crash, shoot, kill, hit, bite, teeth, cry, fight, jail, scream, yell.* Compare them with words like *look* and *see*, which are generally considered easy to learn.

Unfortunately the stories we now teach from in class never include any incidents of aggression. No child ever hits, becomes angry, or destroys things in an outburst. The worst they ever do is to tease or to pout. All of them live on Pleasant Street, in Friendly Town. But none of us really live there, and it is time to confess this to our children so that they can learn to deal with the violent potential we all have—the potential to hit, knife, shoot, kill. Maybe there was some wisdom to the old-fashioned readers where the child was told what cruel fate befalls the evildoer. These stories scared children, but there was also the lesson that those who savor violent delights come to violent ends. □



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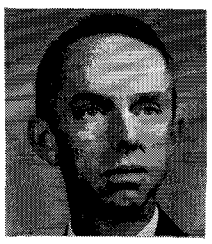
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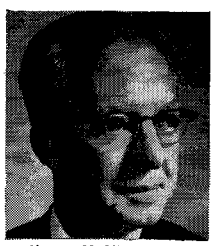
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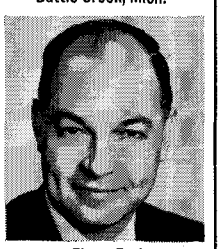
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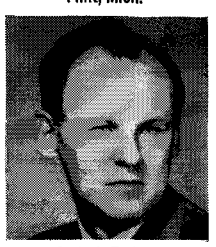
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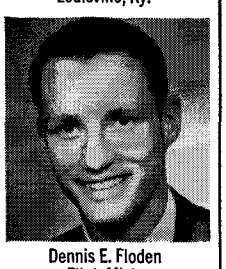
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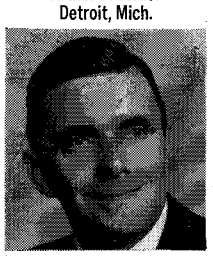
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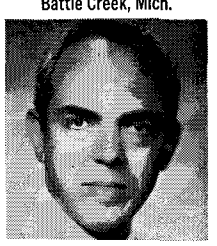
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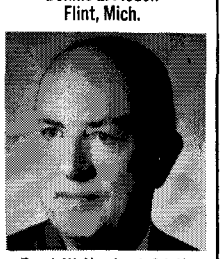
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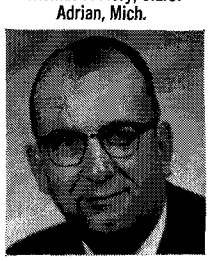
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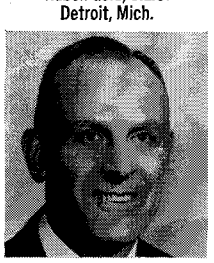
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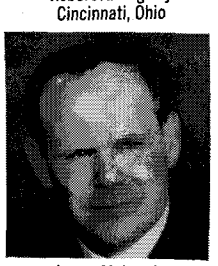
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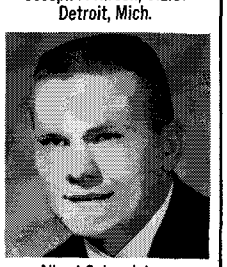
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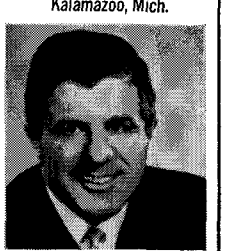
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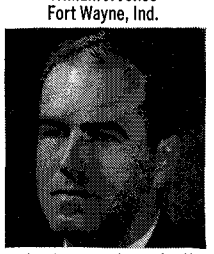
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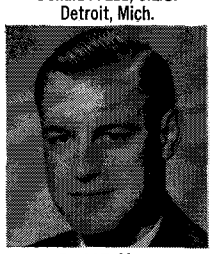
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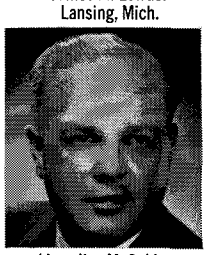
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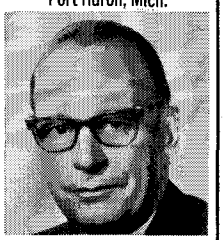
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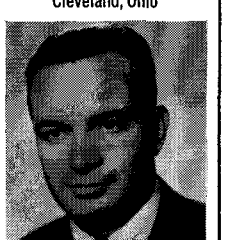
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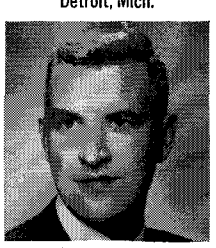
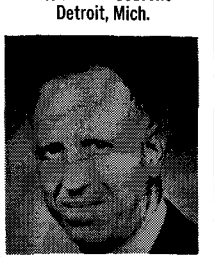

Ralph G. Smolenski
Detroit, Mich.


Robert S. Sternberger
Indianapolis, Ind.

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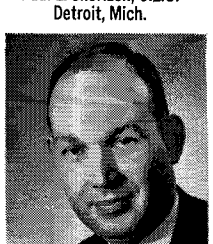
Grand Rapids, Mich.


Thomas L. Tengen
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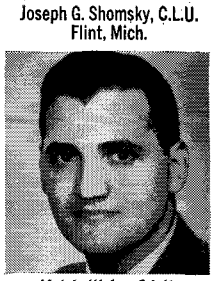
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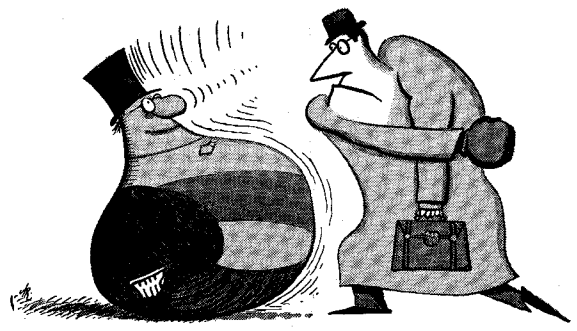
■Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop



Let the poor old Foreign Service alone

WASHINGTON:

This country's professional diplomats—the State Department's 3,500 Foreign Service Officers, or FSO's—used to constitute an elite body of proud men. Now they are more like a collection of exhausted guinea pigs.

This is sad, and it is also serious. For as the morale of the professionals in the Foreign Service has decayed, the conduct of American foreign policy has become increasingly sludgy and zombie-like. According to many Foreign Service Officers, morale in the service has never been lower, not even in the McCarthy era. The service has been reorganized and reformed and reported on and experimented with for so long that the professionals who are supposed to be responsible for the conduct of American foreign policy are in a kind of collective catatonic state.

The Foreign Service has never been beloved by the politicians or the public—"striped-pants boys" and "cookie pushers" are the traditional epithets. But the service has respected itself—and with good reason, for it has produced some of this country's ablest public servants. Now that self-respect is oozing away.

The Foreign Service has been exposed to a whole series of traumatic shocks. In the McCarthy era, an FSO had to get used to being regarded as a traitor or homosexual, and more probably both.

Then there was the Wriston Commission "reform" of 1954, the most disastrous of an endless series of reforms. "Wristonization" transformed hordes of unhappy and unqualified State Department bureaucrats into Foreign Service Officers overnight, more than doubling the size of the Foreign Service and destroying its *esprit de corps*. The result today is the "Wriston bulge." There are too many high-level FSO's and not enough serious jobs for them to do, so that able men in their 40's and 50's are doing jobs hardly more meaningful than pushing cookies.

But the most traumatic shock of all has been the triumph of the Administrators over the Foreign Service. Until rather recently the Foreign Service used to run the affairs of the Foreign Service, and the clerkish types involved in the Administration of the State Department were dismissed as mere "pants pressers" by the policy-making FSO's. Now the pants pressers are having their revenge.

By a mysterious process which is going on in many areas of American life, the Administrators have seized control of the Foreign Service—especially since 1963, when William Crockett, a brilliant bureaucratic operator, became Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration. Nowadays, FSO's who want to get ahead have learned to be polite to the formerly despised "pants pressers."

The Administrators can get a senior FSO an embassy—or they can condemn him to outer darkness as Deputy Chief of Mission in Chad or the Central African Republic. In many other ways they can make the life of an FSO tolerable—or miserable.

Most of the programs introduced by the Administrators seem designed to increase the misery quotient. For example, there is FAPS—Foreign Affairs Programming System. The idea of FAPS is to feed voluminous reports on all the activities of U.S. missions abroad into computers, and thus measure statistically the effectiveness of American foreign policy. The notion that diplomacy can be measured by a computer is enough to make any professional Foreign Service Officer froth at the mouth.

But the final humiliation, in the view of many self-respecting FSO's, is the "T-Group" program ("T" stands, rather mysteriously, for "training"). In this program, 10 or 15 FSO's and other State Department people (a "T-Group") are sequestered in a country mansion for a week at a time. In the manner of the "Socialist self-criticism" sessions, as practiced in the Communist countries, the members of the T-Group are supposed to bare their souls, confessing their own sins and weaknesses, and ruthlessly exposing the sins and weaknesses of the other members of the group.

"Behavioral scientists" hired by the Administrators run these affairs. If the suspicions of several FSO's are correct, *agents provocateurs* are inserted into the groups by the "behavioral scientists" to "unfreeze" the FSO's. During one recent T-Group session, a pretty girl from the administrative section accused several FSO's present of snobbery, timidity, and the like. Tempers flared, and the session "unfroze" in an orgy of confessions, accusations and counteraccusations.

This reporter asked one of the "behavioral scientists," Dr. Chris Argyris of Yale, what was the purpose of this curious exercise. His answer (more or less, for it is difficult to take accurate notes in a foreign language) was as follows: "To achieve internal common commitments by neutralizing aggressions and creating a problem-solving environment, in order to achieve credibility among groups."

An Administrator, obligingly attempting to translate, suggested that the purpose was to achieve, among people with different jobs and backgrounds, "a common language." He was not amused when asked the obvious question: "Why not try English?"

Some FSO's, soul-barers by nature, have rather enjoyed the T-Groups, but most FSO's regard them as monstrous invasions of privacy. And the entire Foreign Service was infuriated when Under Secretary Crockett, on the eve of his departure for greener pastures, authorized the public release of a report by Dr. Argyris which included long tape-recorded quotes from FSO's, baring their souls in "T-groups." These quotes ("I think one reason I have succeeded is that I have learned not to be open, not to be candid") made the Foreign Service look like a collection of groveling milksops.

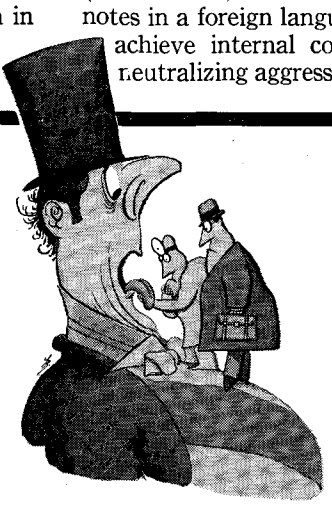
The T-Group program is squarely based on the notion (which has also spread to many areas of American life) that whoever pays a man's salary owns his immortal soul. The Foreign Service is criticized for being too cautious. An FSO can hardly be blamed for being cautious if his professional competence is constantly being measured by computers, and his emotional reactions tape-recorded and then published by "behavioral scientists."

It is true that, for professional reasons, FSO's do tend to be cautious, which is why a leavening of outsiders in the foreign-policy process is always needed. But is caution always a bad thing?

There were no FSO's involved in the Bay of Pigs disaster. And after the second Cuban crisis President Kennedy confided that his soundest advice came from Llewellyn Thompson, now Ambassador to the Soviet Union for the second time. Thompson was the only FSO in the inner circle of Kennedy advisers during the crisis. It even seems possible that if the Foreign Service had been deeply involved in the making of policy on Vietnam—which it was not—the mess there might at least be more manageable.

In any case, it might be a good idea to make one more bold experiment with the Foreign Service. Just let the poor old Foreign Service alone, and let it get on with the day-to-day business of conducting the foreign affairs of the United States.

Stewart Alsop



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1 **"Even the pros can't predict** what will happen after the takeoff," writes Toni Walkner, American friend of Canadian Club. "The warm updraft from sun-drenched slopes gives you the 'lift'—and the gusty cold winds coming down from the shadowed regions give you the 'carry' for a long, breathtaking, birdlike air-ride.

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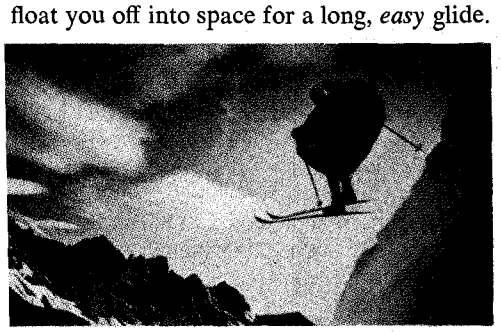

3 **"My Tyrolean pro friend** had that combination—but I *didn't!* The gusty downdraft slammed me down into drifted snow seconds after I jumped, and I wound up head over skis for a very undignified finale.

4 **"A bit wobbly** but all in one piece, I gladly called it a day and went off with my friend for a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club."
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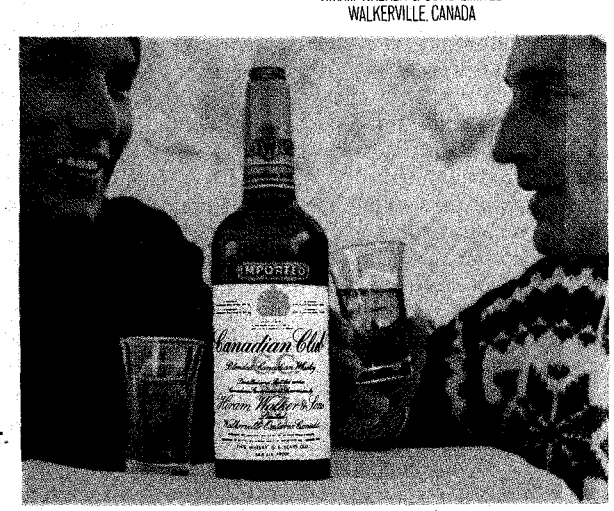

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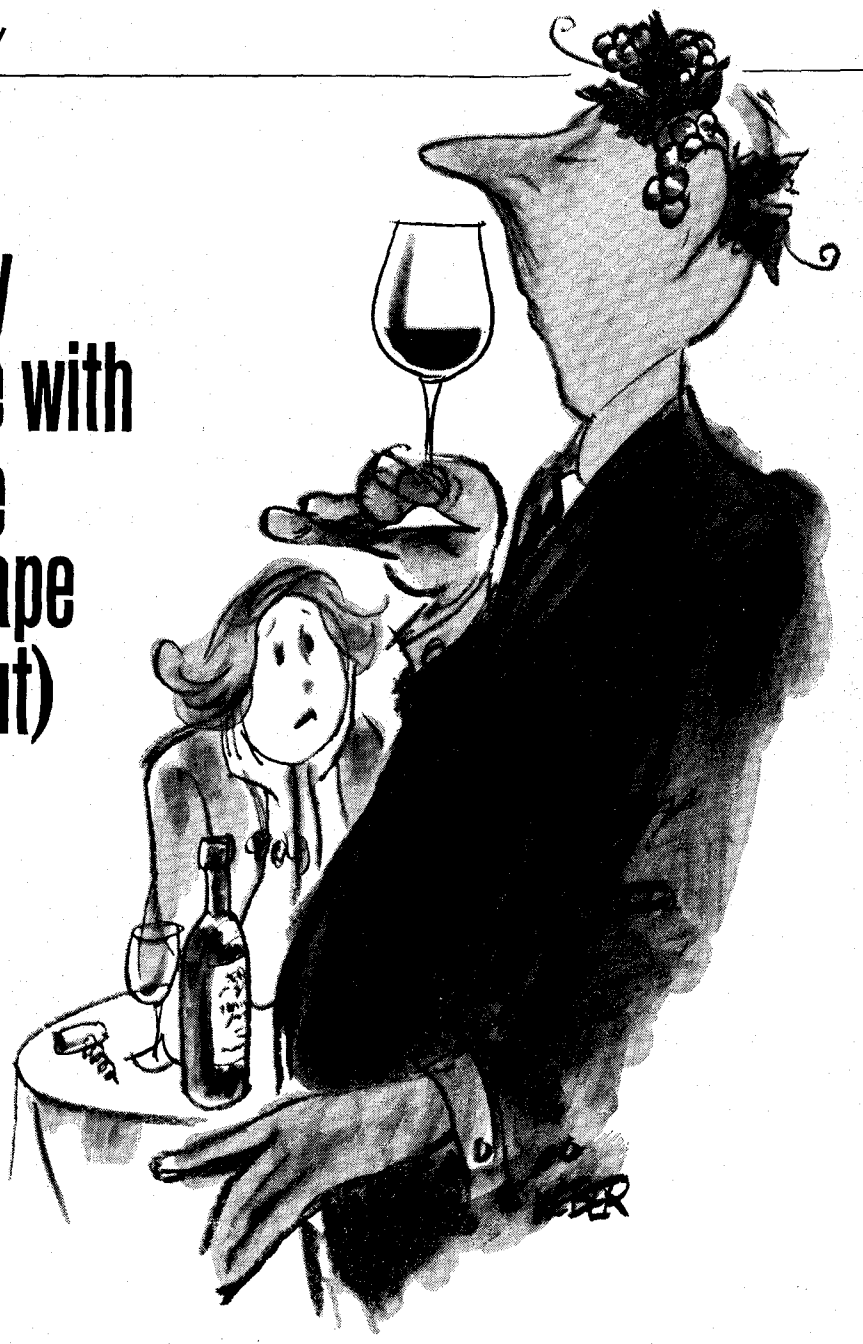
By Gael Greene

My life with the grape (nut)



His tastes were refreshingly simple when we met. Chocolate milk, fresh squeezed orange juice, icy Danish beer to clear the video glaze of a summer double-header. If I invited him to dinner, he would bring a bottle of chianti. And when we arrived at our honeymoon cottage on Lake Huron, I discovered he had hidden in his scuba gear a bottle of champagne, which he iced and twirled in a polyethylene bucket, and which we never got to taste because it shattered on the tile floor as he wrestled with the cork.

I was content. Except for honeymoons, when I appreciate a little elegance, my thirst is best sated by low-calorie orange soda. How was I to know I had promised to love, honor and humidify the closet of an incipient oenophile, or, as I have come to think of him, a blooming wine nut?

My husband has been bitten by The Grape.

Am I to blame because beef stew wasn't good enough for our table and I started experimenting with *boeuf bourguignon?* From the *boeuf* to *moules* Chablis to sole poached in champagne was a journey of but a thousand pounds of butter and a few hundred days. It was only natural that my husband, delighted by my adventures in the kitchen, should ask at his liquor store for wines that were suitably mellow but never priced higher than $1.29 a bottle—at least for the first year of his affliction. But then the prices began to creep up. He began to sneer at the bins of Beaujolais on special. He began to say mysterious things like: "1958 . . . that was not a respectable year." I served a bottle of his once favorite chianti, and he recoiled. "If we're having anything more elegant than meatloaf, I won't drink it," he said.

Thinking back, I can trace a pattern: My husband's best friend, Jules the Ophthalmologist, returned from France where he had acquired an impressive knowledge of wine and a permanently traumatized liver. A French couple moved into our apartment building; the wife drank nothing headier than rosemary leaf tea, but that didn't keep them from long, informed lectures on the lowliness of our domestic sauterne. And there was our vacation abroad where my husband discovered esoteric wines like Epomeo and Condrieu which provided hours of oenophilic conversation with other obsessed souls. Before I realized where this was leading, I bought him a monumental $12 wine-and-vineyard guide for Christmas. He began to talk about pebbly soils and the virtues of a particular vineyard on the right bank of some obscure river versus the vineyards on the left.

An oenophile's wife needs a ready supply of repartee. When he starts playing the wine game in front of uninitiated friends—snuffing corks, scrutinizing labels, inhaling bouquets, "chewing" a mouthful of Burgundy—you make little jokes so they won't think you have *both* gone bonkers.

Money helps too. Did you know a man can't buy even a modest little table wine for less than $2.99? Modest. A good Montrachet can cost $11, and if you plan to work a really rare Romanée-Conti into the food budget . . . forget it. I got the poop on prices the day he brought home a case of Lafite Rothschild he'd bought for $84 . . . "Not the greatest year but a highly respectable pressing." (That's how they talk.)

When we graduated to the big time, we needed decanters, preferably of cut crystal. He decants older wines over a candle and discards the sediment collected at the bottom. Discarding even the dregs breaks his heart. Once it was almost $1.50 worth of sediment, and I wept a little myself. Our wineglasses were inadequate. Great Burgundies need something large, balloon-shaped, rim curved just so, highly breakable.

I catered to his compulsion at first. I bought a nice walnut wine rack with room for a dozen bottles, to stow at the foot of his closet (a dark and coolish spot). He patted my head and informed me he had already been to Hammacher Schlemmer's (a store stocked almost exclusively with items for people who have everything) and ordered $40 worth of honeycomb add-a-bin wine storage. Actually I consider myself lucky. He could have bought Hammacher Schlemmer's refrigerated wine-cellar cabinet for $635.

That has been a big problem. Our wine cellar. Not having one.

My husband, Jules the Ophthalmologist and two similarly afflicted chums talked about forming a cooperative to rent a basement apartment and fit it out as a wine cave with humidity and temperature control. Fortunately, *their* wives wouldn't let them.

We compromised by refrigerating his clothes closet. The draft is tough on the plants. We've killed two ferns and crippled a 10-year-old palm. I've had a cold since 1963. But he's happy.

In restaurants, an oenophile's wife is put to the hardest test: How to keep from cracking up as he follows the wine steward's movements with a stern eye, accepts the proffered cork, sniffs it with the left nostril, then with the right. (Is that classic form, or did my husband invent it?) Now he clears his palate with a smidgen of bread. He swirls an ounce of the garnet fluid in his glass . . . does it cling to the sides in what you could describe as a kind of greasy way (that, Kool-Aid kids, is vinosity . . . or is it *rondeur?*). Suddenly he gives the glass a shake. Hush! He is "liberating" the wine. Now he sips at last, lets it linger on his tongue, sloshes it a little, chews it actually, eyes mere slits, thoughtful slits. He and the wine steward look each other in the eye. Is it my imagination or do they seem to be saying, "Who's kidding whom?" Oenophilic husband nods. It's "quite nice." It's "charming." In his apprentice days, he onced used "rather roguish." Again, "formidable." Now he sticks strictly to the classic: It is *bien meublé* (well-furnished) . . . or *étriqué* (skimpy) . . . *voluptueux* . . . or *gringalet* (puny). My husband does not speak French. He could not bluff his way to the doubluh-vay-say. But if a wine is a bit puny, he knows it's "gringalet."

The time it was "formidable," even I was bold enough to agree. "It really smells great," I said.

Bacchus groaned. "Smells great! You mean it has a fine bouquet."

I sighed. "I mean it smells good like a thirteen-dollar wine should."

But I don't often complain. Every man should have his little hobby. Better Bordeaux than blondes. And I am sure our marriage will survive. Recently we weathered a crucial test.

Accidentally I smashed a precious bottle of his favorite Richebourg, a '59. For half a minute I dissolved into hysteria, but as soon as I realized hysteria wasn't working, I ran for a sponge and a saucepan. Then I conceived of straining the wine into a decanter through a linen handkerchief—imported linen, of course. It was a brilliant invention. All the dust, glass fragments and even some sediment collected in the linen. The fluid filtered through, absolutely clear.

If he was not angry over the breakage he was infuriated by my naïveté in thinking I could salvage it.

"Do you want to swallow glass? Are you willing to take that risk?" he raged, staring at the precious liquid. I could sense *he* was almost willing.

"I'll sip first," I offered.

He was torn. He took a poll. He phoned his liquor store first. He phoned a wine importer and the press agent for a champagne company. He phoned Jules the Ophthalmologist and even the family internist. Then he emptied the decanter into the sink.

I wept. But he forgave me. He brought out a bottle of something '47 which he was saving for our 25th anniversary and we drank it. It was a wine of great elegance, full of breeding, *sensuel*, its finesse remarkable.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"It smells great," I said. □

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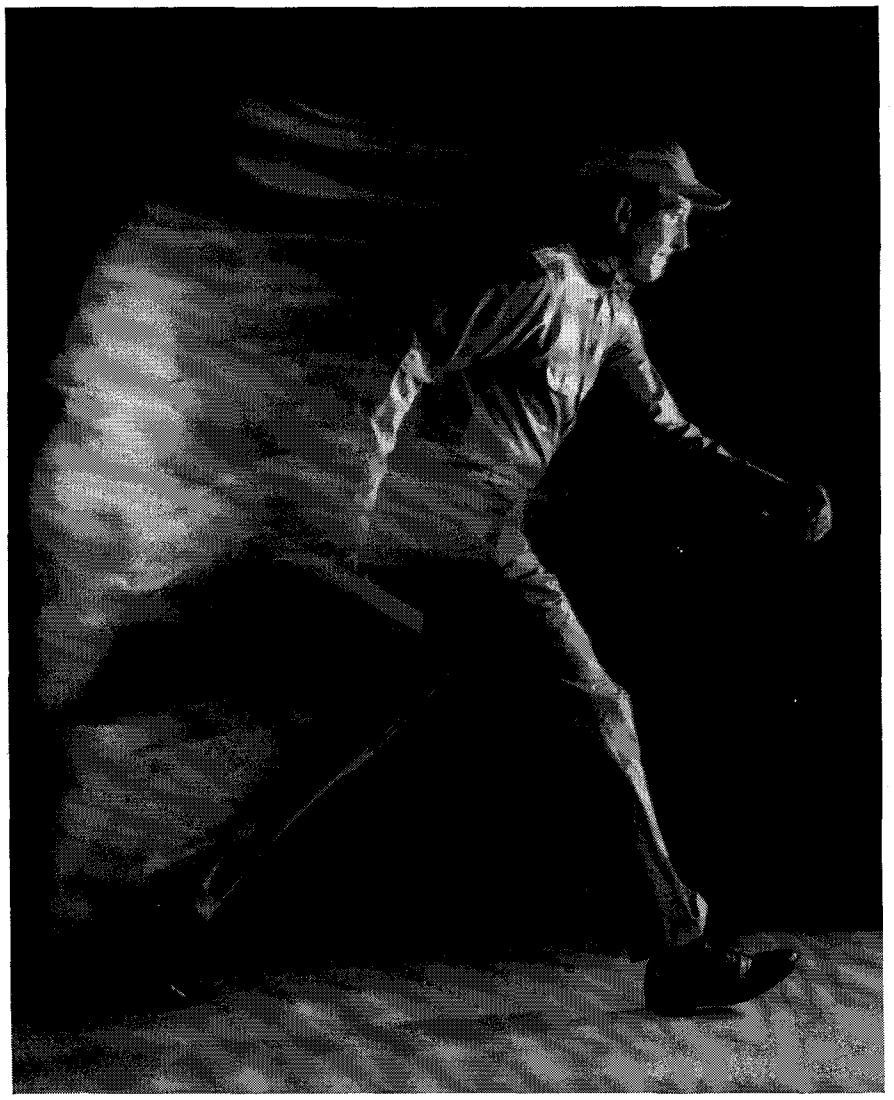
This is Howard Grant,
man in a hurry.



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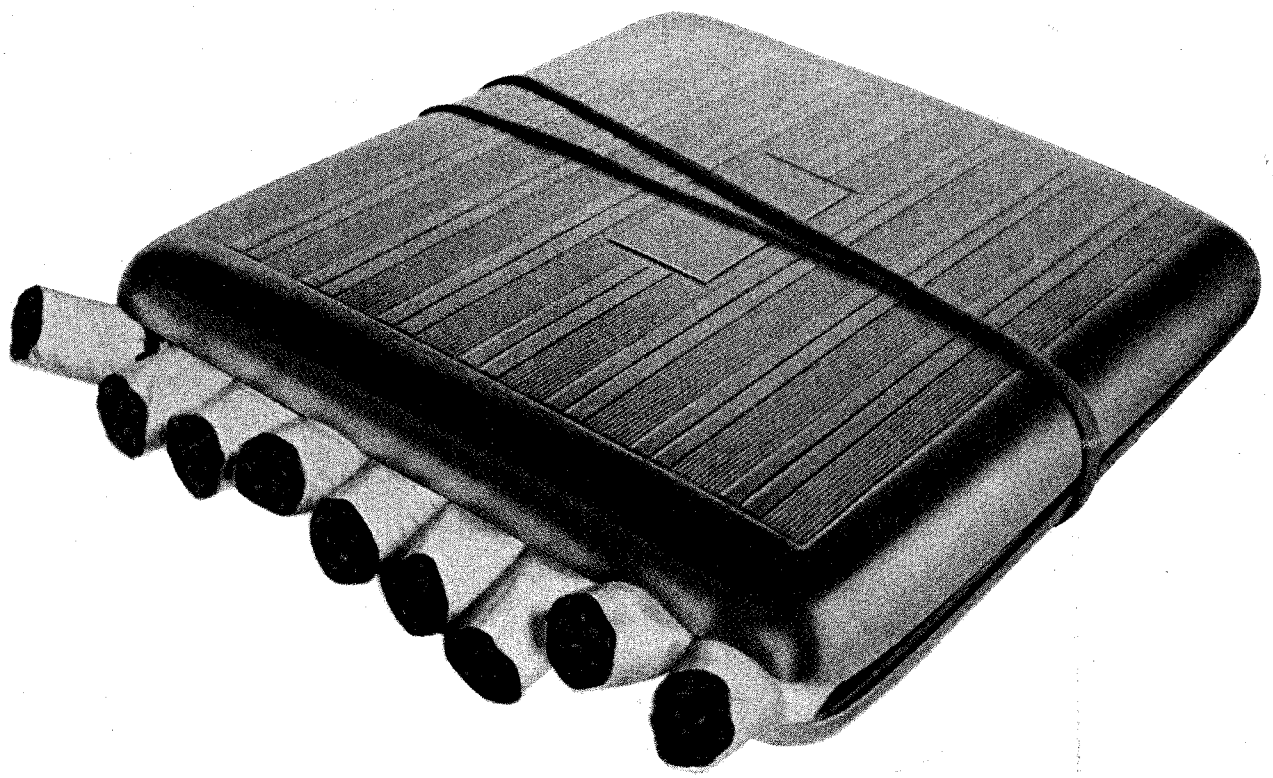

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The Saturday Evening POST

Jackie Kennedy: A view from the crowd

A public monument at 37, she is spied upon, hounded and sometimes bullied by a demanding press and curious public.

By ALAN LEVY

A man who made a luncheon date in New York with Jacqueline Kennedy did his best to keep the event from becoming An Event. Phoning the stylish La Côte Basque restaurant, he simply reserved a table for two in his name. The instincts of the restaurant's management, he calculated, would do the rest. When the hour came, his plan seemed to work. The *maître d'* greeted Mrs. Kennedy happily, but without fanfare. Heads swiveled; the tinkle of conversation became, for a moment, an alert whisper; a young man (Mrs. Kennedy's escort vaguely remembers) stood up, opened his coat, and seemed to bow slightly. But the meal proceeded without any major disturbance. True, a remarkable number of women passed their table en route to the ladies' room. A couple of autograph seekers, pens and pads in hand, had to be headed off by a waiter whom the management had posted as security. Still, the cuisine was elegant, the conversation urbane, and the meeting as secluded as the gentleman had hoped. The next morning, however, *Women's Wear Daily*, a fashion tabloid, featured photos of Mrs. Kennedy's passage through La Côte Basque (*the young man who opened his coat!*), sketches of Mrs. Kennedy and her companion at their table (*the autograph seekers?*), and some surprisingly accurate fragments of their conversation (*???*).

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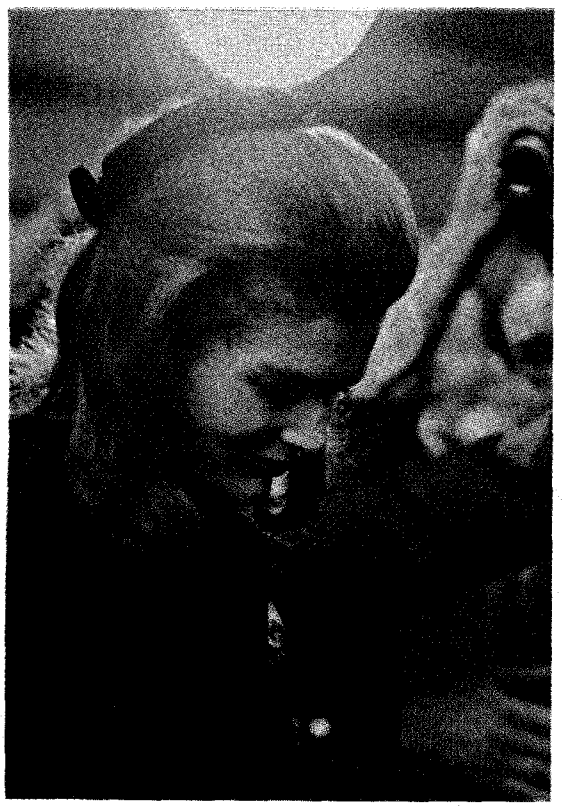
On some Sunday mornings, the Kennedy cavalry gallops through Central Park.



This sort of occurrence is not unusual. For Jacqueline Kennedy is not only the most famous, most admired, and best dressed woman in the world, she is also the most vulnerable. At her apartment on Fifth Avenue, she is shielded by two Secret Service men. But when she ventures out, we read all about it: the crowds that collect when she tries on a coat, or when her son John goes for a haircut; the waiter who neglects her table to phone his wife with "Guess who *I'm* serving?"; the woman trying to pass a note ("Your father is not dead; he's still alive") to Caroline Kennedy on her way home from Mass; the grandmothers who embrace Mrs. Kennedy on the street, perhaps because they feel closer to her family than to their own.

Harassing Jacqueline Kennedy has become a year-round international sport. She goes skiing in Switzerland, and 25 carloads of journalists dog her path. Tourists fight their way onto the cable car with her. Finally reaching the summit, Mrs. Kennedy is obliged to dodge cameramen lying in snowy ambush along the trail. There are more photographers than skiers on the slope.

She goes to the Spring Fair in Seville, and social climbers and newsmen hound her. In Pleasant Valley, N.J., where she has taken a house for weekend riding and fox hunting, her neighbors are so oppressed by photographers that they try locking their community's night fence all day when she visits. But this doesn't keep out the *paparazzi* and does keep out the garbage truck. Meanwhile, at the nearby Beval Saddlery, the salespeople invariably drop references to "when Mrs. Kennedy was in being fitted for her new boots."

In Manhattan, if she goes to lunch at the Colony, the headlines may range from a fashion magazine's JACKIE LOOKS RIGHT IN WHITE to a fan magazine's JACKIE TO MARRY JACK'S BEST FRIEND. But the shrillest and most thoroughgoing snoop on the Jacqueline Kennedy beat is *Women's Wear Daily*, whose 62,000 readers, at last census, included Mrs. Kennedy and her sister, Lee Radziwill. *Women's Wear Daily* never lets Jackie or her family out of its sight. In part, merely by charting Mrs. Kennedy's habits in *Women's Wear Daily*, a zealous New Yorker can virtually schedule his or her own encounters with the Kennedy family when they're in town. I did so recently—and saw one or more of them four times in two weeks.

Mine was a self-appointed role that I did not particularly relish. But if I learned one lesson at Columbia Journalism School, it was that you can't cover a battle by telephone or news clippings. The only way I knew to chronicle the public pursuit of Jacqueline Kennedy was to take part in it.

Scrupulously maintaining an outsider's role and never pestering her, I learned a little of what it is like for a lively 37-year-old mother to live the life of a tourist attraction. I learned who is watching her, who is watching out for her and who is watching over her. In getting to know more about her, without our ever speaking, I learned about myself, about my colleagues of the working press and about my fellow New Yorkers.

The First Encounter:
UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Where to begin? Wallet and waistline willing, you could start by eating two meals a day at Lafayette or Caravelle—two excellent French restaurants where Mrs. Kennedy dined frequently. (It was outside Lafayette recently that *Women's Wear Daily*, in a famous photo *coup*, trapped her in a semi-miniskirt.) Or the uptown Phebe's Whamburger, which her children favored. On Sunday mornings you were likely to glimpse the Kennedy cavalry riding the bridle path that encircles Central Park Reservoir. One morning a week Mrs. Kennedy worked at her Park Avenue office on the Kennedy Memorial Library in Cambridge, Mass., the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington and other projects. At least once a week she attended Nicholas Kounovsky's, a physical-fitness academy. At Kounovsky's she chose one-hour group classes ($18 a month) rather than half-hour private lessons ($40 a month). "Nobody," I was assured, "gapes."

The surest starting point, however, was outside her apartment house at 1040 Fifth Avenue—a gray stone stronghold overlooking Central Park. Jacqueline Kennedy's building shares the block between 85th and 86th Streets with a new "15-story luxury air-conditioned apartment house" at 1045 and the Yivo Institute for Jewish Research at 1048. The new building is narrow and unappetizingly glassy, but a real-estate agent assured me that its 3½-to-4½-room apartments were "renting like hotcakes." His strong selling point, he admitted, was proximity not only to Central Park but to Mrs. Kennedy.

Early one Friday afternoon I set up shop on a park bench opposite 1040. Without looking up from his bottomless pit of black-raspberry popsicles, the Good Humor man half a block down had told me: "I get the Kennedy trade, but I try to pretend they're just like any other rich kids." He sounded as if he had been asked about the Kennedys before. But I didn't see anyone else around who looked like a Kennedy-watcher.

For more than four hours I sat there with a book and a newspaper in my lap. Through the passing parade of cars, buses, kids, nuns, nannies, mothers, transistorized rat packs and strolling lovers, I had a good view of 1040 Fifth Avenue. There was not much action there. Occasionally the doorman would hail a cab or open a car door for someone. And every 20 or 25 minutes, two snappy, leathery, youngish men with sunglasses would emerge from 1040. They were interested in two things: a blue convertible double-parked just north of 1040's green canopy and the workmen on the scaffolding of 1045. The latter were in fine fettle that afternoon: whistling while they worked; interspersing operatic warbles with a recurrent cry of "Hey, Mario!" and commenting on everything below in skirts. Satisfied that there were no strangers overhead, the two men would return indoors with no more than a cursory glance, if that, at the park. Since my choice of book (*Lolita*) and newspaper (*Women's Wear Daily*) should have made the Secret Service nervous, I was disappointed, if not bored, as the afternoon wore on.

At one point three elderly grandmothers crowded onto my bench. Two of them had blue hair. The third and oldest was a dazzling bleached blonde who had been toasted to the last wrinkle with a sun-lamp tan. She seemed like everybody's Aunt Goldie, an impression that was reinforced when she asked me point-blank: "She come out already?"

"Not since I've been here," I replied.

A Secret Service man came out and unlocked the blue convertible. "I wonder if they have families of their own," said one of the blue-haired ladies.

"They only take single men," Aunt Goldie said. "The work's too dangerous." The Secret Service man got in and drove off.

"Maybe he's going to pick her up at the Pavillon," one of the blue-hairs said hopefully.

The afternoon drifted on. Schools let out. The workmen knocked off. The Good Humor man perspired from overwork. I fretted. And one of Aunt Goldie's two blue satellites asked whether "she's gonna marry that Porto Rican marqueeze."

"Not a chance," said Aunt Goldie. "She'd have to give up the Kennedy name if she did."

"But she'll get a title," the other blue-hair pleaded. "She'd like that, I think."

Aunt Goldie squelched her. "She wants her son

JACKIE KENNEDY'S MANHATTAN

1. *Her residence, 1040 Fifth Ave.* **2.** *Her office, 400 Park Ave.* **3.** *Caroline's school, Convent of the Sacred Heart, One East 91 St.* **4.** *John Jr.'s school, St. David's, 12 East 89 St.*

The Arts: 5. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 82 St. and Fifth Ave.* **6.** *Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave.* **7.** *Site of David Webb show, Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave.* **8.** *Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53 St.* **9.** *Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center Plaza.*

Restaurants: 10. *Phebe's Whamburger, 813 Madison Ave.* **11.** *Le Pavillon, 111 East 57 St.* **12.** *La Caravelle, 33 West 55 St.* **13.** *La Côte Basque, Five East 55 St.* **14.** *Lafayette, 202 East 50 St.* **15.** *Colony, 30 East 61 St.*

16. *John Jr.'s barber, Carlyle Hotel Barber Shop, 981 Madison Ave.*

Churches: 17. *St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Ave.* **18.** *St. Thomas More, 65 East 89 St.*

Exercise: 19. *Nicholas Kounovsky Gym, Nine West 57 St.* **20.** *William Church Osborn Playground, 84 St. near Fifth Ave.*

21. *Good Humor man, Fifth Ave. near 85 St.*

22. *Mrs. Kennedy's hairdresser, Kenneth Beauty Salon, 19 East 54 St.*

Shops: 23. *Bergdorf Goodman, 58 St. and Fifth Ave.* **24.** *Chez Ninon, 487 Park Ave.* **25.** *Splendiferous, 1312 Third Ave.* **26.** *Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Ave.*

27. *Bridle path in Central Park.*

Relatives: 28. *Mrs. Peter Lawford, 990 Fifth Ave.* **29.** *The Stephen Smiths, 950 Fifth Ave.* **30.** *The Robert Kennedys, 860 United Nations Plaza.*

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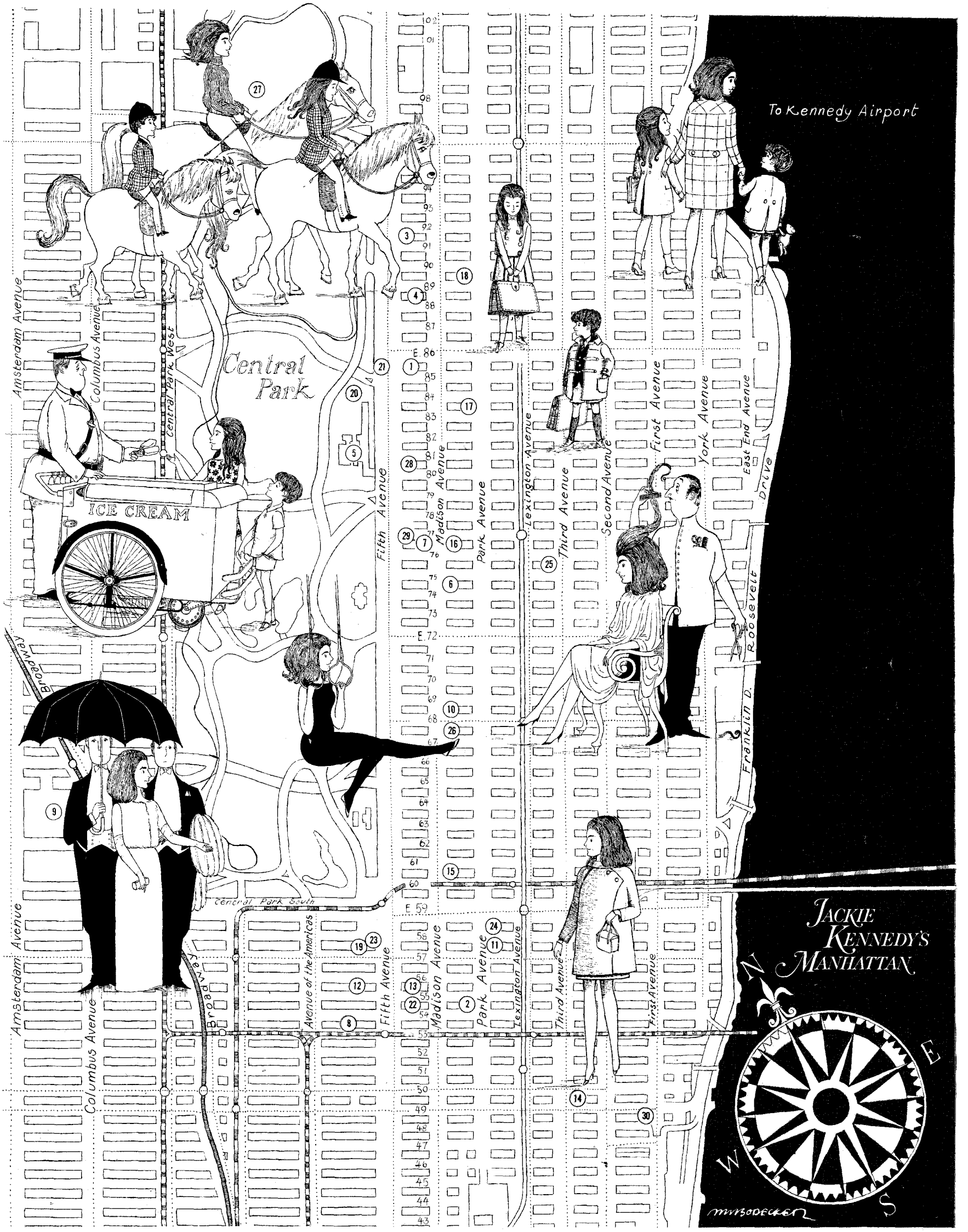

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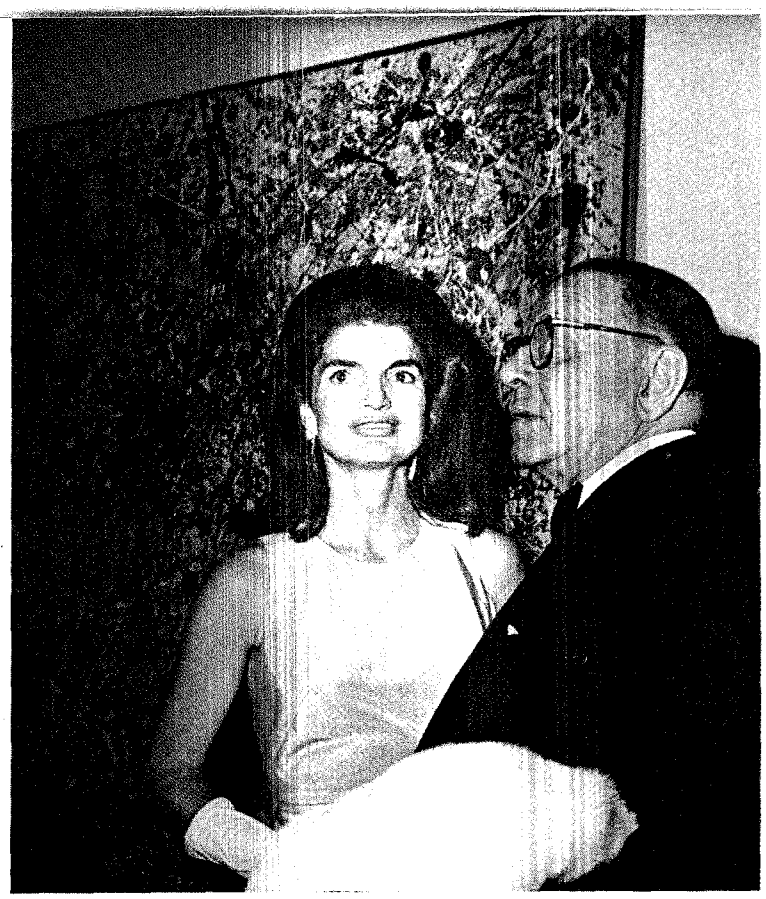
to be President of the United States, right? So she has to keep the Kennedy name, right? So the only person she can marry is another Kennedy."

At 4 P.M., having brightened my day, the three pundits gave up. Fifteen minutes later I decided to head home. First, though, I repaired to a phone booth and checked with my answering service.

When I left the booth, I took two steps downtown and then took a very deep breath. Ten paces away from me stood Jacqueline Kennedy.

She wore a yellow sleeveless dress. Her dark hair, upswept but straight, had a chestnut glow. Her skin was unblemished and, to my untrained eyes, free of cosmetics. If I had any trouble believing it was she, it was because, unlike any famous woman I have ever seen, she was more beautiful than her photos.

She was standing just north of 1040 and chatting with her brother-in-law, Robert F. Kennedy. The junior senator from New York wore a gray lightweight suit that glistened in the sunlight. He was freckled, sparkling and bushier-haired than any man of 41 has a right to be. Alongside Robert and Jacqueline Kennedy sat the blue convertible, motor purring, with the Secret Service man at the wheel.



Mrs. Kennedy and escort André Meyer retreat from mob at Whitney Museum.

Ambling past the two golden people, I heard Jacqueline Kennedy say, in a dainty voice with an almost southern lilt: "My Goodness! McNamara?" What, I wondered, would Drew Pearson have made out of a three-word quote like that? An item? A column?

I waited for the light and crossed back to the Central Park side. There the passing parade continued, for the most part, but the Kennedys did have a silent grandstand of some 25 or 30 benchwarmers. Nothing was said, other than an occasional "That's her." A young father hoisted his baby girl onto his shoulders to watch she-knew-not-what. Seeing this, a couple of mothers struggled to afford their children equal opportunity.

More interesting to me were the reactions across the street. In my five minutes of Kennedy-watching, 11 people walked right past Jacqueline and Robert Kennedy. Three didn't even notice. Two men and two women broke step but didn't halt. A swarthy maintenance man in uniform came to a dead stop and doffed his cap with a proletarian flourish. Without a pause in his conversation, Senator Kennedy acknowledged him with a nod. Two pudding-faced matrons in flowery hats stopped and waited until they caught the senator's eye. Or perhaps he caught theirs, for he seemed to have a politician's peripheral vision. In any event, having exchanged smiles with Robert Kennedy, they moved on, pleased as Punch.

My favorite was a blowzy woman in a nurse's uniform. She had a wide-angle face and a kind of body English that registered emotion eloquently. She stopped in her tracks. Her face drooped. Her frame sagged. She seemed as limp and lifeless as a badly hung dress. Then her eyes perceived that Jacqueline Kennedy was smiling, and her ears perceived that Jacqueline Kennedy was cheerful. Slowly, like a sunrise, the woman came back to life. Her mouth unpuckered into a crescent smile. Her face beamed. As she straightened up, her stringy henna hair seemed to catch the sun. She strode onward, restored and refreshed by what she had witnessed.

Jacqueline Kennedy kissed her brother-in-law on the cheek, nodded to the Secret Service man and the doorman, and tripped off into the darkened lobby. Robert Kennedy opened the front door of the convertible, sat next to the driver and then waved to the children on the park side. The children waved back, and our little crowd dispersed silently. That much-abused folk ogre, The Typical New York Man-in-the-Street, had acquitted himself handsomely.

The Second Encounter:
THE BOY WHO COULDN'T PLAY

The William Church Osborn Playground in Central Park, just northwest of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is newer and nicer than most Department of Parks playgrounds. It is neither dwarfed by a neo-Georgian comfort station nor landscaped with black-and-white signs that begin with the word NO. It is devoid of slides, of swings, of anything more organized than a sandbox. What it has are wide-open spaces—enough for a tricycle rider to play bus driver; enough for a good game of running bases; enough for a city boy's imagination to roam.

One gloomy Monday afternoon all the mothers on hand were huddled together, and a lone woman—middle-aged, sturdily dressed in a suit and walking shoes—was seated opposite them on the bench next to me. A dozen children were playing, and a 13th was trying to play. He would kneel and romp with two or three other boys for a minute or two and then run back to the solitary woman, who did not seem to be his mother. He would stand before her expectantly. She would speak softly to him, too softly for me to hear. But she didn't seem to know what to say to him.

When the boy took notice of me and seemed about to say something, she distracted him with a pink rubber ball. He ran it back to a couple of boys and bounced it invitingly, but without making any real contact. The woman watched him protectively. The mothers at the other end peered at him occasionally; they paid less attention to me than a man without a child in a playground might have expected. Finally the little boy came back and rested his head on the woman's knee.

From that vantage point his eyes met mine and then—accidentally or on purpose—he bounced the ball behind my bench. Searching for it distractedly, with at least one eye on me, he couldn't seem to find it. I was thinking of booting it toward him when the woman, with a quick swivel and a warning flash at me, pointed it out to him. He retrieved it reluctantly, and I stood up and left.

Was he or wasn't he? I had been to a photo library and studied all the recent pictures of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr. But exactly how big was he? And now all that my research seemed able to conjure up was a vision of a smaller boy saluting.

I returned to the photo library. The woman was not the nanny who was hired after answering an ad in *The London Times*. But perhaps that nanny was on vacation. As for the boy, I still could not be sure. Too many memories and images blurred my recognition.

The Third Encounter:
THE FASHIONABLE SAVAGES

"It's Tuesday . . . and this is what happens. The walls are hung in dark-blue velvet—with pinpoints of light electrifying one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of our time. The room is in absolute darkness outside of the pinpoints of light. It's like a maharaja's treasure chest—it's like the Taj Mahal—it's, as I said, one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of our time! The room is filled with glittering women—their jewels are picked up by the lights and the room is as if charged with millions of laser beams. Clothes—it's Givenchy—it's Dior—it's every top fashion name in the world. From the names in the room it's every name from Windsor to Amory to Houghton to Hilson to Wrightsman to Kennedy. And not to be left out—the creator of the exhibition—David Webb. . . ."

Thus wrote Carol Bjorkman, star columnist of *Women's Wear Daily*, in her hothouse prose style. The column, which appears three times a week, is customarily short on facts but long on clues. It quoted David Webb, a young goldsmith from Asheville, N.C., as saying: "I have made forty-five pieces for this collection—of course, five of them were purchased by the Kennedys when they were in the White House and given as presents to heads of state." Since facsimiles of the five would be on display, the odds were better than 50-50 that Jacqueline Kennedy would be there too.

I inquired about press credentials at the fund-raising office of the Hospital for Special Surgery, which was sponsoring the show. Sorry, no press. A national magazine had bought exclusive rights to the event. I did learn that tickets to the exhibition were available at $35 each.

I know a doctor's wife named Jill. I invited her to be my guest if she would order two tickets in her husband's name. And so, at 8 o'clock one weekday night, Jill and I were at Cordier & Ekstrom, a Madison Avenue art gallery, making our way down a receiving line, past four bustling bars, and into the Taj Mahal room. It had all of the opulence Carol Bjorkman had described as well as most of the names she had dropped, plus Drexels, Lehmans, a Bloomingdale, a Peabody, Diana Vreeland and, a late arrival, Charlotte Ford Niarchos. The smoky, congested little room exuded concentrated power. This power emanated not merely from the people on hand, but from all the gold, diamonds, rubies and emeralds transmuted into art by David Webb. Jill's favorite was a 6-pound frog, fashioned from 18-karat gold, carved emeralds and diamonds, whose lips opened to reveal a molten-gold jewel box. Its price was $40,000. My choice was a gold-and-diamond tree "intended as a centerpiece for a grand dining table." Price: $45,000—proving, I guess, that I had the more expensive tastes. And somehow all the elements in the room—power, glitter, style, elegance, art and use—fused into memories of John F. Kennedy, whose widow had not yet arrived.

During the evening, there were more than a thousand people to watch, and fully half of them

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When John Jr. reached for Jackie's hand, a photographer barked, 'Out of the way, kid!'

were watching for the one we had come to watch. You could tell by the way they talked in rushed little phrases so that their eyes wouldn't be diverted from the doorway. Repeated assurances of "She's expected at nine" gave way to "She *was* expected at nine" and then, toward 10, to "Well, she didn't *swear* she was coming." We were standing at a bar at the far end of what resembled a sunken living room and had a perfect view of the terrain between receiving line and jewel room.

At 10:05, almost in unison, Jill and our bartender declared, "There she is!" So did dozens of others, and the words seemed to hit Jacqueline Kennedy like the wail of an air-raid siren. She didn't flinch; she froze.

This gave me a moment to study the tableau. Jacqueline Kennedy wore a simple, cherry-red, slightly flowered print dress with long sleeves and white gloves, which she never removed. Her hair was teased into a high pompadour. Later that night she had a springtime go-go look of youth in motion. For those 30 seconds, however, she was absolutely rigid.

"That doesn't look like the Secret Service with her," our bartender observed. He was right. Jacqueline Kennedy's small, dapper escort had the look of a man who spends his day watching money, not people. He remained a pace or two behind her, ready to counsel sober second thoughts. The next day's society page identified him as André Meyer, a French banker.

Now, as Jacqueline Kennedy advanced into our room, her audience became her entourage. Some preceded her with a harrumphing fanfare of "Make way for Mrs. Kennedy!" Others, like Jill and myself, stood back to let her pass and then joined the procession. As she advanced, there were small flurries of applause. She acknowledged these with a smile, a frozen miniature of the warm smile she had for her brother-in-law outside her apartment building. She could clearly have done without this $35-a-ticket ovation.

She and we were funneled down a corridor that led into the jewel room. 'She's so lovely, so young!" Jill said. 'I could be looking at someone my age." It was the nicest tribute she could pay a woman, for Jill is only 24.

An official in a tuxedo berated a waiter in a yellow jacket: "Stand back, and don't serve *hors d'oeuvres* when the Kennedys are coming through."

The waiter relaxed and said, "She looks tired. She must have many appointments in a day."

"She won't stay long," said another waiter. "She never stays long." Both waiters spoke of her with more compassion than I'd heard all evening.

She didn't stay long. After 10 minutes she retraced her steps and said, Thank you, I'm very glad I came." One of the hostesses murmured after her: "Thank *God* she came!" and another said, "Well, now I'm over the shakes!"

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor had just arrived, but the corridor of people almost kept them from exchanging greetings with Mrs. Kennedy. In the regrouping that ensued, I had a golden opportunity to share an elevator with Jacqueline Kennedy. But I lost it when I realized I had lost Jill. When I found her, she was busy curtsying to the duke.

The Fourth Encounter:
WHAT A WAY TO GO

I clipped a news item from the paper: Jacqueline Kennedy would be flying west on Sunday to vacation with her two children and her niece Sydney Lawford, and nephew Christopher Lawford.

There are only two fast flights a day from New York to her destination. The airline's public-relations department told me that the Kennedy party was booked on Sunday's 9:30 A.M. flight. ("The family doesn't like publicity when they travel," the airline's P-R girl said, "but after all it *is* a news event.")

Shortly after 9:15 Sunday, at John F. Kennedy International Airport, Mrs. Kennedy was greeted by an impatient throng of 7 reporters and 17 photographers. Preceded by a police escort and driven by a Secret Service man, Mrs. Kennedy's blue convertible had one adult and four children in the back seat. All the passengers gazed apprehensively at the tunnel of photographers.

After a long half minute Mrs. Kennedy opened the door, and the Lawford children, grimacing, ran the gantlet first. Then came Caroline, demure, beribboned, absolutely expressionless, a *sylphide* with whom I fell in love at first sight. And then came the little boy I had seen trying to play in the playground.

He waited for his mother, who wore a white coat, black scarf and the same frozen smile I had seen at the Madison Avenue art gallery. Little John, wearing shorts and little-boy bruises, reached for her hand, but one of the photographers barked, "Out of the way, kid!" and he obeyed. So did his mother when a woman photographer called, "Look this way, Jackie!"

The little boy wandered away from the action, and I followed, but today he didn't pay any attention to me. At Kennedy International Airport he knew how to play—with the treadle that operated the automatic door. Here John F. Kennedy Jr. achieved one moment of triumph. A photographer poised for an arty shot through the doorway, suddenly was hit in the face by the door when little John stepped off the treadle. The man exclaimed, "Jesus Christ, kiddo!"

After two minutes of picture-taking, Mrs. Kennedy switched off her smile and entered the terminal where she assembled the children for the march to the gate. Little John, however, tarried at a poster advertising a movie. This momentary delay enabled the working press to scurry ahead and board the escalator first. It occurred to me that Jacqueline Kennedy never needs to ask directions. All she has to do is follow her crowd.

In case she wanted guidance, however, a loudspeaker on the mezzanine was blaring: "Mrs. K., Mrs. K., arriving Gate Three." For the airline had more than a dozen employees scattered about the terminal to "protect" Mrs. Kennedy from the press that, in effect, the airline had invited. Thus was my quest coming full circle: I was watching an event become An Event.

On the slow-moving escalator Jacqueline Kennedy momentarily foiled her tormentors by turning her back on them. Facing downward, she witnessed a little incident below, involving two hustling reporters, the two policemen who had escorted her car, and myself. The reporters elbowed their way past the policemen, who were so dazed by their prestigious assignment that they stood aside to let me charge past too. But I waved them aboard. In doing so, I received a grateful, nonfrozen smile from Jacqueline Kennedy.

In the next day's papers the Kennedys looked variously harried, dismayed, bewildered and offended—and I, as a journalistic eyewitness, knew damn well who had harried, dismayed, bewildered and offended them. But the captions merely described them as "looking fatigued."

And what I saw in several out-of-town papers came as news indeed to me! My sudden outburst of courtesy at the escalator had paid an unexpected dividend. By staying *behind* Jacqueline Kennedy, I was photographed with her numerous times. A photo of her and of me had gone out on the Associated Press wire that slow Sunday, and now a long-forgotten boyhood dream of mine came true: In Monday morning's photographic captions I was identified as a Secret Service man. □

At Kennedy Airport, author Alan Levy, left, was mistaken for Secret Service man.

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Trees coated with a thick rime of hoarfrost make d ing panorama near the top of the mountain at Sugarbush. Skiers at brink of an expert trail pause to contemplate the scenery before hi g down through it.

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Skiing bare-to-good, with some pain

By John Skow
Photographs by Robert Huntzinger

New England's icy rocks and toppling snow-bunnies seem just right to a New Englander.

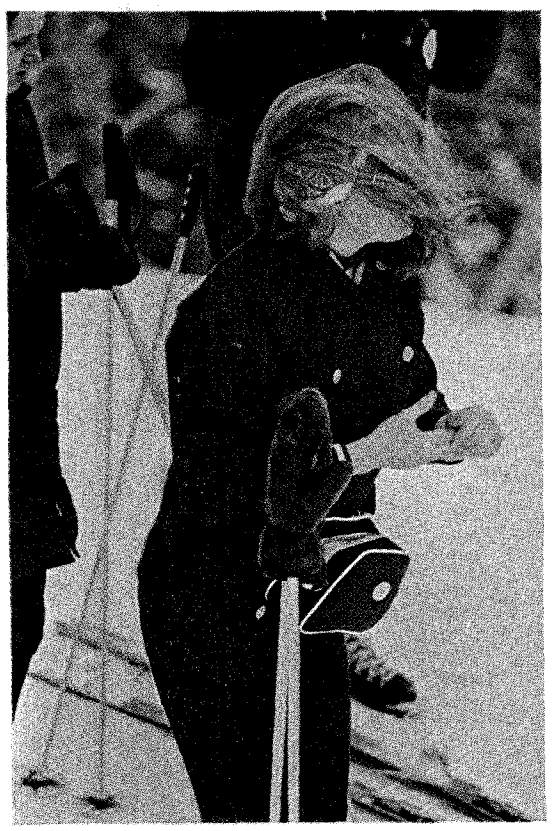
It is 27 degrees below zero at the top of Jay Peak, near the Canadian border of Vermont. As a New England skier, of course, I know how to cope with this. While riding up on the T-bar lift, for instance, I press the back of my deerskin racing glove against my nose, which has lost all feeling. Weight forward and pressure evenly distributed between the nostrils, I rotate the glove vigorously. This advance-intermediate maneuver restores pain to the nose, and I am ready to resume my old war with the Kitzbühel trail. The terms of the war require me to ski the trail without falling or stopping; otherwise the mountain wins again. Usually it does win; the Kitz is about what you would get if you dumped the Stonehenge off a cliff and threw a few trays of ice cubes after it. As a matter of interest, the town of Kitzbühel, in Austria's Tyrol, does not have a trail named the Jay Peak, nor does it have any trail quite like the Kitz.

Now my nose has swooned again, and it is obvious that it is not merely 27 below. It is a *cold* 27 below, which is how New England skiers think about temperature, and about everything else. There is no reason that skiing can't be good at 27 below, they tell each other hopefully, if other factors are favorable: if the sun is out, if the trails are limestone and not granite, which dulls ski edges, and if there is even a little snow. But today conditions are short of ideal. The sun shines feebly like the bulb in a child's flashlight. The flinty spine of Vermont has worn through the snow.

The trouble, however, is something else; the wind is blowing at 45 miles an hour. This fascinating meteorological datum—supplied with the temperature and a brilliant smile by the girl at the ski school—is being passed proudly about the mountain from one pleasure-seeker to another. The figures themselves are impressive enough, but someone has remembered that one of the ski magazines published a table showing the freezing effects of various wind-temperature combinations. The idea is that 27 below *and* a 45-mile-an-hour wind will congeal you as quickly as 60 below with no wind. Or was it 80 below? No one remembers, but everyone is cheered up. Let the chickenhearted at Aspen have their Riviera sun and their thigh-deep powder snow; there will always be, fair-to-good with some bare spots, a New England. Thirty yards down the Kitz I hit a rock and fall.

After a few hours of skiing, the shinbone cells and knee cartilage cells outshout the brain cells, and it's hard to think clearly. This is all to the good, because it postpones the shattering moment when the patient admits that he is not merely a skier who happens to ski in New England; he is a New England skier. It is like admitting that you are not Cary Grant, and that you do not really want to be Cary Grant. The snow is better and more consistent in the Alps and the Rockies. Mountains are bigger and trails broader. The sun warms there, does not merely mock. The slopes ring with the laughter of girls, and the nights are not bitter recuperations, but graceful extensions of the gaiety. Yet sun and laughter confuse the New Englander who jets off to find them; secretly, he believes that skiing should hurt.

It does. "When I came to New England, my muscles got stronger," said Stein Eriksen, a couple of weeks ago. Was he joking? Eriksen, who runs the ski school at Sugarbush, in Warren, Vt., is easily the most flamboyant figure in U.S. skiing. He won a silver and a gold medal for Norway in the 1952 Olympics, and at 40, can still do an elegant airborne somersault on skis. He has blond hair and blue eyes, and his dazzle could not be greater if the colors were reversed. The mind withdraws from the notion that Eriksen's muscles have ever lacked tone. "Oh, yes," he said, "I had to concentrate. Here you need quicker reactions. The



Pause to regroup on Sugarbush's windy summit (right). At Waterville Valley (below), ski-pro Paul Pfosi swings a turn against backdrop of new area's main trails.

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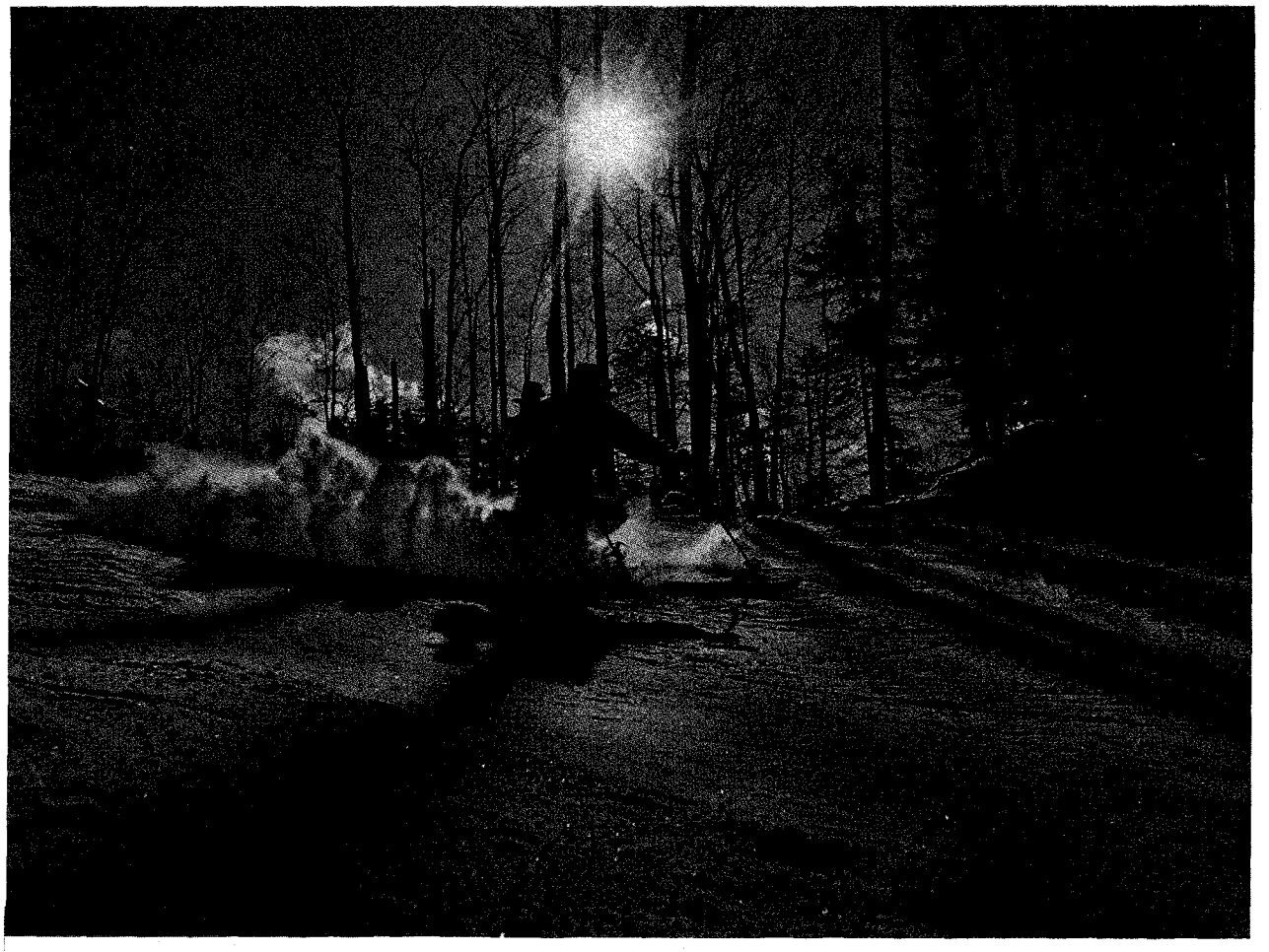
On skis, all men are Bogarts. So are many women—you wish someone would play Bacall.



Late in the day and far from the crowd, a Waterville skier joyously picks up speed on a nearly deserted trail.

snow is not so good, and the trails are narrower, and of course there are more skiers." He thought a minute. "Here the attitude is different. You do not have the warm weather. The beautiful weather. When you ski in New England," he said approvingly, "you go to accomplish something."

An obsession with getting something accomplished is a nicety of the *dolce vita* not usually stressed in the ski ads, but Eriksen is right. At the grimmest level, what New England skiers accomplish most of the time is survival. They are understandably proud of it. It is possible to get into serious trouble on any ski mountain, but it is a lot easier if conditions are bad—say, if the trails are crowded and icy, or if they are deserted and the temperature is 27 below. New England skiers regularly face every foul condition known to mountains, except avalanches (which occur with some frequency in the Alps and the Rockies, but which the recreational skiers there almost never see).

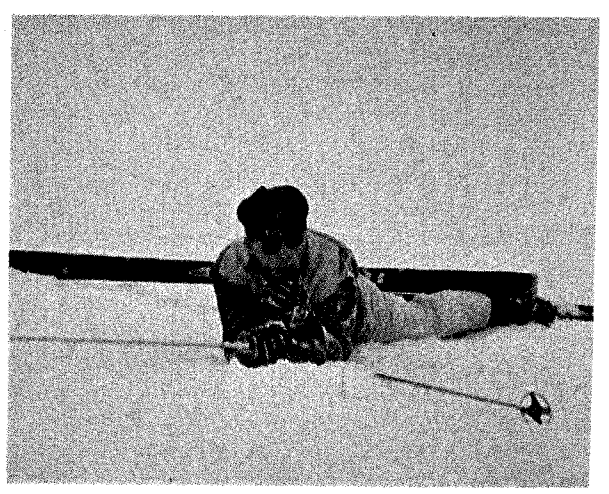
If survival seems probable, the New England skier's goal becomes survival with style. Every man a Bogart: a flicked cigarette, a shrugging away of pain, an ironic smile crossing the battered features as wise old eyes con the snowless moonscape that one is expected to ski. Quite a number of women seem to be playing Bogart too, and the male skier now and then wishes that some of them would play Bacall, but that is New England. Black, navy blue and maroon are the colors for the survival gear worn by both sexes. When a figure in a hooded blue parka and orange goggles leans to fix a binding, a man may feel a flicker of excitement—"Gee, I wonder what she'd look like in an overcoat"—but girl-watching is not up to Western standards.

Sepp Ruschp, who runs Stowe's Mt. Mansfield Co., and who for years has been a major force in Eastern skiing, has a couple of expensive lodges to fill, and he claims that skiers want elegance. "It's not like the old days, when you went off into the woods to eat a steak with the bears," he says. Well, I don't know. There are still plenty of Eastern skiers who argue that ski lifts are immoral. Generally they use the lift, figuring that if they stop fighting the mountain on the way up, it gets more shots at them on the way down. I knew a man, though, whose conscience was not so pliable. He did use the lift, but when they closed in the afternoon he did not ski down the mountain. He withdrew a sleeping bag and a one-man tent from his back pack and stayed where he was, fighting. Everyone spoke of him admiringly. "A real animal," they said.

The way to withdraw from the battle, oddly enough, is to move to the New England ski country. Those of us who have done this prefer to ski only on the dozen or so days in a season when the snow is fresh and the sun brings the cute little turtlenecks out of their shells. On other days we wear red-rubber sewer-digger boots when we go to town to pick up *The New York Times* and say "A-yuh" when someone in a Connecticut car asks a question. At home we burn kindling supplied at six dollars a load by a nearby crutch factory and warm ourselves with irony. We also miss a lot. This year seemed a good time to find it again.

We started with Stowe, the Vermont village where, in ancient times, 1940, the first chair lift in the East was built. Stowe is small print beside a small dot high on the map, and although the town has had electricity and status-label gin for several decades now, there is an attractive sniff of lostness in the name. Ski trains in the old days (and then cars, after trains had been uninvented) rumbled out of Manhattan on Friday night; everyone was hot from too many sweaters, hushed, excited, holding the snowbound map dot warmly in mind. Stowe seemed barricaded against all slings and arrows, as if it were really possible to be snowbound there (no one ever was; the snowplows in New England were too efficient). There was fairly good skiing at Bromley in the southern part of the state, but at Bromley there were loudspeakers playing *Moonlight in Vermont*, and the place was too easy to get to. When you reached the latitude of Bromley you were still two or three hours from Stowe, and if you were making the longer trip you swore a little and were a bit proud of yourself.

It is a little startling to discover, years later, that Stowe is not a particularly pretty town. Its core is two blocks of ordinary main street, from which an eight-mile strip of lodges and restaurants extends to the mountain. The gaiety of Stowe is



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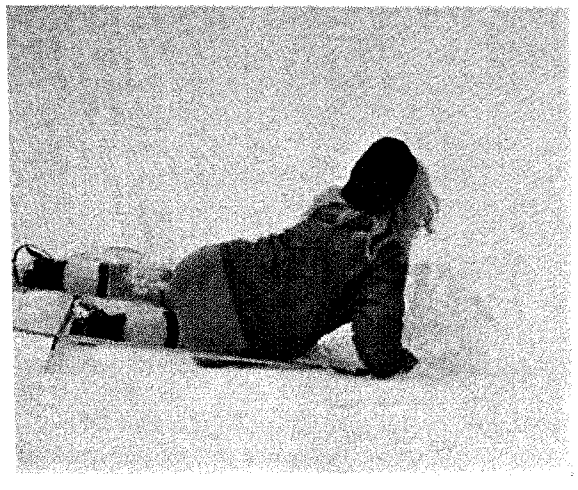
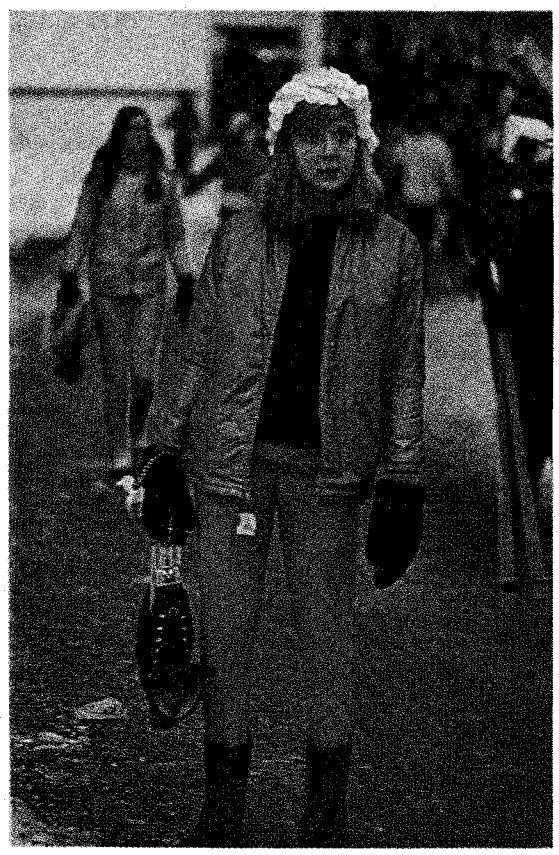
limited because it is generally either impossible or unpleasant to walk from place to place, and what in Aspen or Vail is a genial after-ski ambulation is, in Stowe, a tiresome scuttle of cars along the strip. After-ski life is neither wild nor outlandish (this seems to be the perfectly sensible rule—perhaps a trifle too sensible—throughout New England). There are pleasant restaurants such as the Hob Nob, and some lodges—notably the comfortable and unpretentious Ten Acres—have food good enough to bring in stragglers at mealtimes. A few beer-and-song boozeries are said to swing—Sister Kate's is in fashion—but in the hungover week after New Year's, when we visited, their pendulums were at dead center. If you need madder music and stronger wine, you had better bring your harmonica and a jug.

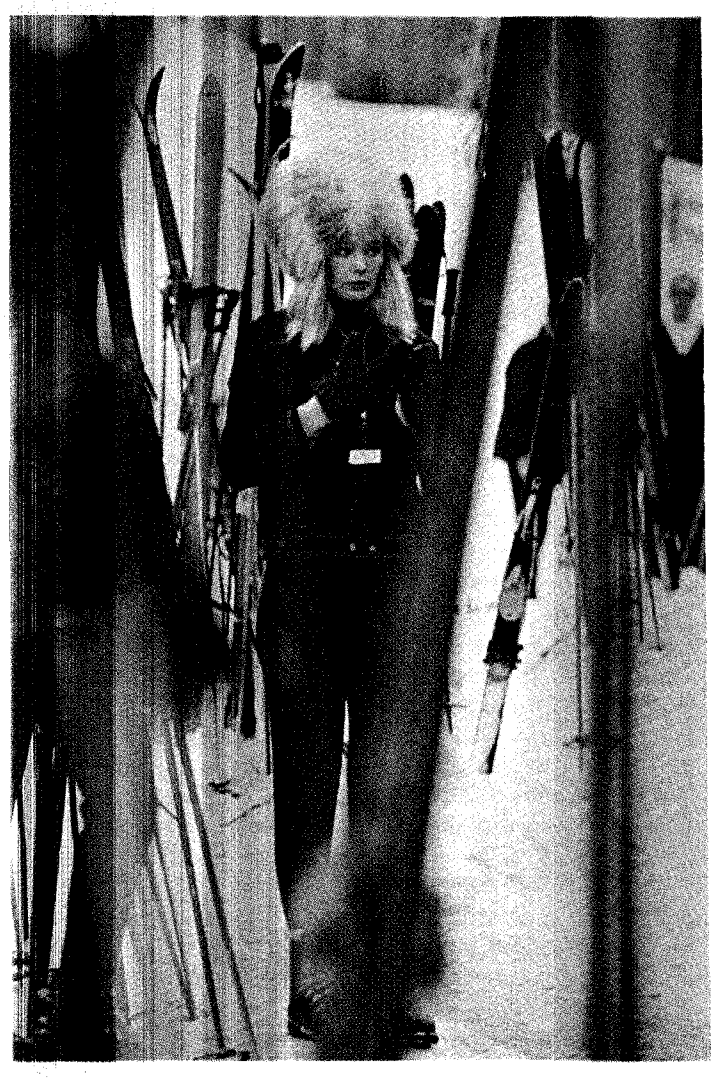
There is a staidness and a faint touch of self-satisfaction that shows in the Toll House Inn, the newer of two lodges owned by the ruling Mt. Mansfield Co. It is a sterile place, less suited to skiing than to dentists' conventions, which is the kind of thing it is used for in the summer. The hot water works every time, and everything that could be carpeted has been carpeted, but the Toll House is a long, sad way from being snowbound in Vermont. There are two mountains, *sol* and *sombra*. Spruce Peak is easier and inclined to be sunny, if there is any sun. It is a fine place for an intermediate skier to crank up his nerve before attacking the shadowed wall of Mt. Mansfield across the valley.

At the base of Mt. Mansfield's double chair they hand you a blue blanket with a hole in it. Your head goes in the hole, and the blanket sags damply across your legs. The arrangement is intended to allow you to cling to life till you get to the top of Mansfield, which is inclined, as they say in Vermont, to be a little airy. From the summit down you are on your own. Blankets being carried back to the base on the returning chairs fall from the lift into the snow. They lie there half-buried and still, looking like Napoleon's army during the retreat from Moscow. Skiers ghost by on the lift above and think cold thoughts.

Mansfield is a racer's mountain. Billy Kidd, the U.S. skier who for a very short period last year was one of the two best in the world, learned to ski on Mansfield (Kidd broke his leg practicing for the world championship races in Chile last summer and has not yet returned to racing). The area's owners spend a lot of money on racing, and between meets the paying skiers scrape happily down the competitors' chutes. One of Mansfield's better amusements is to blunder halfway down







Muffled study in contrasts for Sugarbush girl-watchers: The classic snow-bunny (above), the soigné look common in this area (top right), the girl at the ski rack (below) whose bindings all men in sight stand ready to help adjust.

the Nose Dive, an old downhill racecourse (lately made easier and now nicknamed, of course, Nose Job), and watch the other Sunday skiers. Everyone crashes, usually just short of a large wooden fence built to keep skiers from arcing out over a precipice. The snow is splattered with bodies and bad words, and mined with rocks, from which steel edges of skis regularly strike sparks. More bodies; more sparks. A nonskiing photographer, three Nikons around his neck, inches painfully down; his progress is that of a caterpillar crossing an eight-lane expressway. The absurd truth is that everyone except the photographer is having a fine time. The bodies stand themselves up, clean the snow off their auto-racer goggles and the horn-rims they wear underneath, rasp off down the chute, and 20 minutes later appear to repeat the comedy. The New England skier is mad, certainly, but it is a gallant madness.

The snow had come to New England on Christmas Eve, a foot or more of it, arousing the giddy prospects of solvency in the hearts of ski-area owners. Now it was nearly gone, worn away by skiers and scouring winds. At Stowe the snow had been only fair toward the end of our stay, and at Cannon Mountain, in New Hampshire's Franconia Notch, it was a combination of icy corrugate and what New Englanders call, only half in mockery, "fast grass." (There is no reason that skiing can't be good on grass, if other factors are favorable: if the sun is shining and the skier has paid in advance for a week's lodging.)

Cannon is a big area, run by the state, which evidently hired Smokey the Bear to design the base lodge and topside warming house. Everything else is first class, including a staff which seems not to have heard that state employees are supposed to snarl. The mountain is big and various, and skiers need only freeze on the way down, because they can ride up in a cable car. All Cannon needed was snow. I skied with an instructor, a horrified young Westerner who was stealing a semester from college. "I didn't know it would be like this," he said several times. It almost never is like that in the West, and my guide was having trouble maneuvering on the unfamiliar washboard surface. I was comfortable enough, a slum kid pacing a trackman through his home alleys. "That was fun," I said later, overstating the case. He looked at me sadly and did not say anything.

An assortment of mishaps on Mt. Snow's beginners' slope. Instructors here often ski down backward, holding the tyros' ski tips together to demonstrate the snow plow.

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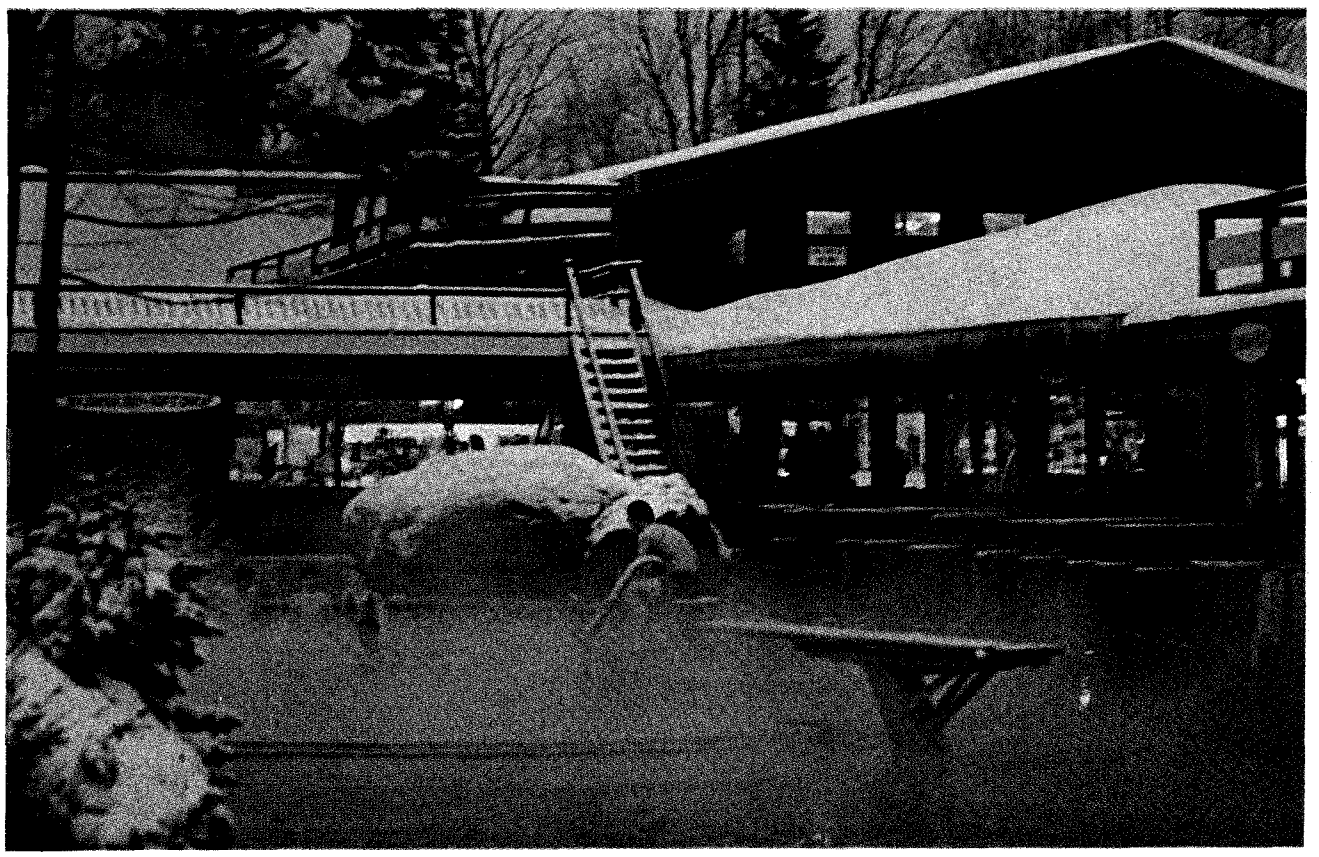
Nothing has changed. I saw two men in turbans, escorting twin blondes in false eyelashes.



Abandoning the struggle on the slopes, Mt. Snow skiers relax in steaming water of the resort's outdoor pool.

We left Cannon—there was no point in embarrassing a good mountain—and drove an hour south in New Hampshire to Waterville Valley, a new area that is already one of the most likable in the East. The last half hour of the drive to Waterville winds through a dark evergreen forest. It is a good way to approach a ski mountain, and since the land is part of the White Mountain National Forest, there is some chance that it will stay that way. At the area itself the base buildings were still under construction, but enough is finished to show that they are going to be among the handsomest ever built for public use at a ski resort. There is a grudging, consider-yourself-lucky quality to the warming shelters and hot-dog dispensaries at most ski areas. Vail, in Colorado, is an exception to this miserly rule, and so is Waterville.

All of Waterville's buildings, including toolsheds, have steeply pitched cedar shake roofs and rough-sawn exterior planking that respect traditional New England lines without blundering into quaintness. The big base lodge spends space well on two huge free-standing fireplaces. Furniture is large and friendly, and the floor is carpeted. A huge collection of early American tools, hung and lighted with the care that would be given to worthy paintings, lines the walls. Ski-area food is notorious slum, but here even the hamburgers are large, nonsoggy and charcoal broiled.

Waterville has too much spirit to have been designed simply as an exercise in crowd control; the place gives the strong impression that the people who built it planned to ski there. The area is run by a genial and strong-minded 35-year-old named Tom Corcoran, who last came to public notice when he skied fourth in the giant slalom at the 1960 Olympics. He is an athlete dying hard; last year he pulled a second at the North American championship races at Cannon Mountain. Corcoran, the nephew of Franklin Roosevelt's braintruster Tommy (the Cork) Corcoran, sails and skis with the Kennedys, and says admiringly of Bobby Kennedy that he does these things with "an awfully bloody small margin of error."

All ski-area operators eventually curse God and man, but Corcoran and his crew still ski for fun down their big mountain, following each other in stunts that no one past 30 should try. At night, at the Waterville Inn, a rattly, comfortable old ark built in the last century, they talk more of racing than of profit margins (although Corcoran, a Harvard Business School graduate, has no disdain for profit). "Yeah," someone will say of a racer good enough to be skiing with the U.S. team in Europe, "he's not bad, he can turn both ways."

Three hours to the south and west of Waterville, in the town of West Dover, Vt., there is an ornamental water wheel. It is about 2½ feet in diameter, and it rests, surrounded by lush plastic foliage, in the middle of what seems to be a staging area for garbage cans, a few steps away from the cafeteria checkout of the base lodge at a ski area called Mt. Snow. The area is said to be the largest in the world, and in terms of traffic it may be; the management says it sells 8,000 tickets on a good Saturday or Sunday.

The 8,000 skiers slump by the water wheel without noticing it, but it is there, actually being turned by actual water, an extra. There are a lot of extras at Mt. Snow. There is a skating rink inside the base lodge, too small to make much use of but large enough to see and to check off on a list of what you get for a $27.50 ski week. There is a glaring orange beacon at the top of the mountain. There is a geyser—a nozzle connected to two 600 horsepower pumps, which shoot water to a height that is claimed to be 350 feet, and may actually be. Apparently it costs too much money to run the geyser constantly, so it is detonated once every afternoon and on Saturday morning when the weekenders arrive. It is like the shrimp cocktail in an American Plan dinner—three shrimp, undeniable, but a little disappointing.

Everything at Mt. Snow has been painted, although not recently, in Howard Johnson orange and blue. In the lobby of Snow Lake Lodge, the flagship of the Mt. Snow operation, there is a roaring fire, gas. Also in the lobby are a spindly piece of driftwood hung with flashing Christmas lights and—down a few steps but in full view of everyone—two "Japanese dream pools" filled with dreams. The smell of chlorine from the pools permeates the hotel, whose rooms have exposed plumbing and tacked-on wiring.

The man who invented the Japanese dream pools, and Mt. Snow, is Walter Schoenknecht. "A gimmicky guy, he takes pride in it," said Harvey Clifford, the area's general manager. "Walter's kind of a con man. He's always pushing. We argued with him about that geyser, but he was right." Schoenknecht's relentless gimmicking has had its bad effect. "We do have an image problem," Clifford admitted. "People say we're Coney Island, and that hurts."

The customers keep coming, however, dressed in Day-Glo parkas and fox-fur caps, most of them absolute beginners. They clamber from their cars for the first time, carrying their skis like kindling. On the baby slope they sit down every six feet. Desperate instructors ski backward in front of them, holding the tips of their skis together by hand so they can snowplow. At night they wear five-buckle arctics for after-ski boots, and the kind of plaid shirt that is given for Father's Day.

They are touching and hopeless, but there is nothing wrong with the mountain at Mt. Snow, and some of them learn to ski. They also learn the complicated snobbery of boots, bindings, skis and down-filled, knee-length parkas. In the East an inflexible rule of ski snobbery is that skiing at Mt. Snow is more shameful than skiing in New York City's Van Cortlandt Park. Admit that you have been there, and your listener gives a slight shudder. Ask where *he* skis, and he lies to you. He doesn't want you there. So former Mt. Snow skiers learn to mock the place: "The men there look like branch managers of finance companies." "Yes, and the women look like their wives." On Friday nights they drive past Mt. Snow toward Stowe and Sugarbush, thinking well of themselves.

"One of the things I had in mind when I started Sugarbush," said Damon Gadd, the amiable ex-news photographer who presides over the place, "was to provide skiers with a few creature comforts." He was thinking of a comfortable gondola lift that floats skiers up the mountain in plastic bubbles. But one of the comforts some Sugarbushers wanted, it turned out, was not having to eat lunch with their fellow creatures. Some of them started a small hideaway called Club 10, whose membership was restricted to a mutually appreciative group of Visible People. This harmless hogan fascinated everyone who could not get into it, and word spread that Sugarbush was the place to be to ski. A carefully crummy barn called Orsini's, started by (could we stand it?) the owners of Orsini's coffeehouse in Manhattan, became the

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Precipices must be fenced off on Stowe's steep Nose Dive trail, lately smoothed out a bit and dubbed the "Nose Job."

necessary water hole at night. One could rub shoulders with the Visible People, and—who knew?—perhaps become Visible oneself. During the day the People helped by wearing pink ski hats for easy visibility, and it was very exciting.

I had worried about Sugarbush, and Orsini's, during an absence of several years. I need not have. They are still Visible. In Orsini's the other night there were the same crystal chandeliers and, as far as I could tell, the same postcollegians blocking my way to the bar (I have never been able to get a drink there, nor do I know anyone who has). On the way out I saw two Indian men in turbans, escorting twin blondes in synthetic eyelashes. Orsini's is eternal.

Folderol aside, Sugarbush was always a place for good skiers, and still is. A new chair lift, however, has opened an interesting stretch of hill to beginners and intermediates. There is a dividend for everyone—from the new lift, a trail leads to a shop and chalet village begun two years ago. A pleasant café called Chez Henri offers a cheerful alternative to the cheeseburger-and-hot-chocolate lunches that wreak devastation at the Sugarbush base house and at every other ski area in the country. There are assorted shops within a short totter of Chez Henri, good for afternoons when falling down the mountain does not capture the imagination.

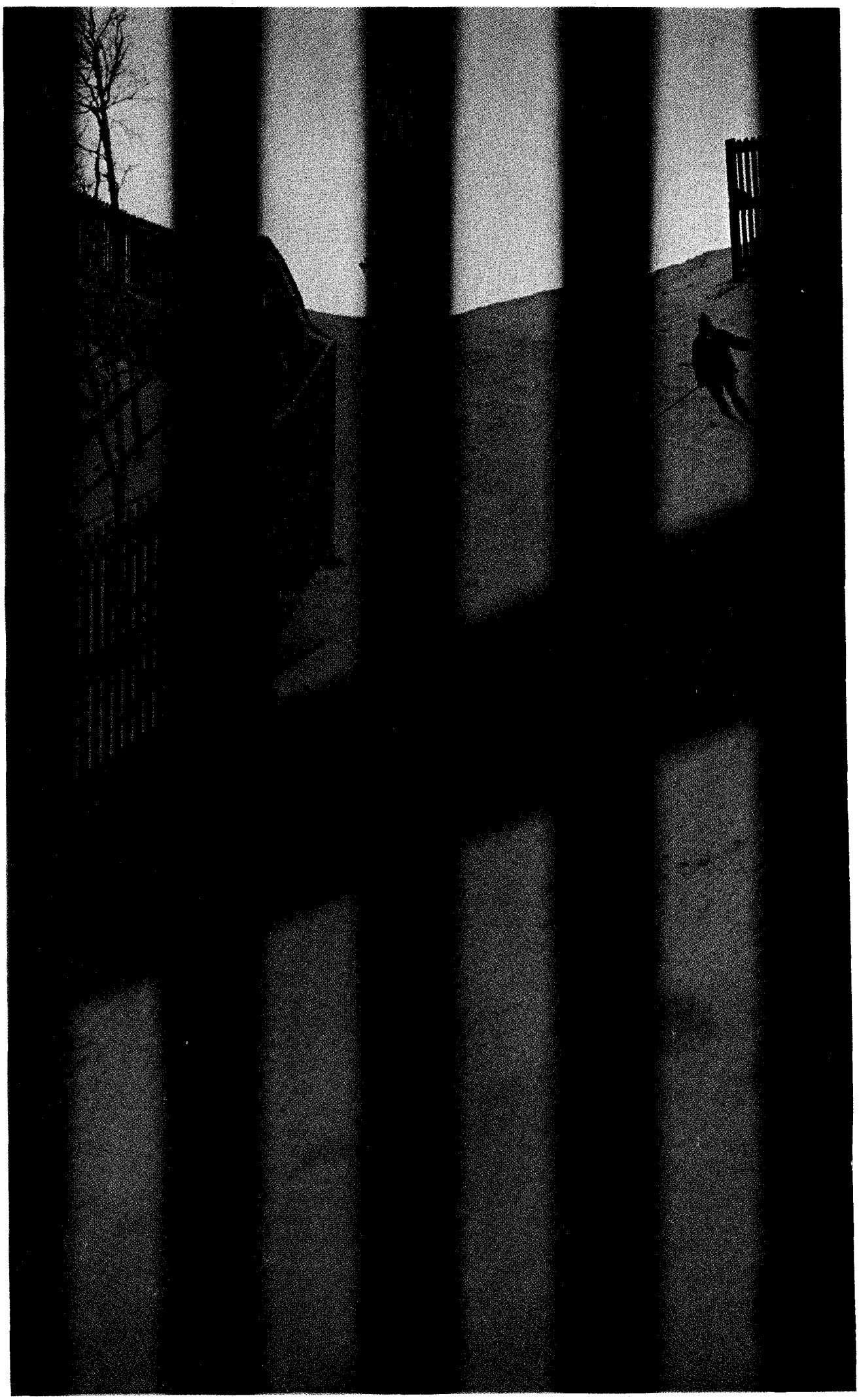
A puzzle no one has ever come near solving is why construction at ski areas almost always takes place in January. It does, though, and at Jay Peak, on that splendid 27-below day when the wind was so bracing, steel workers were high up on vast supporting towers trying to install an aerial tramway. "Man," said one of the skiers, and we all turned blue, "who'd ever take a job like that?"

Another puzzle is why Jay is getting a tramway at all. But it is getting one, with a huge and lavish base building that will house a bar, cafeteria, restaurant and nightclub, and an equally large mountain-top resort that will have another bar, restaurant and nightclub. The complex will cost four million dollars, or name-your-figure, and other millions are talked of for an Austrian village, golf course and hotel.

A partial answer to the second puzzle is that the Weyerhaeuser Company, a nationwide lumber outfit, recently bought controlling interest in Jay, and that Weyerhaeuser has the money to turn Jay Peak into St. Anton by brute force if it wants to. Apparently it does, and by next year Jay, which has always been a good but very distant place to ski, is going to look a lot less isolated.

With that sort of prospect, no one minds much that this year most of Jay has been turned into a construction road. Skiers lurch in and out of cat tracks and dream about the kingdom to come. Walter Foeger, the stubby Austrian who has built Jay, and whose no-snowplow *Natur-teknik* ski school enrages traditionalists, stumps about the place exhorting. But no one needs encouragement; skiers glide through a snow illusion. I'm not really this bad; this weather can't last; a pair of Head Comps and I'll wedel; there's snow on the way; next year Jay Peak will be St. Anton.

Why not? All this, and more. Next year I'm going to ski like Stein. □



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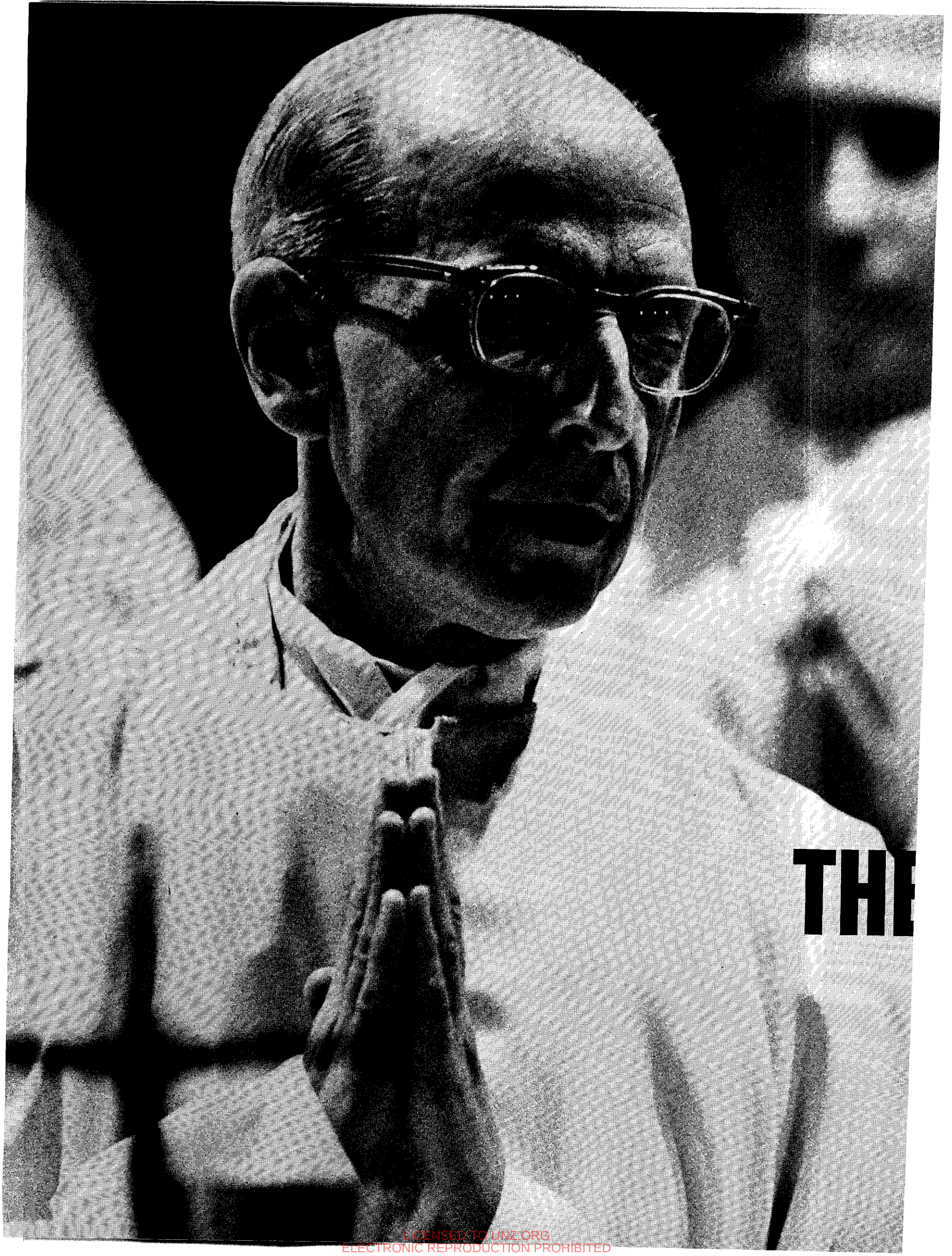

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BLACK POPE

Few would suspect that this gentle priest leads the powerful Jesuit order, or that in all the Church he has but one superior.

By JOHN KOBLER / *Photographs by John Launois*

No Pope had spoken harsher words to those *enfants terribles* of Catholicism, the Jesuits—not since 1773, when Clement XIV suppressed them altogether, declaring it "quite impossible to maintain a true and lasting peace within the Church while this Order exists." As the Society of Jesus ended its 31st General Congregation in Rome last November, Pope Paul VI expressed "amazement" and "sorrow" over "certain reports and rumors." To the Church's biggest, most powerful order, he put the stern question, "What strange and sinister suggestions have caused a doubt to arise in certain parts of your extensive Society whether it should continue to be the Society conceived and founded by that holy man [Saint Ignatius], and built on very wise and very firm norms?" The address included an implicit warning: "If you continue to be that which you were, you will not see our esteem and faith less."

Catholics everywhere were perplexed. To what "strange and sinister suggestions" did the Pope refer? He never specified. Was he dismayed by the General Congregation's new decrees—those, for example, easing the rigid structure of the order, giving more voice to rank-and-file members, reducing the traditional social distinctions between priests and nonordained brothers? On the contrary, he acclaimed them. As one puzzled American Jesuit put it, "The Holy Father simultaneously administered a kick and a pat on the head."

The Jesuit chiefly burdened with the task of interpreting and acting upon the Pope's meaning—and defending the order against outside accusations which the rebuke encouraged—is the Very Rev. Pedro de Arrupe y Gondra, a slight, mild, gentle Spaniard of 59, who was elected Superior General of the order in 1965. Few people meeting Father Arrupe for the first time would imagine him to rank among the most prestigious figures in the Catholic hierarchy. Of the 2,300 prelates who attended the Ecumenical Council last year none was less conspicuous. By comparison to the red-hatted, red-caped cardinals, the bishops mantled with purple silk, the monastic abbotts wearing flowing hooded tunics, the wispy little Spaniard in his plain black cassock might have been mistaken for some obscure village curate. But few others wield greater influence. Indeed, the "Black Pope," as the Jesuit leader is popularly called, in double allusion to his power and the starkness of his garb, acknowledges no man on earth his religious superior save the Supreme Pontiff.

The directness of this relationship between Pope and Black Pope made the papal reprimand last November all the more extraordinary. Yet, in an uncomfortable spot, Father Arrupe proved himself an adroit diplomat. At a press conference he conceded that some Jesuits had been guilty of errors of judgment, but he neatly sidestepped every request for specifics. As to what rumors troubled the Pope, he insisted he had no notion. "We are still only at the experimental stage," he said, "in fulfilling the task given by the Vatican Council of 'adaptation and renewal' in every field. Beside impressive successes there are also failures. At times boldness has outstripped prudence."

Ultraconservative Catholics were somewhat scandalized by Father Arrupe's own boldness in New York last April at the Jesuit-run Fordham University. While student guitarists chanted the litany in folk-song style, the new Superior General offered High Mass in English instead of Latin. "It was not at all irreverent," he observed afterward, adding that it made him "feel at home." (Nine months later the Vatican denounced the liturgical use of music of a "totally profane and worldly character," and to illustrate its idea of musical profanity it referred to a Mass accompanied, as at Fordham, by guitar.)

The "hootenanny Mass," as the traditionalists scornfully called it, was but one of several precedent-shattering acts that marked Father Arrupe's tour of America. The foremost was the trip itself. Never before had any Superior General set foot in this country. Few, in fact, had ventured far from the Jesuits' Roman headquarters, and none in Rome or elsewhere had exhibited attitudes so progressive and outgoing. Most of the 27 Black Popes who preceded Father Arrupe were remote and uncommunicative men. His immediate predecessor, the Very Rev. Jan Baptist Janssens of Belgium, who died in 1964, considered the affairs of the society no concern of the public and would seldom speak to journalists. One of the few he consented to receive he kept standing throughout the interview. By contrast Father Arrupe welcomes every opportunity to propagate the Jesuit aims and ideals. "Feel free to question me with ease and candor, without protocol," he has urged reporters. To draw attention to his American tour, the society took the unusual step of retaining a Manhattan public-relations firm.

"I have come because I want to understand America," Father Arrupe announced upon his arrival, "so that the society I serve can serve America better." (Actually, he is no stranger to the States, having spent two years of his early training at Jesuit centers in various parts of the country.) "The American pluralistic society," he added, "has much to teach us all in matters of human freedom and religious dialogue."

The "provincials" who administer the society's 11 American "provinces" agreed that such a visit was long overdue. The decisions affecting them, they contended, might well have been sounder if based on first-hand observation.

Some 8,400 strong, the American Jesuits are the largest national Jesuit group, accounting for almost a fifth of the world total. Through their 56 high schools, attended by 35,000 students, and their 28 colleges and universities with 140,000 students; through their periodicals, notably the outspoken and progressive weekly review, *America*, with a readership close to 100,000; and through their radio and television stations, they exert a considerable influence.

Nor is the effect confined to the Roman Catholic community. At the high-school level perhaps five percent of the students are non-Catholics; in the colleges and universities, 10 percent; and of the postgraduate students as many as 30 percent. Thus, thousands of Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, are intellectually and psychologically shaped by the rigorous Jesuit training and are likely to apply to their careers the Ignatian objective of service to God through worldly action. "Pray as if all depended on God," said Ignatius. "Work as if all depended on your own efforts."

Jesuit influence, however, derives not only from the order's numerical strength and the power of its institutions but also from its special role as agent of the Pope. The "Pope's Commandos" its members are sometimes called, and throughout their history they have furthered papal aims as behind-the-scenes advisers to rulers, companions of explorers, molders of political and social thought. Products of an exigent training, they pursue the ideal of "the contemplative in action," and there is scarcely a single human enterprise, be it nuclear physics, architecture, even psychoanalysis, in which a Jesuit has not distinguished himself. It is this ubiquity, combined with a certain covertness, that at various times and places has excited the suspicion and fear of Christians as well as nonbelievers, made the word "Jesuitic" a synonym for devious, and led to suppression.

All Roman Catholic orders, of course, honor the Pope, but what sets apart the Society of Jesus is the vow of perpetual obedience to the papacy taken by its "solemnly professed fathers," that is, those of exceptional spiritual and intellectual attainment. These elite Jesuits so bind themselves that, in the forthright language of their 16th-century charter, "they must immediately, without any shuffling or excuse, undertake whatsoever His Holiness commands appertaining to the progress of souls and the propagation of the faith, whether he sends us to the Turks or to the New World, or to the Lutherans, or to others whomsoever, infidels or Catholics."

A bit of apocrypha the Jesuits themselves like to repeat concerns the late Pope John. The society's headquarters at 5 Via Borgo Santo Spirito stands a few hundred feet from the Vatican, and in its garden towers a statue of Christ bearing on its base the inscription, I AM THY SALVATION. From his bedroom windows, the story goes, Pope John would read the inscription through binoculars,

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shift his gaze to the building sheltering his shock troops and, with a sigh, murmur, "I hope so."

When I called at Via Borgo Santo Spirito, Father Arrupe suggested some of the directions the society was likely to take under his generalship. "We Jesuits," he explained, "must become more Ignatian than Saint Ignatius. In his day the paramount problems arose from differences of opinion, but the differences remained within Christian society. Then the whole of Western civilization was Christian. Now a militant atheism attacks the very concept of God. The architects of the new order would omit God altogether!"

The materialistic view, he pointed out, has weakened Catholicism. Populations are increasing faster than Catholic conversions and baptisms, and thus the proportion of Catholics in the world, now 18 percent, must shrink.

"We must be continually present in the most difficult areas—behind the Iron Curtain, in the new African republics. Within the order we must reeducate ourselves in genetics, physics, all the sciences. We cannot refute atheistic scientists with a child's catechism. We must prove the existence of God on the scientists' intellectual level."

Father Arrupe bears a striking resemblance to the Spanish nobleman who founded the Society of Jesus in 1534. He has the same thin, delicate profile, the high-bridged nose, the withdrawn expression. But whereas in contemporary representations the set of Ignatius's mouth tended to be severe, Father Arrupe's is quick to smile. Of medium height, fine-boned, he walks with the light, springy stride of a young man. He loves singing and practices whenever time allows. His resonant baritone has enlivened Jesuit gatherings from Spain to Japan. Like Ignatius and his celebrated follower, Francis Xavier, Father Arrupe comes from the Basque region of northern Spain, and his repertoire abounds in Basque folk songs.

During a stay many years ago at a Jesuit house on New York's crowded upper West Side, the carrying power of his voice caused his colleagues some embarrassment. They had just persuaded the neighbors to moderate their disputes and keep their radios turned low. Now this tuba-throated Spaniard, standing at an open window in his bedroom of an evening, was booming out Basque songs with such sonority that they were audible a block away. There were shouts of protest from the neighbors; back up to full volume went the radios. Quiet was restored only after the young priest learned to practice *sotto voce*.

Although Father Arrupe's health is not robust (his sister Isabel, a nun, recalls: "I asked God every day that he not be elected Superior General"), he arises at 4 A.M., an hour before anybody else, in a cell-like bedroom containing a cot, a work table and a straight-backed chair. He rarely retires before midnight. Of these 20 waking hours he devotes three or four to prayer and meditation, the rest to the intricate administration of the international society. Not all his decisions are momentous. Under his regime the Jesuit headquarters has acquired a soft-drink dispenser, an unheard-of frivolity.

Known as "the Shintoist Jesuit" because of his 27 years of service in Japan, he speaks fluent Japanese and can handle chopsticks as deftly as a knife and fork. "Would you like to see how I pray?" he asked me during a visit I paid to his apartment, which is on the top floor of the Borgo Santo Spirito building. Leading me into a tiny oratory adjoining his bedroom, he pointed to a Japanese *tatami*, or floor mat, knelt on it and, removing his shoes, sat back on his heels, Japanese fashion. "It's so comfortable," he said, grinning.

Pedro de Arrupe y Gondra grew up in Bilbao, the son of a wealthy architect and newspaper publisher, Marcellino Arrupe. There were four older children, all of them girls. The son studied medicine at the University of Madrid, where he felt the first stirrings of a priestly vocation. They arose following a charity visit to the slum dwellers of Madrid, perhaps the most abject, brutalized, hopeless creatures in Europe. Years later he wrote: "The miserable wretches, leading such a hard, bitter life, had pulled the veil of ignorance from my eyes. They made me realize the existence of a world other than my own in which there is much work to be done."

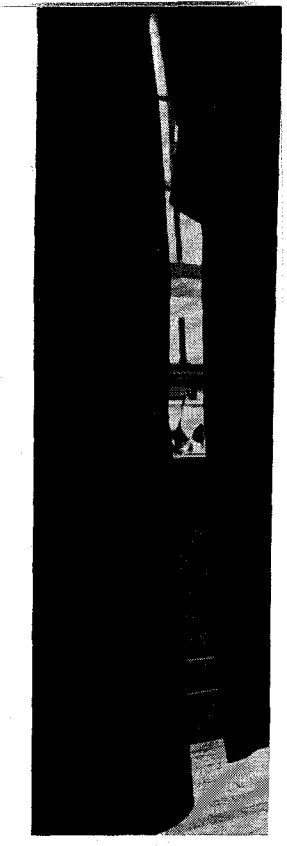
What drew him closer to the priesthood was a pilgrimage to Lourdes. There he witnessed three cures which he believed to be miraculous—a nun suffering from tuberculosis of the spine, a woman with stomach cancer, and a boy crippled by polio. When the medical student recounted his experience to his university professors, some of whom were Marxists destined to achieve eminence under the Spanish Republic, they laughed at him. Their mockery moved him to decision. In 1927, at the age of 20, he left the university to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Loyola, near the birthplace of Ignatius.

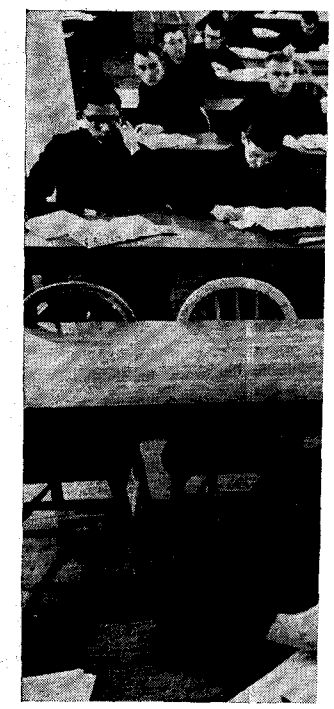
No religious order demands a longer, more arduous training. Ignatius had been an army officer before his conversion, and he imposed an army-like discipline upon his followers. It normally takes six years to become a Catholic priest and one more year to qualify as a Dominican or a Benedictine. But until recently the Jesuit's training preceding his final vows required at least 15 years—among the reforms voted by the General Congregation is shorter preparation. The precise program now varies from province to province, as experimentation goes on, but generally it has consisted of six stages—the novitiate (two years mainly of spiritual formation), the juniorate (two years devoted to classical literature, Greek and Latin), the scholasticate (three years of philosophy and science), the regency (three years spent studying special subjects and teaching), the theologate (four years of theology) and finally the tertianship (one year of advanced spiritual formation).

Young Arrupe, having passed through his novitiate, with its psychologically strenuous 30-day Ignatian retreat, took the usual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience and thereby became a permanent member of the order. His advanced training, however, was disrupted by the civil strife in Spain. The Catholic Church there had been notorious for its aggressive intolerance, and in 1931 the new anti-clerical Republican government struck back with vengeful fury. The Jesuit order, among others, was dissolved, its property confiscated, its members banished. Arrupe's formation continued at various Jesuit centers in Europe and the U.S. First he completed his theology at St. Mary's College in St. Marys, Kans.; later he went to Catholic University in Washington, D.C., to study psychiatry. The subject fascinated him. But second thoughts troubled the local provincial. The moral issues raised by the practice of psychiatry, and especially of psychoanalysis, were creating such confusion among Catholic theologians that he decided the time was not yet ripe for a priest to venture into the field, and he ordered Arrupe to withdraw.

His disappointment might have been keener had he not cherished another prospect. Fired by the example of St. Francis Xavier, the first Jesuit missionary to distant lands, who lived his last years in Japan, he longed to go there. Every other pursuit, even psychiatry, he felt to be a digression from his real destiny. Time and again he begged his superiors to send him to Japan, where the society had no province, only a meager mission. They applauded his desire, but without indicating when they would satisfy it.

The appointment came at last in the spring of 1938. Arrupe awaited the final arrangements for his transfer at the Jesuit Missions house in New York. Casting about for an enterprise, he turned to the city's uprooted, neglected Spanish-speaking poor. He worked among them day and night then submitted a sociological report to the then Bishop Spellman. The direct results are still





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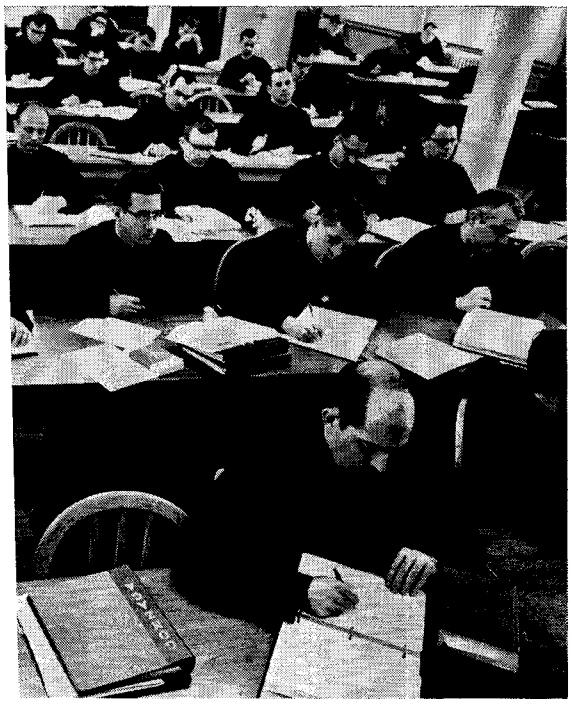
BECOMING A JESUIT PRIEST TAKES YEARS OF TOIL

St. Andrew's novitiate sits on a pleasant rise above the Hudson River, a place of red brick and columns and shaded walks. Every summer some 35 young men, most of them fresh from high school, arrive to begin the arduous 12- to 14-year preparation for the Jesuit order. The first phase—which, like St. Andrew's itself, is called the novitiate—lasts two years, and by the time it is finished perhaps 10 of the 35 novices will have dropped out. At St. Andrew's, as at all Jesuit novitiates, the training follows the strict pattern set by St. Ignatius, founder of the order. There are times for study and times for "trials"—some, like scrubbing floors and washing dishes, to teach the novice humility. But the crucial experience for the novice is his 30-day retreat, during which he may speak to no one, except on three "break days." With the novice master to prepare him and to fortify him if he falters, he embarks upon an intense and exacting regimen of self-examinations, mortifications, prayers and meditations. He may begin alone in his room by reciting Ignatius's favorite prayer: "Soul of Christ, sanctify me. Body of Christ, save me. . . ." For the first week he meditates on sin, death, judgment and hell. During the second week he contemplates the earthly history of Christ, during the third the Passion, and during the fourth the Resurrection. At noon and night every day of the retreat (and for the rest of his life as well) he must scrutinize his conscience for the tiniest lapses. Eventually, after he leaves the novitiate, the novice will go on through the five higher stages of the Jesuit preparation, and then out into the world in the service of his order; yet no experience is likely to mark him so deeply as that early retreat. For Ignatius designed it to leave a young man totally committed to God and forever armored in the assurance of divine consolation.



Upper left: At St. Andrew's novitiate, New York, a novice is measured for his cassock, but not a new one—a used one, in keeping with the spirit of poverty. Upper right: Absorbed in preparing for their meditations, novices stroll the grounds of St. Andrew's. Center: For one hour every morning and half an hour every afternoon, the novices meditate. When they tire of kneeling, they may stand. Lower left: Years beyond their novitiate now and approaching the end of their endeavor, scholastics of the Jesuits' Woodstock College in Maryland immerse themselves in theology. Lower right: A Woodstock scholastic is ordained a Jesuit priest.

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manifest. The depressed minority became the object of extensive social-welfare efforts, with more church funds and personnel assigned to them.

When Arrupe learned that nearly a third of the 2,700 inmates of the city prison on Rikers Island came from Latin America, he volunteered for chaplain duty there. Arriving later than usual one day, he found the cells empty. The occupants, a guard informed him, were watching a prison ball game. Undaunted by the warning that the sight of a priest would probably move some of the hoodlums to insults and blasphemy, Arrupe insisted on watching too. Once seated, he encountered nothing more menacing than curious stares. A Puerto Rican, whom he had confessed, approached him. "I'm glad you're here, padre, because there's this Cuban, Luis, who wants to confess. He hasn't done it for a long time, and he feels a terrible need."

Luis had stabbed his woman to death in a jealous frenzy. The reason no priest had confessed him in his cell was that the warden considered him too dangerous to be left alone with anybody. "Send him to me now," said Arrupe.

Luis elbowed a path through the crowd. The guards kept their eyes on him but let him pass, and presently he stood, a dark, hulking man, before the priest. Behind the grandstand, the priest had noticed, a mounted guard was stationed, so to divert suspicion from Luis and put him at ease he led him there, and in the shadow of man and horse Arrupe heard the long and whispered confession. As they parted, Luis said, "You know, padre, I am no criminal at heart."

Meanwhile, the Puerto Rican had spread the news of the encounter among his fellow Latin Americans, and when Arrupe regained his seat they rose as one man, holding various oddments they had put together to use as musical instruments—pocket combs wrapped in tissue paper, tin cans containing pebbles—and gave him a concert. He returned the compliment. Standing under the summer sun, his voice carrying across the stadium, he sang a Basque song. "It was the biggest thing that had ever happened to me as a priest," he recalls. "I was near tears. I sensed the spiritual value of every individual."

Arrupe reported to his first Japanese post, at Nagatsuka (now Gion), a town four miles north of Hiroshima, in October, 1938. "The missionary to Japan," he wrote later, "is not like water flowing naturally into the Oriental mold. He is rather like sheet metal in his resistance to surrendering his strong framework of culture, tradition, customs and way of thinking and to substituting new values. The missionary was right who said of his early years in Japan, 'I felt as if they had torn away my skin and replaced it with a much smaller skin in which I could not move.'"

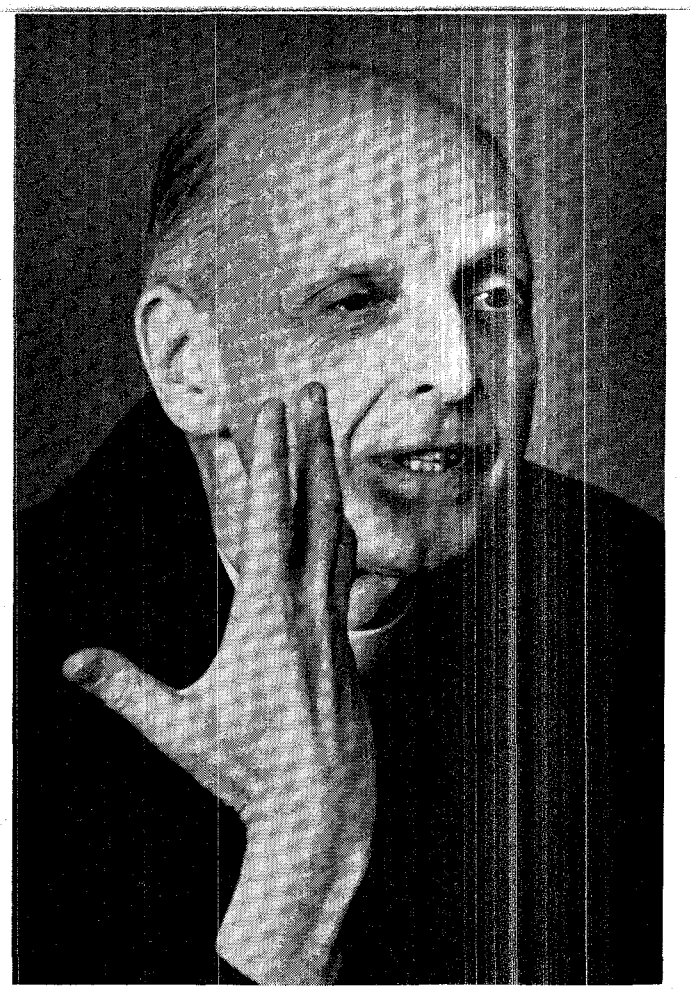
To identify with the Japanese the better to reach their minds, Arrupe immersed himself in their social forms: the elaborate obeisances, the tea ceremony, the flower arrangements, the art of brush painting and calligraphy, the literature, religions and philosophies. He mastered their language so thoroughly that he was able to write eight books in it, not to mention translations of religious works.

At the University of Yamaguchi, where he taught Spanish, he received frequent visits from a policeman, a meek, somewhat epicene character, who seemed eager for conversion. Not until the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor did he realize what his visitor had really been up to. Arrested by a colonel of the military police, he was confronted with a report compiled by the policeman. The report alleged every kind of crime—moral, sexual, political, financial. "Christian humility obliges us to think of ourselves as miserable sinners," Arrupe relates, "and I had formed a very bad concept of myself, but that bad? No!"

After a night's detention in a room without bed or chair, and so cold that he had to perform calisthenics to keep his blood circulating, he was transferred to a jail for common criminals and a month later brought before an examining magistrate. The interrogation lasted 37 hours, but one by one the charges against him collapsed as Japanese whom he had converted testified to his character. Accepting the court's challenge to define and defend his belief, he discoursed eloquently on the Christian ethic. The most dangerous question put to him was whether he believed in the divinity of the Emperor of Japan. He countered by asking, "Do you believe the emperor to be creator of the universe?" In the ensuing silence the magistrate dismissed the case.

Since Arrupe was a national of a neutral country, and the staff of the mission itself was predominantly German, the Japanese troubled him no further. His situation produced a painful conflict, however, dedicated as he was to the individual Japanese Christian while horror-struck by the country's war lust.

As befitted a younger Jesuit, Father Arrupe all this time was working, praying and studying his way up the Ignatian progression. The ultimate challenge to his academic qualifications came when he took the two-hour oral examination *ad gradum* ("for rank"). As many as four fifths fail this test. This group, and those who do not take it, receive full status in the order after once again vowing poverty, chastity and obedience; they thenceforth carry the rank of "spiritual coadjutor." Those who pass, however, and who are judged exceptionally virtuous, are allowed to make the "solemn profession"—the three usual vows and a fourth vow of allegiance to the Pope. Arrupe passed, and in February, 1942, he was solemnly professed. A month later his superiors named him vice rector and novice master. Twelve years later they appointed him vice provincial of Japan and, four years after that, provincial.



Jesuits, says Father Arrupe, have been guilty of 'misguided zeal' and 'an exaggerated sense of loyalty.'

One day in August of 1945, Arrupe still vividly recalls, "a magnesium flash rent the blue sky, and a dull, continuing roar, more like a cataract than a bomb, was heard with frightening force. It was like an earthquake."

The blast from the bomb that killed some 200,000 people in Hiroshima destroyed the Jesuit-built parish church in Nagatsuka, four miles away, and shattered the doors and windows of the novitiate. With no idea of what had hit the city, Father Arrupe organized a rescue team of priests and novices and, throwing together whatever first-aid supplies he could immediately lay hands on, hastened to the heart of the holocaust.

In the damaged novitiate they set up a hospital. "People who had suffered no immediate damage began to collapse. They felt on fire inside, and they died." For days he had no sleep. When not ministering to the injured at the novitiate, he hurried from house to house to warn against popular folk remedies like potato and turnip juice or ashes, which would infect the wounds. "If only we could have brought Christian solace to their souls, but no, that was impossible. They didn't understand us, because the pagan way of thinking cannot turn one hundred eighty degrees in a second."

When Father Arrupe went to Japan in 1938 the Jesuit mission there numbered 80 Germans and six Spaniards. By the time he left for Rome in 1965, the modest mission had become a great Jesuit province with 430 priests from 35 other provinces in 20 countries.

What took Arrupe to Rome was a General Congregation at which top-ranking Jesuits would elect the 27th successor to St. Ignatius. During the four days preceding the voting the 225 delegates were prevented by tradition from leaving headquarters, talking to anybody except each other or championing a particular candidate. They spent most of the time in prayer. On the fateful morning they marched into the main hall, chanting the *Veni Creator*, the invocation of the Holy Spirit. As they took their places on hard wooden benches behind wooden desks, the door was locked from the outside, not to be unlocked until a new Superior General had been selected.

Arrupe was one of half a dozen provincials frequently mentioned as a possible choice. Those opposed to him raised two main objections: A man of enormous personal appeal, he tended to govern by charisma, they said, rather than by the book; and his long stay in the Far East had unfitted him for leadership in the cultural climate of Europe. But the objections faded, and on the third ballot he was elected.

When the election was announced, Arrupe received the usual flurry of public attention, but his views and personality gained no wide notice in the United States until his trip here. Tearing across the country by chartered jet, helicopter and car, he managed to visit 12 cities in 17 days. He set the tone of his tour with a Palm Sunday sermon in New York's Church of St. Ignatius Loyola. "My mission," he declared, "is to do for the Society of

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Jesus in these United States what the fathers of the Vatican Council have tried to do for the Church in the world." He then cautioned his fellow Jesuits. "It is not the new world I fear. I am afraid rather that we Jesuits may have little or nothing to offer this world, little to say or do that would justify our existence as Jesuits. I am afraid that we may repeat yesterday's answers to tomorrow's problems, talk in a way men no longer understand, speak a language that does not speak to the heart of living man. If we do this, we shall more and more be talking to ourselves; no one will listen, because no one will understand what we are trying to say."

At Fordham University, following the "hootenanny Mass," he took part in a gesture of ecumenism, conferring honorary degrees upon four non-Roman Catholic clergymen. For the schisms in Christianity he held the Jesuits themselves partly responsible. "An exaggerated sense of loyalty to one's own church at the expense of charity; a too-rigid concept of the truth, where personal opinions were sometimes easily confused with divine revelation; a misguided zeal for propagating the Gospel, which sometimes made use of means not always in accord with that Gospel; an ignorance of the true thought of others, or a facile misjudgment of motives; a too-easy yielding to nationalistic or partisan prejudices—these are the common burdens we all must bear for the past."

He entered a plea for freedom of intellectual inquiry on the campus. "The university must be free to analyze not only ungrounded attacks upon the faith, but formulations, defenses and practical orientations which only bring the faith into derision." This was interpreted as a rebuke to America's largest Catholic university, St. John's in New York, which a number of discharged professors have accused of repressive policies.

Jesuit education in America is already feeling the effects of Father Arrupe's tour. At every institute he visited he sought out the young scholars with young ideas. He shares the conviction of many younger Jesuits that their educational centers are insular, that they immobilize too much manpower, and that more laymen should be entrusted with administration, thus freeing more "militant disciples of Christ," in the Ignatian phrase, for other activities.

The order now is giving substance to these words. In December it announced that the Jesuit theological school of Woodstock was thinking about leaving its rural campus and affiliating with a large urban university—either Yale or Fordham. The aim is to bring the young scholars in contact with other beliefs and other academic disciplines. The four other Jesuit theologates are considering the same kind of move. And this January the president of St. Louis University announced that with Rome's assent the 150-year-old Jesuit institution would bring laymen onto its board of directors—the first time, he pointed out, that a major Catholic academic institution will be run by both clergy and laymen; the laymen will outnumber the clerical members, and the board chairman will be a layman. Soon after the announcement the Jesuit's University of Detroit disclosed a similar plan.

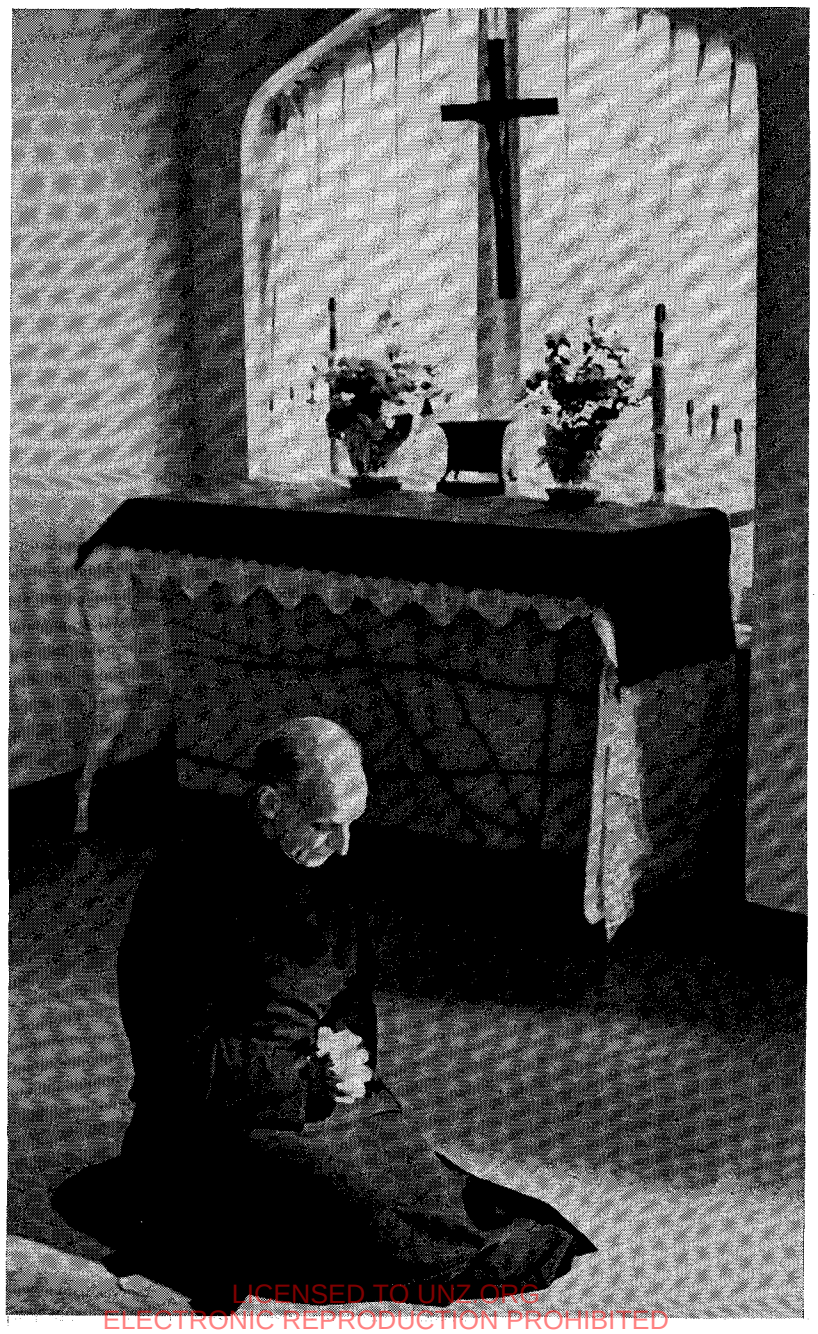
Thus it is clear that the new superior general does not fear change. But change for Father Arrupe, as for every Black Pope, raises a dilemma because of that very mentality which the society takes such pains to shape in its members. While ensuring that all Jesuits meet their obligations to the order, the Superior General must also be sensitive to their rights as independent individuals. According to a popular misconception, the Jesuit becomes an automaton, submitting blindly to the manipulation of his superiors. The image is incomplete, however. No Jesuit, it is true, can run counter to defined doctrine or resist a command by his superior (unless convinced it is evil). But outside those limits lies an area in which a Jesuit retains independence of thought and action. With his mind sharpened by one of the most exacting educational systems ever devised, it is not surprising if his ideas shock conservative churchmen.

From its inception the Society of Jesus has excited controversy. Ignatius himself fell under suspicion of heresy. Many 20th-century Jesuits have incurred official censure, including the French scientist, Teilhard de Chardin, with his theories of evolution, and the American theologian, John Courtney Murray, urging the separation of church and state. Such bold thinkers prompted the old Jesuit joke, "The society is a monarchy limited only by the incompetence of its superiors and the insubordination of its subjects."

Long a Jesuit missionary in Japan,

Father Arrupe still prays in the Japanese fashion—

sitting on his heels.



How far and how fast can a Jesuit—or, indeed, any priest—go in his involvement with the modern secular world? According to several Vatican insiders, it is the approach and the pace of some Jesuits, rather than any real doctrinal offense, that aroused Pope Paul's concern. Though he has given the society a mandate to confront head-on the forces of secularism, atheism and especially Marxism, he sees dangers in contact too free and close.

In Milan (to cite an example of what probably worries him) the Jesuits of San Fidele maintain so close a rapport with Italy's intellectual left that some say they risk condemnation.

All over Europe and South America the highly controversial worker-priest movement has enlisted Jesuits. It began during World War II when French priests, changing their cassocks for overalls, accompanied deported workers to German labor camps and there tried to bring them spiritual aid. They continued to identify themselves with labor after the war, working in factories, joining labor unions, taking part in strikes. Considering such identification a potential jeopardy to their priesthood, the Vatican banned the movement. Then, in 1965, to the gratification of Catholic liberals, Pope Paul sanctioned its revival. But he has since been disquieted by complaints from various distant dioceses, charging the worker-priests with Marxist sympathies.

In Poland a bizarre organization called PAX claims to act as a medium of reconciliation between Catholicism and Communism. Its Communist-directed purpose, however, is to vitiate the country's Catholic front. Though the Vatican condemned PAX in 1965, a score of priests, some Jesuits among them, support it.

In America, Father Murray is not the only Jesuit to have hazarded controversial views. Not long ago, Father Joseph D. Hassett, chairman of Fordham's philosophy department, opposed the Catholic bishops of New York when he backed proposed liberalized grounds for divorce, arguing, "When it comes to legal enactment, we should not force our religious or moral beliefs of one group on another."

The outspoken do not always go unchecked. In 1965 the Rev. Daniel Berrigan, an associate editor of *Jesuit Missions* magazine and co-chairman of the Clergy Concerned About Vietnam Committee, was transferred to Latin America after denouncing U.S. policy in Vietnam. The Catholic periodical *Commonweal* called the transfer "a shame and a scandal, a disgustingly blind, totalitarian act." And this January still another Jesuit, a teacher in a high school in Philadelphia, was packed off to Baltimore after alleged unorthodoxies, whereupon some 82 fellow Jesuits signed a letter of outraged protest.

And so Jesuits continue to take risks and launch ventures, some actions meeting with approval, others with repudiation, but all of them revealing an important organization revitalizing itself under a gentle and powerful leader. Arrupe himself, during a press conference in America, set forth the premise: "We do not intend to defend our mistakes. But neither do we want to commit the greatest mistake of all—that of waiting with arms folded, and doing nothing for fear of making a mistake." □

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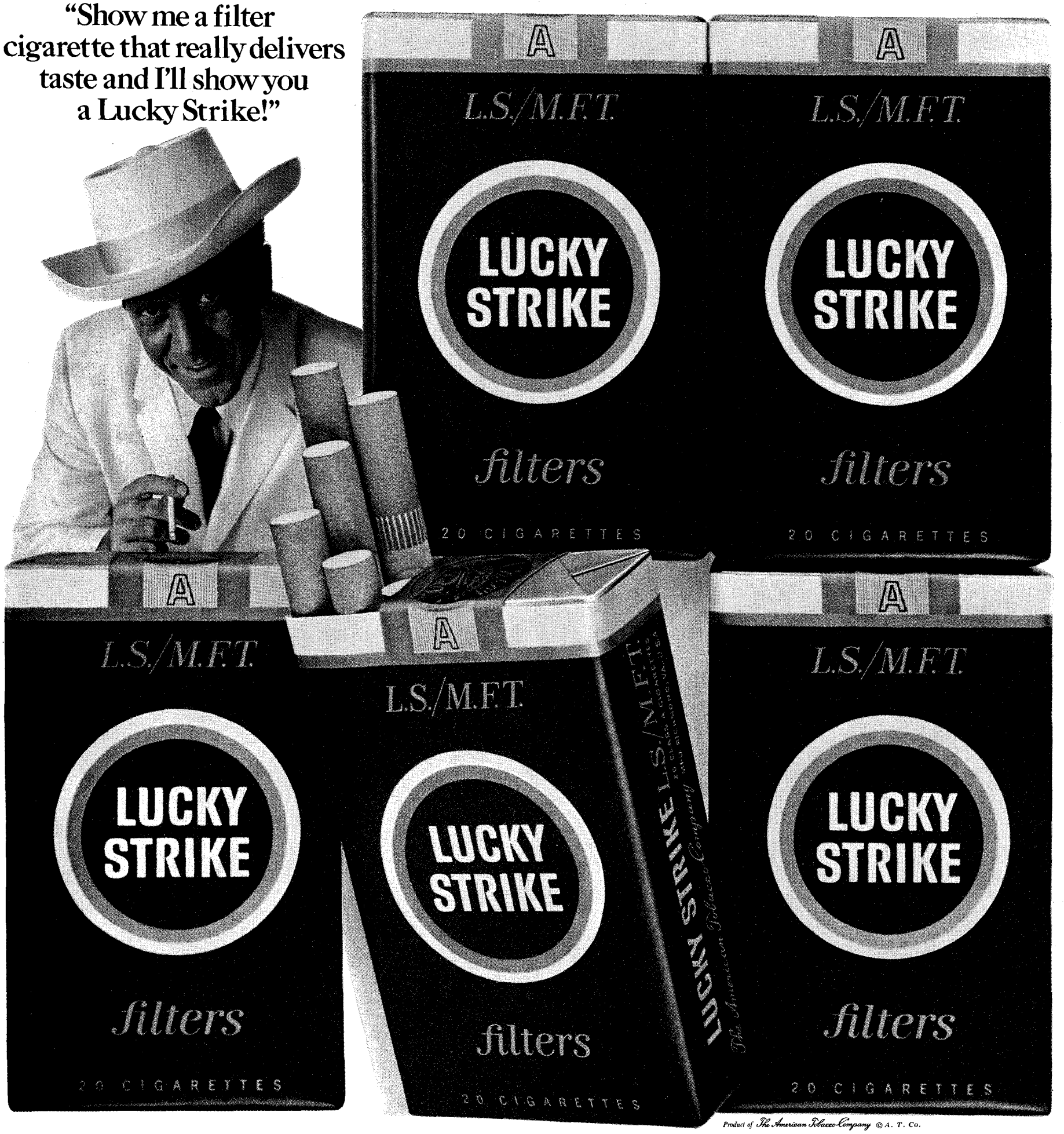
"Show me a filter cigarette that really delivers taste and I'll show you a Lucky Strike!"



A filter cigarette has to be Lucky to taste this good.

The taste of a Lucky—you've never had it so mild.

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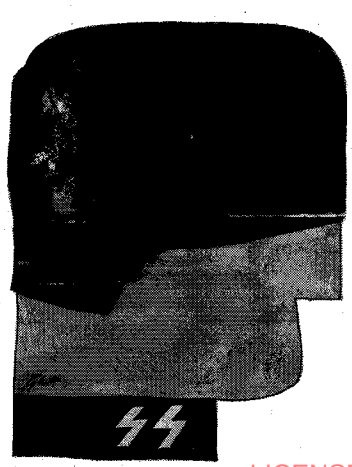
THE MURDERERS

Concentration camp commandant Franz Stangl is now an auto mechanic in São Paulo, Brazil.

In trying to reshape Germany to fit Adolf Hitler's grotesque mold, the Nazi regime corrupted members of every profession. This did not exclude even physicians who had sworn the Hippocratic oath to safeguard human lives. Doctors who practiced in the concentration camps often injected poison or air into their victims' veins. When a trainload of prisoners arrived at a camp, a doctor stood by, signaling those who looked well to one side and a temporary reprieve, those who did not to the other side—the crematorium. Worst of all, the camps became weird laboratories which used human beings as guinea pigs. Tests were carried out not only by doctors but by chemists and experts from leading German drug companies. Some of these doctors are still practicing medicine—in Austria, Germany, Egypt and in South America. We have their names and some of their addresses.

Perhaps the most evil of them all is Dr. Josef Mengele, the former chief doctor at Auschwitz, who specialized in what he called "the science of twins" and who tried to artificially create children with Aryan features and blue eyes. The name Mengele was known to all former concentration-camp inmates, even those who had never been in Auschwitz. He was a small, swarthy, dark-haired man with a slight squint in the left eye, and a triangular gap between his upper front teeth. He always wore sharply creased uniforms, shining boots and white gloves.

In 1944 it was he who determined which of the thousands of arrivals at Auschwitz would live or die. I have the testimony of a man who saw Mengele throw a baby alive into the flames. Another man testified that Mengele once killed a 14-year-old girl with a bayonet. Mengele sacrificed thousands of children, twins from all over Europe, by using injections to try to change the color of their brown eyes to blue. He had a theory that human beings had pedigrees, like dogs. He was convinced of his mission to breed a super race of blue-eyed, blond, "Nordic" people and of his duty to kill "biologically inferior specimens." In Auschwitz, his surgical ward was impeccably clean, his syringes always sterilized. He often used the syringes for injecting phenol, benzine or air, which killed his patients within a few seconds. Mengele was the perfect SS man. He would smile at pretty girls while he sent them to their deaths.



At the end of the war he went home to the Bavarian town of Günzburg. His family and friends, unaware of his career at Auschwitz, greeted him as a good soldier who had done his duty. For five pleasant years, Mengele led a quiet life in Günzburg, often visiting Munich and nearby towns. No one bothered him. Only in 1950 did his name begin to be mentioned at various Nazi war-crimes trials. Some of his former colleagues and subordinates, among them his former SS chauffeur, began to talk about things he'd done at Auschwitz. Mengele disappeared.

Late in the 1950's I asked Hermann Langbein, the general secretary of the International Auschwitz Committee, whether he had had any success in tracing Mengele. Langbein said, "In 1954, Mengele filed a suit for divorce against his wife in Freiburg, Breisgau, their last place of common residence, and exchanged several letters with his lawyer, Dr. Hans Laternser. I got his ad-

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concentration camp, Simon Wiesenthal has been tracking down Nazi criminals. One trail led to Eichmann in Argentina. Other mass killers are also hiding in South America. This excerpt from Wiesenthal's forthcoming autobiography tells where they are.

AMONG US *Conclusion*

By Simon Wiesenthal

dress in Argentina at the time—don't ask me how." I learned from other sources that in past years Dr. Josef Mengele had used the following assumed names: Helmuth Gregor-Gregori, Fausto Rindon, José Aspiazi, Ernst Sebastian Alvez, Friedrich Edler von Breitenbach, Walter Hasek, Heinz Stobert, Karl Geuske, Fritz Fischer, Lars Ballstroem. At the time of his divorce, Mengele had been practicing medicine in Buenos Aires under the name Helmuth Gregor-Gregori. He had subsequently been married again, to the widow of his older brother Karl.

I asked Langbein whether the West German authorities had tried to get Mengele. "On July 5, 1959, the Freiburg prosecutor issued a warrant for his arrest," he told me. "Then the Bonn foreign office asked Argentina for his extradition. The Argentinians claimed that Mengele could not be found under the address indicated. We must try to get his latest address."

The West German government has offered a reward of 60,000 marks ($15,000) for him. After his friend Martin Bormann (100,000 marks, which is $25,000), Mengele is the Nazi fugitive with the highest price on his head.

After talking to Langbein, I contacted a friend in Buenos Aires and gave him the doctor's last two known addresses. On December 30, 1959, my informant in Buenos Aires, at my request, notified the German embassy there that Mengele was now residing under his own name at Vertiz 968, Olivos.

Langbein gave this new information to the prosecutor in Freiburg. Files were exchanged among the embassies, the foreign ministries, the ministries of justice, and the prosecutor's office. Early in January, 1960, a second urgent official request for Mengele's extradition was cabled to Buenos Aires. A few weeks later the German embassy was informed that the Argentine attorney general might object that Mengele's offenses could be considered "political" rather than "criminal." Most countries in Latin America do not extradite political offenders. Although the Argentinean authorities admitted that the evidence against Mengele was very strong, they couldn't overcome the psychological attitudes that make extradition almost impossible all over South America, where political sanctuary is traditionally respected.

Meanwhile, Mengele had been informed by his relatives in Germany that a warrant for his arrest was being issued in Freiburg. In May, 1959, eight weeks before the Freiburg indictment was published, Mengele went to Paraguay, where he'd made friends during a previous visit. One of them was Baron Alexander von Eckstein, who is said to be close to Paraguay's German-descended president, General Alfredo Stroessner. Eckstein sponsored Mengele's naturalization as a citizen of Paraguay. Eckstein and another witness testified in favor of Mengele's naturalization through evasion of laws requiring five years' residence. On the basis of this testimony, "José Mengele" was granted Paraguayan citizenship on November 27, 1959, by governmental decree No. 809.

A few days after his naturalization, Mengele returned to Argentina. In Buenos Aires, the attorney general made no move, and during the next six months he gave no indication that he planned to make any. Apparently Argentina could be expected to remain just as passive in the case of Mengele as in that of Adolf Eichmann.

Mengele was not altogether certain, however, that his brand-new Paraguayan passport would protect him. He thought it might be safer to leave Buenos Aires. He went to

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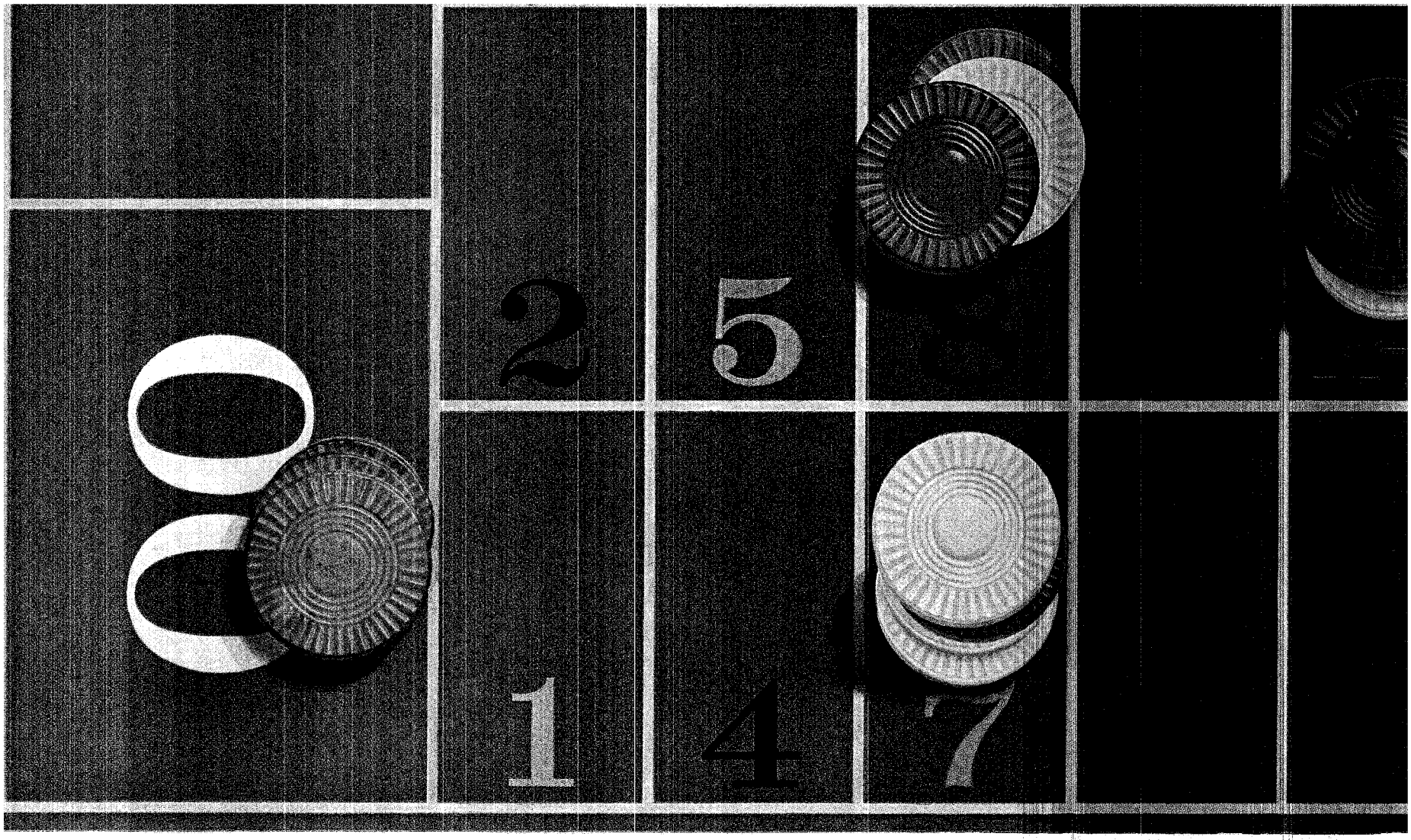

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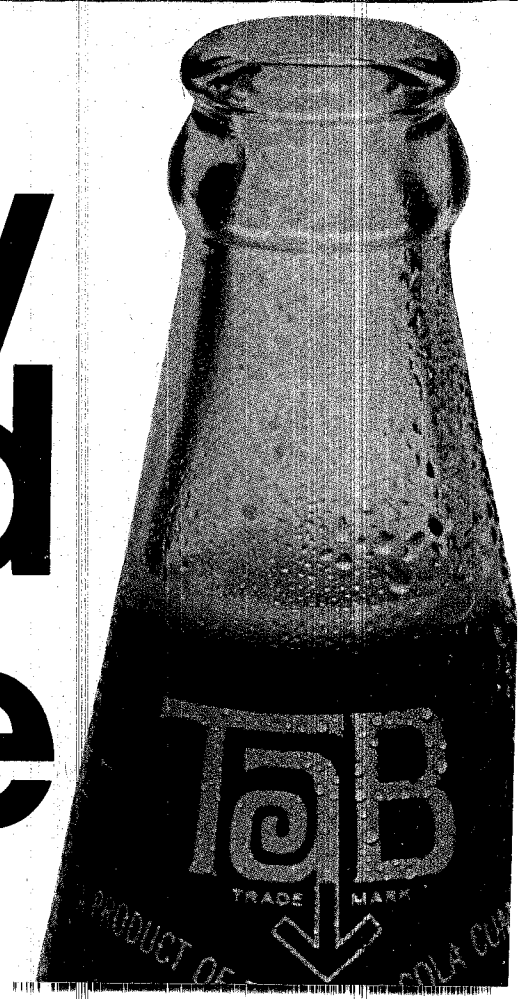

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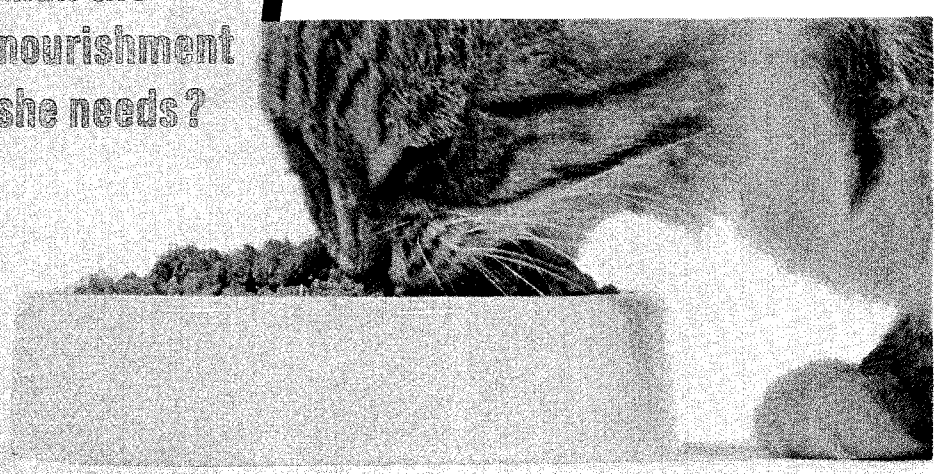

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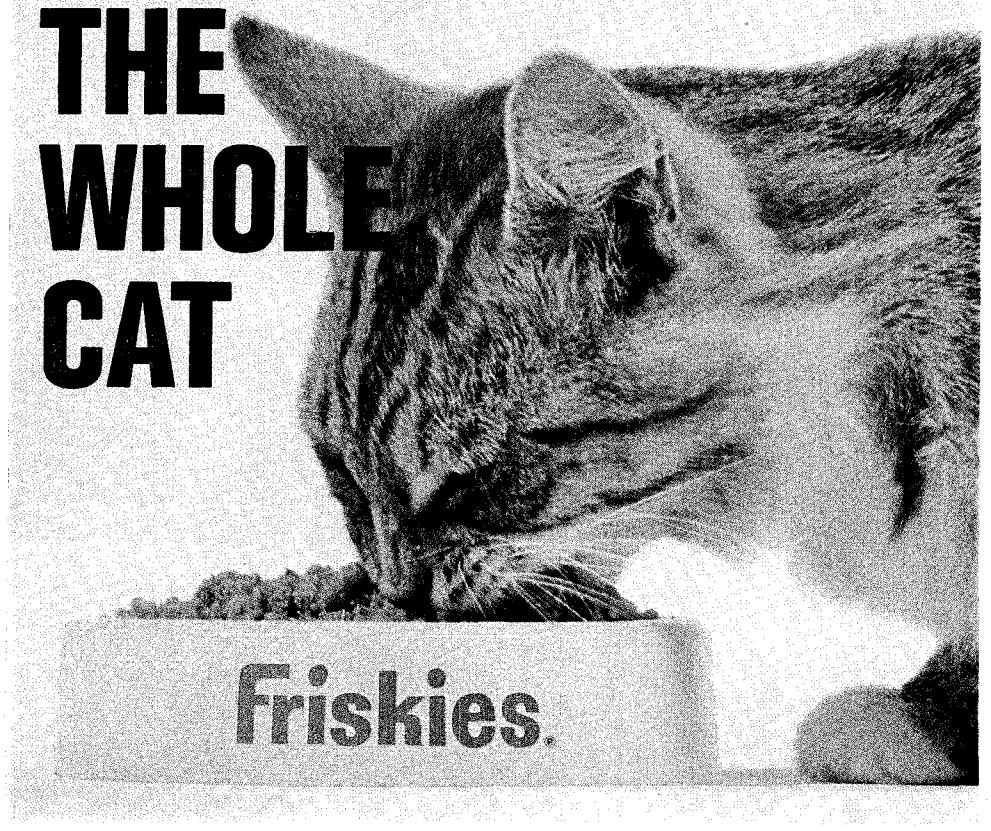

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San Carlos de Bariloche, a beautiful resort in the lake district of the Andes, where many former Nazis have villas and estates. It is also conveniently close to the Chilean frontier.

A curious incident occurred in Bariloche. Among the tourists there at the time was Miss Nora Eldoc, who was on a visit from Israel to see her mother. The two women had been in Auschwitz, where Miss Eldoc had been sterilized by Dr. Mengele. It was mere coincidence that she came to Bariloche at a time when Mengele was there. She was then an attractive woman of 48 and had many friends in town. One evening, in the ballroom of a local hotel, she suddenly found herself face-to-face with Mengele. Whether he recognized her is unknown—Mengele had "treated" thousands of women in Auschwitz—but he did notice the tattooed number on her lower left arm. For a few seconds the victim and the torturer stared at each other silently. Eyewitnesses later testified that no word was said. Miss Eldoc turned and left the room.

A few days afterward she did not return from an excursion in the mountains. Several weeks later Miss Eldoc's bruised body was discovered near a crevasse. The police ascribed her death to a mountain-climbing accident.

After Israeli agents kidnapped Eichmann from Buenos Aires to face trial in Jerusalem, the Argentine government complained that it would have extradited Eichmann if it had been asked to do so. This seemed doubtful, and I told the newspapers what had happened in the case of Mengele. For whatever reason, an Argentine warrant was issued for Mengele's arrest in June, 1960. It came too late. On the very day of Eichmann's capture, Dr. Mengele had disappeared into Brazil.

Not for long, though. One day in April, 1961, a man I'll call Johann came to visit me. Johann is an elderly German who once was a member of the Nazi Party and still keeps in touch with his former *Kameraden*. "I've got good news for you," he said. "I know where Mengele is. Last week I met an old acquaintance just returned from Egypt, where he saw Mengele."

I said, "Johann, so far as we know, Mengele is still in South America."

"He was, but he left last month. It seems he was getting worried."

"And how do the Egyptians feel?"

"They suggested that Mengele leave as soon as possible. The German group in Egypt, under a former *Obersturmbannführer* Schwarz in Alexandria, rented a yacht and took Mengele and his wife to Kythnos, a tiny Greek island. The Germans promised to take him off the island as soon as it could be arranged. You haven't much time."

I was about to leave for the Eichmann trial. If I notified the Greek authorities through normal channels, several weeks would be lost. I called a magazine editor with whom I had cooperated before. The magazine wanted the story; I wanted the man. Through Langbein, we called Athens to contact a Dr. Cuenca, a noted scientist who had been forced to work in Auschwitz under Mengele. Cuenca told us that passenger ships stop at Kythnos only twice a week. It was decided that a reporter would go to Kythnos. If he found Mengele, he would call Cuenca, who would come and identify the doctor. The Greek authorities would certainly extradite Mengele if he were properly identified to the police.

The reporter arrived in Kythnos 48 hours later. At an inn near the harbor the reporter asked the innkeeper whether he'd had any guests lately.

"A German and his wife. They left yesterday."

"But there was no passenger steamer yesterday," the reporter said.

"A white yacht came into the harbor. The German and his wife went aboard, and the yacht left again."

The reporter showed the man a batch of photos. Without hesitating, the innkeeper picked a picture of Mengele. Two monks who happened to come in also agreed that this man had been there only yesterday. We had lost another round, by a few hours.

Later, when I met Johann again, I asked him how Mengele left Kythnos. "Some Spanish friends picked up Mengele and his wife on their yacht," he said. "I don't know who they are, but I know they took him to Barcelona. Do you know that he once even dared to go back to Germany?"

"To Germany? But there is a warrant out for his arrest."

"Mengele has very good friends in Germany. I know that he came to Günzburg sometime in 1959 to attend his father's funeral. He stayed there several days. Naturally he didn't go to a hotel, and he didn't want to stay at home. He lived at the English Institute Convent School."

"And no one went to the police to denounce him?"

"In Günzburg, everybody depends, one way or another, on the Mengeles."

When it became known that Mengele had been in Günzburg in 1959, the public prosecutor in Frankfurt told a press conference that the town of Günzburg "acted like a group of conspirators to help the Mengele family." Afterward the mayor protested, but then a paper reported that the mayor happened to be the notary for the Mengele family. There were accusations and counteraccusations. A quaint, medieval Bavarian town of 12,000, Günzburg is proud of its lovely Renaissance castle and of its largest enterprise, the farm-machinery factory of Karl Mengele & Sons. The Mengeles had long been Günzburg's first citizens.

Josef Mengele, born on March 16, 1911, grew up a prince of the ruling family of Günzburg. In the 1920's he went to study philosophy in Munich, where he met Adolf Hitler in the early beerhouse days and became a fanatical follower of the *Führer*. People in Günzburg who remember Mengele as a young man told me that he suffered from his appearance: He wanted to look like an Aryan, but he didn't. Mengele enlisted early in the war and joined the SS. In 1943 he was appointed chief doctor at Auschwitz.

After the war, when Mengele decided it was time to flee, he escaped via the Reschen-Scheideck-Merano route to Italy, and went from there to Spain and Latin America. In the postwar years, Mengele & Sons had acquired a 50 percent interest in Fadrofarm KG, S.A., a new Buenos Aires assembly plant for German tractors. The Argentine company was founded with a capital of one million dollars. Some time in 1952 Mengele arrived in Buenos Aires with various sets of false papers and began to

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work as a doctor without a license. He called himself at that time Friedrich Edler von Breitenbach and had many friends among local Nazis and among the police.

When Argentine dictator Juan Perón fled into exile on September 19, 1955, a general Nazi exodus to Paraguay began. Mengele went to Asunción, the capital, but later he came back to Buenos Aires and took over the management of the family firm's office.

Ten years had gone by since the war, and no German tribunal had opened proceedings against Mengele. He must have felt that it was safe to take up residence in Buenos Aires under his own name, and that's how we tracked him down.

In 1962, some months after Mengele had given us the slip on Kythnos, I learned that he had returned to South America. His wife and son remained in Europe. Frau Mengele lived in Kloten, near Zurich, Switzerland. I found out that she had rented a small house so close to the airport that planes came in over the roof—not very quiet, but convenient for her husband, who could be home a few minutes after arriving at the airport, without risk of being seen by many people.

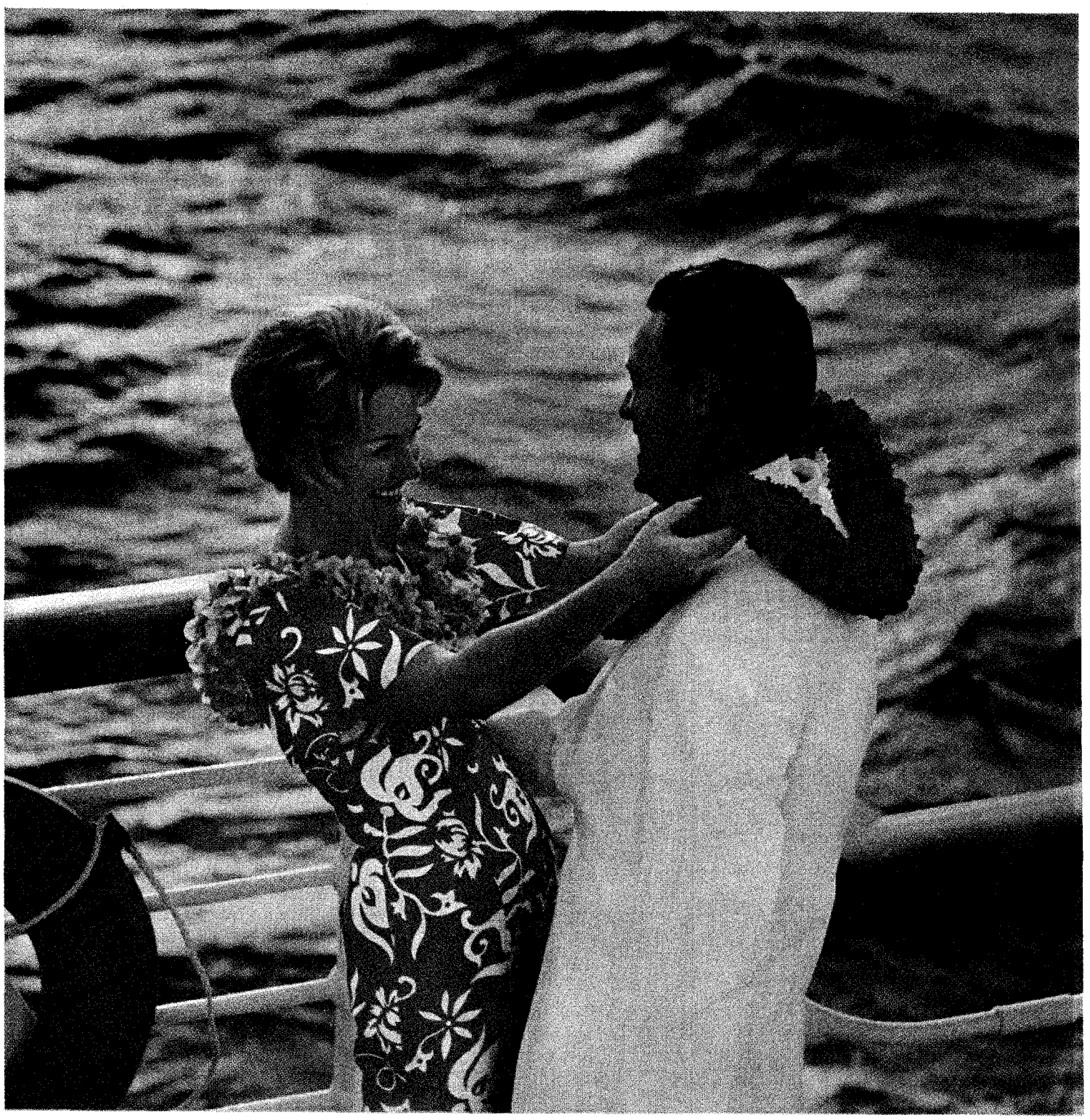
I asked a Swiss official in Zurich to arrange for her house to be watched so we would know if Mengele happened to drop in. Several weeks later, in July, 1962, the Swiss expelled Frau Mengele from Switzerland. I had had no wish to harm Mengele's wife, but the Swiss apparently didn't want the problem of extraditing a Nazi criminal. Frau Mengele left Zurich and moved to the lovely town of Merano in the Italian South Tyrol. She still lives there, in a secluded house, with many former Nazis nearby.

By now, Mengele had gone back to Asunción. He would have preferred Buenos Aires, but the warrant was still out for his arrest there. From the family firm's Buenos Aires branch, however, he received enough money for a comfortable life. Also in July, 1962, the Bonn government asked Paraguay to check on Dr. José Mengele, living at Fulgencio Moreno 507 in Asunción. Several months afterward the Paraguayan authorities notified the West Germans that Mengele was a citizen of Paraguay with "no criminal record."

Mengele didn't stay long in Asunción, however. He apparently felt that he would be safer in one of the German colonies in the area where the borders of Paraguay, Brazil and Argentina join. The river that forms the frontier is lightly patrolled, and it is easy to cross into Brazil. Mengele moved to an estate near Encarnación belonging to Alban Kruge Krug, a wealthy farmer described as a man with a violent temper and violent political ideas. When traveling, Krug is escorted by four heavily armed bodyguards. Mengele stayed about two years at the Krug estate. He helped with the harvest and treated patients in Encarnación, while using the alias Dr. Fritz Fischer.

Late in 1963, he became restless again. I knew that it would be impossible to trace the movements of a man protected by so many people in so many parts of the world. Instead, I decided to watch the movements of the people closest to him—in this case, his wife and his son, Karl-Heinz. Frau Martha Mengele kept to her home in Merano. Karl-Heinz at that time was studying in Montreux, Switzerland. Shortly before Christmas, 1963, a letter was mailed in Montreux to inform one of my friends in Austria that Karl-Heinz Mengele had just gone to Milan, and that he would stay at a certain hotel. He had told his classmates he was going there to meet relatives from overseas. The letter, posted on December 22 during the rush of Christmas mail, reached me on the morning of the 28th. I took the first plane to Milan. At the hotel I was told that a man carrying a Spanish passport in the name of "Gregor-Gregori" had stayed there, but had left two days earlier.

The next round occurred a few months later, one night in March, 1964. Mengele was spending the weekend at the Hotel Tyrol near Hohenau, a German colony in eastern Paraguay. The Hotel Tyrol is the favorite meeting place of the local society—good food, good beer, a good band. President Stroessner comes there for a



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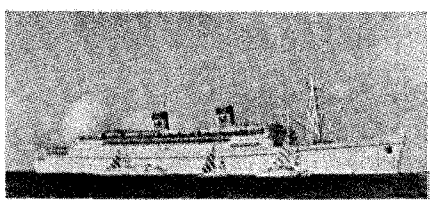

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weekend once in a while. And so does Mengele.

It was a hot, dark night. Half a dozen men had trailed "Dr. Fritz Fischer" to Suite No. 26 of the Hotel Tyrol. I later met some of them. All Auschwitz survivors, they had gone to South America to seize Mengele and bring him to Frankfurt for trial. A few minutes before one A.M., the men entered the Hotel Tyrol, ran up the stairway, and broke open the door of room No. 26. It was empty. The hotel owner informed them that Herr Dr. Fischer had left 10 minutes earlier, after getting a telephone call. He had been in such a hurry that he had put his suit on over his pajamas and raced down the stairway into the night.

The Auschwitz trial was then taking place in Frankfurt. Dr. Fritz Bauer, the chief prosecutor, told the press that José Mengele, believed to be somewhere in Paraguay, was the former concentration-camp doctor. The Bonn government made a last determined effort to get the chief defendant extradited. On July 16, 1964, Eckart Briest, the German ambassador in Asunción, had an audience with President Stroessner and presented a formal demand for Mengele's extradition.

President Stroessner became furious and banged his desk. "If you continue with this," he shouted, "I shall break off diplomatic relations with the German Federal Republic!" Briest explained that he had received specific instructions about Mengele from Bonn. The President said, "Not another word, Mr. Ambassador!"

An account of the meeting appeared in *Der Spiegel*. Stroessner realized that he might have gone too far. Paraguay had just obtained a three-million-dollar development loan from Bonn and might get more. It would be unwise to antagonize the West German government.

For a week Mengele's fate was in the balance. He went to Asunción, and shortly afterward, a painted inscription appeared on the wall of the German Embassy: JEWISH EMBASSY! HANDS OFF MENGELE! THIS IS AN ORDER!

Perhaps it was. General Stroessner decided that Mengele should return to eastern Paraguay. Mengele now lives as a virtual prisoner in the restricted military zone between Puerto San Vincente, on the Asunción-São Paulo highway, and the border fortress of Carlos Antonio Lopez on the Paraná River. There he occupies a small white shed in a jungle area cleared by German settlers. Only two roads lead to the secluded house. Both are patrolled by Paraguayan soldiers and police, who have strict orders to shoot all trespassers. And just in case the police should slip up, there are four heavily armed private bodyguards who have walkie-talkies. Mengele pays for them himself.

The West German government still wants Mengele, and there is still a reward of $15,000 for him.

Soon after the war, I began to trace the escape routes of the important Nazis who had apparently vanished. I knew that toward the end of the war all prominent SS and Gestapo members had received false personal documents. But I was determined to find out where they had gone, how they got there, who had helped them and who had paid for it all. Few prominent Nazis had tried to escape toward the Soviet Union, where they couldn't be sure of a friendly welcome, and a Nazi criminal couldn't expect much help in England or Scandinavia. If he wanted to escape, he had to go south.

On a map of the world I drew a fine pencil line for each top Nazi whose escape route I knew. Three main routes emerged. The first led from Germany to Austria and Italy, and from there to Spain. The second pointed to the Arab countries, where Nazi experts are now highly esteemed in many fields. The third route connected Germany with certain countries in South America. Next, I transferred the details of known escapes to larger-scale maps of central and southern Europe. Many transports had gone from various German cities to the Allgäu, a secluded wooded region in southern Bavaria conveniently close to the borders of both Austria and Switzerland. Several routes seemed to converge in Memmingen, a medieval town in the heart of the Allgäu. There the routes branched. One branch continued to Lindau on Lake Constance, where it divided again into two lines, one going to Bregenz in Austria and the other to nearby Switzerland. The main route from Memmingen led to Innsbruck and across the Brenner Pass to Italy. Later I found out that the Nazis called the main north-south route the "B-B axis," a code abbreviation for "Bremen-Bari."

At the Nuremberg trials I met a German witness whom I shall call Hans. He was, and is, an outspoken anti-Nazi who had been a high-ranking member of German Army Intelligence. Hans and I had subsequent talks about the political situation. He was pessimistic.

"I can see what's going to happen," Hans said. "Now that some of the top Nazis have been sentenced, most of the lesser criminals will be released by the Allies after a token sentence. Just wait—in no time they will be in big positions again. The crisis is over, and Nazis are getting cocky. You would be surprised how much talk there is about a Fourth Reich. The big shots are plotting again, safely abroad in countries that have no extradition treaties with Germany."

Obviously Hans knew more than he was telling me. I tried to draw him out. "How did the big Nazis get away?"

"Didn't you ever hear of Odessa?" Hans asked.

I said, naïvely, "In the Ukraine? Yes, I was there years ago. A lovely city."

"No, no." Hans was impatient. "ODESSA—written in capital letters—the secret escape organization of the SS underground. The name stands for *Organisation der SS-Angehörigen* [Organization of SS members]. It has even helped them escape from prison."

I had heard Nazis tell each other that someone "went to Odessa," and now I understood. That night Hans told me the complete story.

"At the end of the war," Hans said, "there was no such secret organization, although many Allied experts thought there was. The big Nazis were all living in hiding or under false names. Many had been released from Allied internment camps without trial. Others had never been arrested, because in the confusion they had not been identified. But then later they began worrying that the truth about their crimes would become known, and they started to think that they had to get away. The Nazis decided that the time had come to set up a worldwide escape network."

ODESSA, organized in 1947, was the answer. Instead of the former B-B axis, ODESSA ran two main routes of escape, from Bremen to Rome and from Bremen to Genoa. In a surprisingly short time ODESSA built up an efficient organization of couriers. They used Germans who had been hired to drive U.S. Army trucks between Munich and Salzburg for the *Stars and Stripes*, the army newspaper. The couriers had applied for their jobs under false names, and the Americans in Munich failed to check them thoroughly. It was a brilliant idea: The military police would never bother to search one of these trucks. The driver would hand them a few copies of the newspaper and cross the German-Austrian border near Salzburg, with a couple of Nazi fugitives hiding behind bundles of the *Stars and Stripes*. I made a report to the CIC in Salzburg, and two of the truck drivers were arrested. But scores of wanted Nazis had already escaped.

ODESSA was efficient. Every 40 miles an *Anlaufstelle* (port of call) was set up. Its staff of at least three, and not more than five, people knew only the two nearest ports—the one from which fugitives were brought, and the next to which they were later delivered. *Anlaufstellen* were set up along the entire Austrian-German border, particularly in Ostermiething in Upper Austria, Zell am See in the Salzburg district, and Igls, near Innsbruck.

Hans's information was confirmed by an Austrian police official in Bregenz, on Lake Constance, where the borders of Germany, Austria and Switzerland meet. He said that transports coming from nearby Lindau were no secret to the German, Austrian and Swiss police.

"Did you ever hear of Haddad Said?" the policeman asked.

"No."

"A German traveling on a Syrian passport, he organizes transports in Munich and Lindau, channeling the groups through Bregenz. We can't stop them. They have valid border permits. They cross the Swiss border, get on the next train to Zurich or Geneva, and take a plane to the Near East or to South America. All of them have valid passports, visas, and lots of money."

I asked, "Can't *you* do anything?'

"What can we do? These people are just passing through, and we're glad to get them out of our territory. Their documents are in order. This Haddad Said has friends in high places."

I asked, "But what about the French occupation authorities?"

He shrugged. "This is what really bothers those of us who are anti-Nazis. Maybe Haddad Said has connections there too. Who would have thought that this could happen so soon after the end of the Second World War?"

Later—much too late—I found out that "Haddad Said" was SS *Hauptsturmführer* Franz Rostel, one of the main organizers of ODESSA. He now commutes between a German settlement in Uruguay and Spain's Costa Brava, where many former SS men have vacation homes.

As I found out more about the operations of ODESSA, I realized why the Allied intelligence services knew nothing about it. The men who ran ODESSA had overlooked no detail. The *Anlaufstellen* were well camouflaged—an inconspicuous inn, a deserted hunting

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lodge in the woods, an isolated farmhouse near the border. The travelers would stay a few hours, days or weeks until the next stretch of the route was clear. Ironically, a similar method of travel was also used by the illegal transports channeling Jewish refugees through Austria to Italy and on to Palestine. I know of a small inn near Merano, and another place near the Reschen Scheideck pass between Austria and Italy, where Nazi and Jewish transports sometimes spent the night without knowing of one another's presence.

ODESSA had contacts with professional smugglers in all frontier areas, and had valuable connections with the Spanish, Egyptian, Syrian and certain South American embassies in various European capitals. All this cost money, and the story of the money behind ODESSA begins much earlier than ODESSA itself. Early in 1944 the top Nazis had already begun to transfer large funds and looted property into neutral countries. A report issued by the U.S. Treasury Department in 1946 mentioned 750 companies set up all over the world by Germans using German money; 112 in Spain, 58 in Portugal, 35 in Turkey, 98 in Argentina, 214 in Switzerland, 233 in various other countries. The report is not complete. Owing to the traditional secrecy of bankers, it is harder to trace funds transferred between different countries than to trace an atomic secret.

Germany's leading industrialists are known to have met secretly at the Hotel Maison Rouge in Strasbourg on August 19, 1944. They plotted to prevent funds, deposits, weapons, patents and blueprints of new weapons from falling into the hands of the Allies. As a result of the Strasbourg conference, enormous amounts of money were transferred abroad. The ODESSA organization was financed from such sources. Additional income was derived from the illegal ODESSA enterprises that were shipping scrap metal to Tangier and Syria, or sending weapons that had come from American ammunition depots in Germany and were "transferred" through ODESSA couriers to the Near East. And ODESSA contact men procured import and export licenses and shipped strategic goods through holes in the Iron Curtain. (One such hole was Vienna, from which materials were sent to nearby Czechoslovakia.) ODESSA was an organization of resourceful pros.

In July, 1965, I attended a conference of the *Union Internationale des Résistants et Déportés*, which was held—not purely by accident—in the same room of the Hotel Maison Rouge where the Nazi industrialists had made their plans. The purpose of our conference was to organize the tracing of these considerable Nazi assets.

At the conference. I formulated six questions that remain unanswered:

- Who decided about priorities—specifically, who should be taken overseas by ODESSA? There must have been a lot of hustling for places.
- Who selected the names of women and children who were dependents of Nazis who had died, had escaped, or were in prison? Such families would be supported from secret funds. How much should they be given?
- Who pays for the lawyers who often defend men accused of Nazi crimes?
- Who organized a massive legal-aid effort for German war criminals convicted in the Soviet Union and released to Germany after 1955? We have evidence that some of them, after their return, received the addresses of West German lawyers and were ordered to report to them.
- Who finances certain German publishers who specialize in neo-Nazi propaganda literature?
- Who finances the meetings of former Nazis in various cities of Europe? One took place recently in Milan. The participants arrive from all over Europe and have their expenses paid.

Finally, I asked: Who pays for the subversive activities of neo-Nazi groups in various countries?

There are some leads, some tantalizing bits of information, but they are hard to piece together. In January, 1966, for example, the widow of a former SS *Obersturmbannführer* came to see me in Vienna and told me an interesting story—how, in the fall of 1944, half a year before the end of the war, her husband had been approached by his SS superiors. They knew that he had an account with the Dresdner Bank. They wanted his signature, on two blank sheets of paper. He did as he was told. At the end of the war, the Allies, who administered all former Nazi assets, notified the *Obersturmbannführer* that there were two accounts in his name: one of 12,000 marks, and one of 2,600,000 marks.

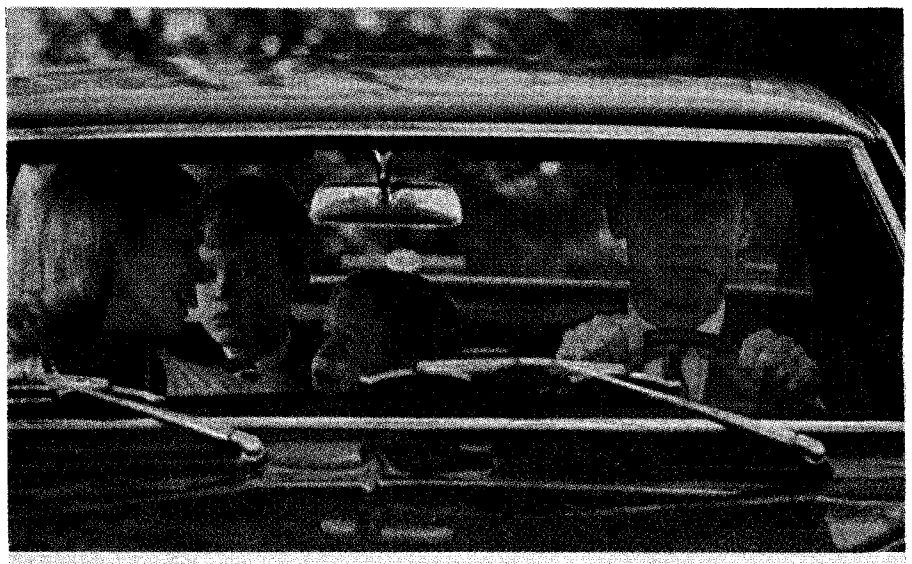
"Naturally my husband knew about the 12,000 marks," said the woman, "but he had no idea where the money in the big account had come from. He wondered who now had his signature. If they put so much money into the account of an ordinary lieutenant colonel, how much must they have put in for the bosses?" I wonder too.

I wonder about a man I know who has no personal fortune but who "contributed" 60,000 marks to a neo-Nazi publishing enterprise; obviously it wasn't *his* money. We know of large capital transfers from South America and Switzerland to Ireland, where German firms have set up branch offices. Former Nazis have bought Irish properties and estates.

And we know something about the so-called Nazi "treasure" that was (and perhaps still is) hidden in the former "Alpine Fortress"—the Nazis' redoubt in the lovely Aussee region in Austria. Early in 1944, about 18,000 people lived in the Aussee region. At the end of the war, almost 80,000 people were living there. Allowing for a few thousand German soldiers, who were the 60,000 civilians who had arrived during the last year before the collapse of the Third Reich? As early as Christmas, 1944, Nazi Party people began to send their families there, and also their loot and the records they wanted to hide.

To deceive the local populace, a few SS hospitals were built. Many shipments of gold and narcotics arrived in ambulances marked with the Red Cross. Adolf Eichmann came with staff members of his Jewish-affairs section and with 22 iron boxes, which probably contained documents and gold. After March, 1945, the SS, in its methodical way, began to make records of the transported assets. Only one detailed list fell into the hands of the Americans. I saw a copy. The list concerns SS assets sent from Berlin to Altaussee:

50 kilograms of gold bars
50 cases with gold coins and gold articles each weighing 100 pounds



It's no picnic when you and your wife and kids are headed out for a Sunday drive and you have hemorrhoids that hurt.

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2,000,000 American dollars
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Later we found evidence that during the first days of May, 1945, the Reichsbank's special department that handled loot from concentration camps had sent several boxes containing "tooth gold" to Aussee. (Gold teeth were extracted before executed Jews were cremated. Collections of tooth gold were sent to a central depot at Oranienburg concentration camp, and from there to the workshops of DEGUSSA, a firm that melted the gold down into bars.) Some DEGUSSA gold was later found in the Tyrol, in the form of camouflaged gold bricks in the roofs of houses, after one overloaded roof had collapsed. The gold was requisitioned by the French occupation authorities.

Experts have estimated the assets that the Nazis managed to hide in various parts of the world at $750 million and perhaps as high as $1 billion. The list of the people authorized to dispose of these funds has been called the most important unsolved secret of the Third Reich. Six such lists are said to exist, two of them in safekeeping in certain banks. Two may have been in the hands of the people who organized ODESSA, back in 1947. On the basis of all available information, I agree with American experts who studied the problem after the war and believe that one of the six lists is still lying at the bottom of the lake of Toplitzsee. If found, the list might provide the answers to the questions I posed at the Strasbourg conference.

I saw Adolf Eichmann for the first time on the opening day of his trial in Jerusalem. For nearly 16 years I had thought of him practically every day and every night. In my mind I had built up the image of a demonic superman. Instead I saw a frail, nondescript, shabby fellow in a glass cell, between two Israeli policemen. There was nothing demonic about him; he looked like a bookkeeper afraid to ask for a raise. In my mind I'd always seen SS *Obersturmbannführer* Eichmann, supreme arbiter of life and death. But the Eichmann I now saw, not wearing the SS uniform of terror and murder but dressed in a cheap, dark suit, seemed a cardboard figure, empty and two-dimensional. The indictment charged him with the murder of six million men, women and children.

The search for Eichmann was not a "hunt," as it has been called, but a long game of patience, a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. His capture was achieved through the cooperation of many people in several countries, most of whom didn't know one another. Each added a few pieces of the puzzle; I was able to contribute some significant pieces.

Eichmann had narrowly escaped arrest on New Year's Eve, 1949, when he received a last-minute warning that the Austrian police were waiting for him to arrive at his wife's home. Although he had on that occasion been within 150 meters of a watching detective, Eichmann shook off his pursuers to disappear completely. Obsessed with the search, I could only wait for him to show himself again.

After Easter, 1952, a friend called me from Altaussee, where Frau Eichmann and her sons had been living. Now, my friend reported, they had disappeared from their home. The three boys had not returned to school after the holiday.

I informed the Americans and the Austrian police. Everybody wondered why Frau Eichmann had taken the children out of school in the middle of the year—without proper report cards they would not be accepted by any other school in Austria or Germany. The police discovered that somebody had dug up something from the ground near the house they occupied. To this day it is not known whether it was gold, documents or something else.

I began to check on who had issued Frau Eichmann a passport. She had been listed as "Veronika Liebl, German citizen" in Altaussee. Through the intervention of the *Deutsche Fursorgestelle* (a German welfare office) in Graz, the German consul there had issued passports to Veronika Liebl and her sons.

The monthly rent was still being paid for the house in Altaussee, and all the furniture was still there, but this didn't fool the neighbors. Some told me that the Eichmanns had gone to Brazil. Others claimed they'd heard that Frau Eichmann had gone to Sindolsheim in Baden-Württemberg, "to live with her mother." The rumors in Altaussee were never substantiated. No one had seen Frau Eichmann in Brazil, and she'd never been in Sindolsheim.

There the matter rested until late in 1953, when I met an old Austrian baron who invited me to his villa near Innsbruck. We were both ardent philatelists, and the baron wanted to show me his stamp collection. I spent a pleasant evening admiring his stamps, and afterward we talked over a bottle of wine. The baron listened with interest when I told him about my work. He knew of some big Nazis in the Tyrol who were back in high positions "as though nothing had changed," he said.

The baron got up and opened a drawer full of envelopes with unusual stamps. While looking through the pile, he told me of a friend in Argentina, a former German lieutenant colonel who had gone to Argentina, where he now worked as instructor in Perón's army. "He just sent me a letter," the baron said and handed me the envelope. "Fine stamps, aren't they?

"I asked him whether he met any of our old comrades down there. Here is what he writes: 'There are some people here we both used to know. You may remember Lieutenant Hoffmann from my regiment, and *Hauptmann* Berger from the 188th Division. A few more are here whom you've never met. Imagine whom else I saw—and even talked to twice: *dieses elende Schwein Eichmann, der die Juden kommandierte* [This awful swine Eichmann who commanded the Jews]. He lives near Buenos Aires and works for a water company.' How do you like that?" said the baron. "Some of the worst criminals got away."

I said nothing, afraid that the baron might notice my excitement. This was no rumor; this was a fact. I casually asked to look at the letter, pretending to be interested in the new Argentine stamps. I reread the passage about Eichmann and memorized each word. Later, at my hotel room, I wrote the words down as I remembered them.

I realized that my work as a private investigator had now come to an end. From here on, more powerful people would have to take over. Arieh Eshel, the Israeli consul in Vienna, had asked me to prepare for the World Jewish Congress a complete report on the case. I wrote a report that began with the first mention I'd heard of Eichmann and ended with the passage from the letter that the baron had received. I added Eichmann's photographs, copies of his personal letters, samples of his handwriting. I sent one copy to the World Jewish Congress in New York, the other to the Israeli consulate in Vienna.

There was no answer at all from Israel. Two months after I'd sent off the material, I got a letter from New York. A Rabbi Kalmanowitz (whom I'd never met) wrote that he had received the material and "would appreciate Eichmann's exact address in Buenos Aires." I replied I would send a man to South America if they would defray his expenses and give him $500. The rabbi wrote that they had no money.

It was time to give up. Obviously, no one cared about Eichmann. The Israelis had more reason to be concerned about Nasser. I closed the Documentation Center in March, 1954, and sent half a ton of files to the Yad Vashem Historical Archives in Jerusalem. I kept only one large file for myself, the Eichmann file.

Five years later, on the morning of April 22, 1959, I was going through the Linz newspaper, *Oberösterreichische Nachrichten*. On a back page there was an obituary notice for Frau Maria Eichmann, Adolf Eichmann's stepmother. Underneath were the names of the survivors. Adolf Eichmann was not among them, but the last name listed was "Vera Eichmann." People usually don't lie when they write obituary notices. Apparently Frau Eichmann had been neither divorced nor remarried. I cut out the obituary notice and put it on top of my Eichmann file.

Late in August, 1959, a telephone call from Linz reached me in Morat, Switzerland, where I was spending the holidays with my family. I was told that several people had seen Adolf Eichmann in Altaussee. There was no error possible. I reported the news to the Israeli ambassador in Vienna, and decided to return at once.

Times were changing again. In recent weeks, the Israeli papers had published new stories about Eichmann, reporting on his crimes and speculating on his whereabouts. There were also many trials of Nazi criminals in Germany and Austria these days. My letter to the Israeli ambassador had arrived at the right moment. He sent it to Jerusalem.

After my return to Linz, I talked to my friends. Of course it wasn't Adolf Eichmann who had been seen in Altaussee, but one of his brothers. However, things began moving now. Two young men from Israel, whom I shall call Michael and Meir, came to see me. There was great interest in the case there; they asked me to continue where I had left off in 1954. In Frankfurt am Main, the prosecutor in charge of preparing the trial of SS men from Auschwitz told me that Eichmann led the list of all accused criminals, and asked for my cooperation. Before I realized what was happening, I was deeply involved once more in the Eichmann case.

I reread the whole Eichmann file. The question was whether Eichmann still lived in Buenos Aires. I went to the Tyrol, hoping to get from the old baron the name of his friend in Buenos Aires who had written the letter six years before. But the baron was dead, and his stamp collection had been sold. I sent one of my men to see Frau Eichmann's mother. Frau Maria Liebl was not very friendly to the visitor, but admitted that her daughter had married a man named "Klems" or "Klemt" in South America. She said she had no address for them, and she received no letters. She asked to be left alone.

I sent what little information I had to Israel. On October 10, 1959, I had a message: They had investigated in South America and found the address of Frau Eichmann, who was living "in fictitious marriage" with a German named Ricardo Klement. I was sure that it was a real marriage—that Frau Eichmann lived with her husband, Adolf Eichmann. Otherwise the Eichmann family in Linz wouldn't have listed her as "Vera Eichmann" on the obituary notices. The Eichmann boys lived in Buenos Aires with their parents, and it occurred to me that they would probably be registered at the German embassy there, since they would soon reach military age. I asked a friend to make a cautious inquiry. He notified me that the boys were registered under their real names.

On February 6, 1960, the *Oberösterreichische Nachrichten* in Linz published the obituary of Eichmann's father, Adolf Eichmann, who had died the day before. Among "daughters-in-law," it said again, "Vera Eichmann." I sent the clipping by airmail to Israel. Adolf Eichmann had been devoted to his father. I was sure that his brothers would notify Adolf of their father's death. There was at least an outside chance of Eichmann's coming to attend the funeral. I was told that the funeral would take place in five days "because the family expects relatives from abroad." However, I knew that one of Eichmann's brothers, Emil Rudolf, lived in Frankfurt, Germany.

Michael and Meir had not told me what the Israelis hoped to do in Buenos Aires—but to get the right man they urgently needed a picture of Adolf Eichmann as he looked today. We had no recent picture, but perhaps one could get something that might be almost as good. Two days before the funeral, I went out to the cemetery and looked at the location of the grave. Then I took a train to Vienna, where I asked two friends to come to Linz and photograph the family at graveside. I told the photographers that it was essential that they remain unseen.

They did a fine job. Hiding behind large tombstones at a distance of about 200 yards, they made sharp pictures of the funeral procession. That night I had before me enlarged photographs of Adolf Eichmann's four brothers: Friedrich, Emil Rudolph, Otto and Robert. Adolf had not come to the funeral.

The photographers left. I was alone with the pictures, turning them over, comparing them. I took out of my file an old picture of Adolf Eichmann that had been made in 1936, 24 years ago. Next to today's pictures of the four brothers, Adolf looked like a younger brother. I took out a magnifying glass and studied the features of the five brothers. Many people had told me that Adolf Eichmann most closely resembled his brother Otto. Looking at the photographs through the magnifying glass, I understood why so many people had sworn they'd seen Adolf Eichmann in

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Altaussee: He and his brothers all looked very much alike. Thinking about the problem of the Israelis in Argentina, I was sure that if "Ricardo Klement" in Buenos Aires was Adolf Eichmann, his face must have gone through the same evolution as the faces of his four brothers. I cut from the photographs the faces of the four brothers who had been at the funeral, and the face from the old picture of Adolf Eichmann. I shuffled the faces like playing cards and threw them on the table. Somehow a composite face emerged: perhaps Adolf Eichmann.

When Michael and Meir came to see me again, I performed the Eichmann card trick. "This is how he must look now. Probably closest to his brother Otto. All five brothers have the same facial expression. Look at the corners of the mouth, the chin, the form of the skull."

Michael shook his head, staring at the pictures. "Fantastic!" he said. "May we take them with us?" Suddenly they were in a hurry.

On Monday, May 23, 1960, about three months after the funeral, Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion told the Israeli parliament that Eichmann was in an Israeli prison. A few hours later, I had a short cable of congratulations from the Yad Vashem in Jerusalem.

I first came upon the name of Franz Stangl in 1948 when I was shown a secret list of decorations awarded to high SS officers. Most of them were given the *Kriegsverdienstkreuz* (war service cross) for "bravery beyond the call of duty," "giving aid to comrades under fire," or "escape under especially hazardous circumstances." But after certain names on the list, there was just a penciled notation meaning "Secret Reich Matter," followed by the remark "*fürseelische Belastung*"—for psychological discomfort. In the coded Nazi terminology, this meant "for special merit in the technique of mass extermination." The name of Franz Stangl was followed by the notation and the special remark.

The next document I saw bearing his name was a list of articles delivered to Berlin by the administration of the Treblinka concentration camp, in Poland, between October 1, 1942 and August 2, 1943.

This is the list:
25 freight cars of women's hair
248 freight cars of clothing
100 freight cars of shoes
22 freight cars of dry goods
46 freight cars of medications
254 freight cars of rugs and bedding
400 freight cars of used articles
2,800,000 American dollars
400,000 pounds sterling
12,000,000 Soviet rubles
140,000,000 Polish zlotys
400,000 gold watches
145,000 kilograms of gold rings
4,000 karats of diamonds over 2 karat
120,000,000 zlotys in various gold coins and several thousand strings of pearls

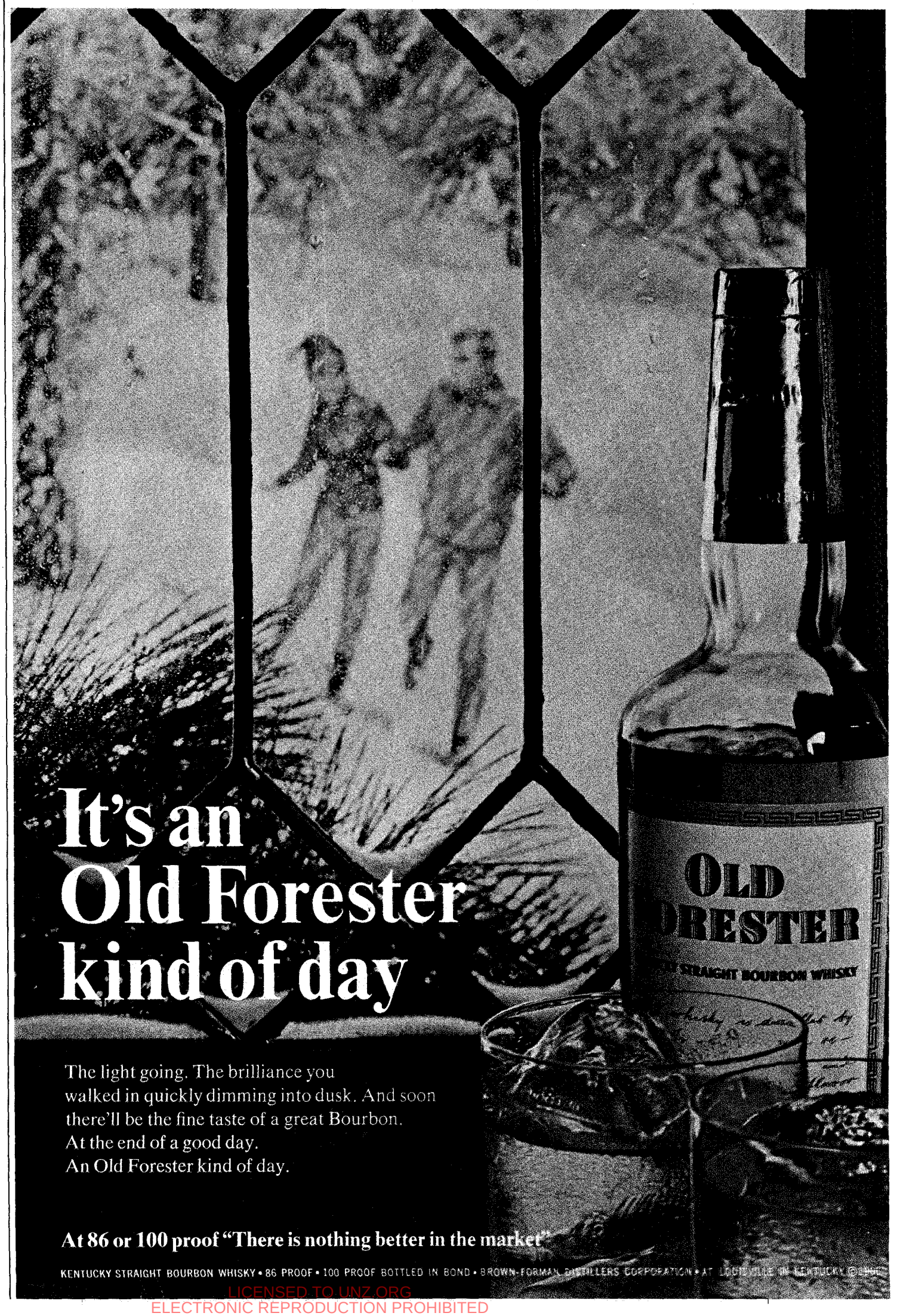
(Signed) FRANZ STANGL

Stangl had been commandant of Treblinka. Of 700,000 people known to have been taken there, exactly 16 are presently known to be alive.

I discovered in 1948 that Franz Stangl had returned to Austria and joined his wife and children. As a former *SS Obersturmführer*, Stangl was subject to automatic arrest. The Americans interned him in Glasenbach, near Salzburg. No one knew that he was the former commander of Treblinka. Stangl spent two years at Camp Glasenbach.

After it was discovered that Stangl had worked in Castle Hartheim, the Nazi school for scientific human extermination, he was transferred from Camp Glasenbach to the regular prison in Linz. The prisoners in Linz were often sent out to clean up rubble and help rebuild bomb-damaged structures. Stangl worked with a group of petty criminals at the state-owned VÖEST steel combine. The prisoners were not heavily guarded. Why would they run away? They got more food in the prison than outside. But on the evening of May 30, 1948, Franz Stangl was not among the prisoners with whom he'd marched out in the morning. A notation was made in his file. Neither the American authorities nor the Austrian press was informed.

When I eventually learned that Stangl had vanished, I decided to check on his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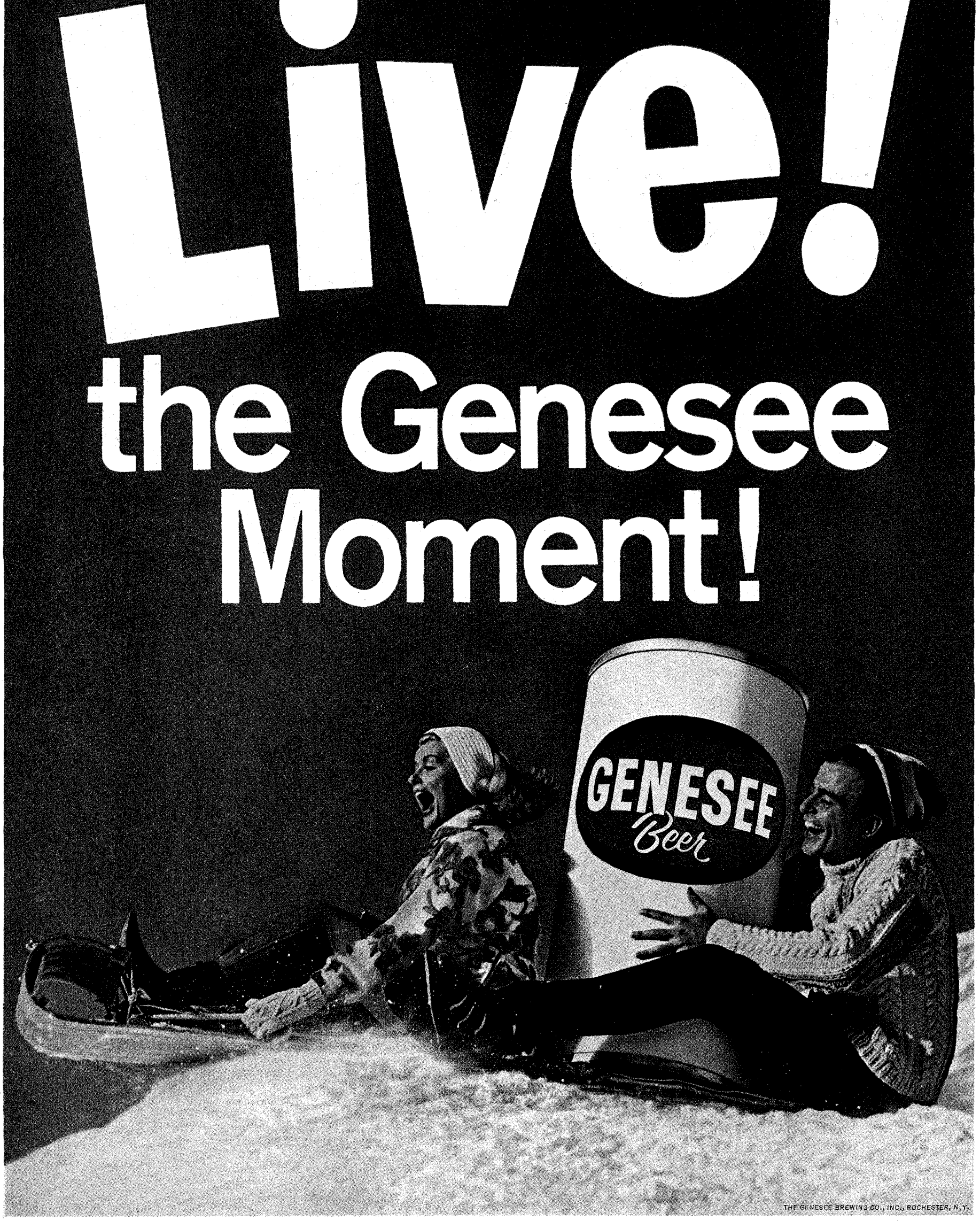

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family. By the time I found their address in Wels, I was told by neighbors that Frau Stangl and her three daughters had left Austria on May 6, 1949. After her husband's escape, Frau Stangl had found a job at the local American library. Meanwhile—I found out later—Franz Stangl had been channeled to Damascus, Syria, by ODESSA. He found a job and made plans for his wife and children to join him. A wealthy Indian woman in Damascus, who often traveled to Switzerland, promised to hire Frau Stangl as governess for her two children: The Syrian consulate in Berne, Switzerland, would issue the necessary visas.

One day in 1949 three men from a well known Austrian freight-forwarding company came to Frau Stangl's apartment, wrote DAMASCUS in large letters on the sides of two crates and took the crates away. Frau Stangl said good-bye to friends and neighbors, promised to write soon and left with the girls for Switzerland. In Berne she received visas for Syria and disappeared.

Late in 1949 much more had become known about the Treblinka death camp and the activities of Franz Stangl. He was by then classified as among the worst of the missing Nazis. In Wels, friends and neighbors of Frau Stangl told me that she hadn't written so much as a postcard. Some people said all the business about Damascus was just to fool the police, that the Stangls were probably in Beirut, Lebanon. I wrote "Damascus, or possibly Beirut" on the index card of Nazi criminal Franz Stangl, and put his file among those on high-priority unfinished cases.

Nothing happened until one day in 1959 when a German newspaperman who had just returned from a trip to various Arab countries brought me a list of Nazis living there. "Incidentally," he said, "Franz Stangl is in Damascus. I didn't meet him, but I talked to some people who were absolutely sure. They said he is working as a garage mechanic."

Late in 1960, after another trip, the German journalist came to see me and said Stangl was no longer in Damascus. "He seems to have left in a great hurry a few days after Ben-Gurion announced Eichmann's capture." I crossed out "Damascus" on his file card and wrote, "address unknown."

On February 21, 1964, an agitated Austrian woman came to my office in Vienna. She had read a statement I had made to the press the previous day mentioning, among other people, Franz Stangl and his crimes. She was crying, "Herr Wiesenthal, I had no idea that my cousin Theresia was married to such a terrible man. A mass murderer! It's terrible. I couldn't sleep all night."

I said, "Where is Theresia now?"

"Why, in Brazil, of course."

She shut her mouth and stepped back, looking at me. She realized that she'd said too much. I tried to draw her out, but she would say nothing else. I didn't break my rule and ask her name: it is well known in Vienna that I never insist on knowing the names of people who come to me with information. I reluctantly saw her out.

The following day a seedy-looking character came to see me. He had shifty eyes and seemed unable to look me straight in the face. I wasn't surprised when he admitted that he'd been a member of the Gestapo. I was less than surprised when he assured me that he'd done "nothing bad."

I said nothing. This was the usual preface.

"I read the story in the papers about Franz Stangl. Because of men like Stangl we little guys have had endless trouble since the war. The big men—the Stangls, the Eichmanns—they were taken out, given money and jobs and false papers. Who helps guys like me? Look at my shirt, my suit. No job, no money—can't even afford a little wine.

"Look," he said, when I kept silent, "I know where Stangl is. I can help you. But it's going to cost you money."

We had, at last, got to the point. "How much?" I asked.

He gave a shrug. "I'll make you a special price. . . . How many Jews did Stangl kill?"

"No one will ever know exactly how many died while he was in charge at Treblinka," I said. "Perhaps as many as seven hundred thousand."

He knocked his fist on the table. "I want one cent for each of them. Seven hundred thousand cents. Let's see—that's seven thousand dollars. A bargain, really."

I had to keep my hands on the desk in order not to lose control and slap his face. I wanted to throw him out, but perhaps this was my only chance of finding Stangl. "I won't give you a penny now," I said. "But if Stangl is arrested on the basis of your information, you'll get the money."

"Who guarantees the bargain?"

"No one guarantees it. And if you don't like it, get out!"

"All right," he said. "Don't get excited. I'll tell you exactly where Stangl is employed. But I don't know what name he's living under. Is it still a deal?"

"Go ahead."

"Stangl is now working as a mechanic in an automobile factory in São Paulo, Brazil."

This information turned out to be correct. Stangl is still working in São Paulo. We even have his present address. And there is still a warrant in effect in Linz for his arrest.

I once saw a photograph of Stangl holding a riding crop as he drove people into the gas chamber at Treblinka. If this man should be brought to justice, I won't mind paying $7,000 to a former Gestapo member.

The biggest unsolved mystery in the hunt for Nazi criminals is the whereabouts of Martin Bormann. Hitler's chief deputy has occasioned more rumors and legends than any other Nazi leader. No other prominent Nazi has been declared dead and then revived so many times. Witnesses have claimed that he was buried in May, 1945, at the fairgrounds in the Moabit section of Berlin after his escape from Hitler's chancellery. In 1964 the West Berlin police dug up the area and found nothing. Several years ago, he was said to be buried in Asunción. The exhumation of the grave revealed the body of a Paraguayan named Hormoncilla. Bormann has been "seen" in Spain, in an Italian monastery, in Moscow, in the Tyrol, in Australia and in many South American countries. It has been claimed that he was taken in a German U-boat from Kiel to Argentina. Unfortunately, the stories about Bormann always fizzle out, and after a moment of glare, there is again complete darkness. No one yet

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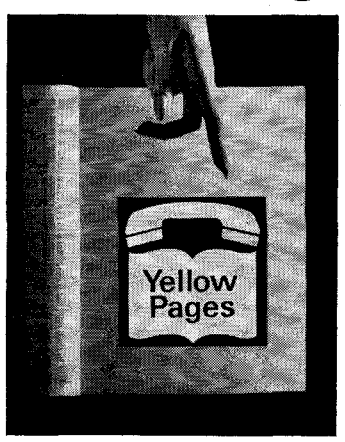

has been able to claim the $25,000 reward which the prosecutor's office in Frankfurt will pay for information leading to his capture.

What makes Martin Bormann so fascinating? I've spent many hours studying the photos of the enigmatic Bormann. A heavyset, stocky man with a bull neck and a nondescript, impassive face, Bormann has the *Dutzendgesicht*—dime-a-dozen face—that one sees in many *Braustüberln* in Bavaria where men sit around drinking beer and discussing politics. He is perhaps better known today than when he was in power and overshadowed by the more colorful figures of Goering, Goebbels and Himmler. After the flight of Rudolf Hess to Scotland in 1941, Bormann became the *Führer*'s deputy. He was closer to Hitler, and more powerful, than any other prominent Nazi.

Born in 1900 in Halberstadt, Bormann began his political career when he joined the *Freikorps Rossbach*, one of the fascist groups that opposed the Weimar Republic after World War I. Convicted of complicity in a political murder, he went to prison. Later he was decorated by Hitler for his illegal activities. Bormann married the former Gerda Buch, whose father became the Nazi Party's highest justice. The Bormanns had seven children.

At the very base of the Bormann mystery is not the question of where he is hiding now, but whether Bormann managed to survive the night of May 1, 1945, after he left the Reich chancellery and was beyond doubt seen alive by several witnesses. Bormann was among the small group of Nazis who, after the Red Army entered Berlin, escaped into the *Führerbunker*, Hitler's private air-raid shelter below the chancellery. Of the top Nazis, only Bormann and Goebbels were there after Hitler's suicide on April 30, 1945. Goebbels announced that he was not going to survive the Third Reich and committed suicide, after killing his wife and children. Bormann said he would try to break through the ring of Soviet tanks closing in on the chancellery. At 10 P.M. the defenders began to file out of the bunker. Bormann was in a small group with state secretary Naumann; Reich youth leader Artur Axmann; Hitler's driver, Kempka, and the *Führer*'s doctor, Stumpfegger. Axmann and Kempka both survived to testify at Nuremberg. Axmann gave a precise description of his escape and of finding Bormann lying dead beside Dr. Stumpfegger.

There are other witnesses. Most of them have testified many times, and in their later testimony, the witnesses often refute details given earlier. Studying the testimony and its evaluation by expert criminologists, historians and military men, I concluded that all the evaluations failed to take into consideration something that seemed to me of the utmost importance: In such a situation, when it is a matter of life or death, it is every man for himself. In such a moment no man pays much attention to the man next to him, making mental notes for future testimony. But the witnesses told quite precise—even if differing—stories about Bormann's appearance and actions during the breakout attempt.

Then there is the confusing matter of Bormann's diary. It is beyond doubt a genuine diary. The last two lines in the diary say:

30.4. Adolf Hitler X, Eva B. X

1.5. *Ausbruchsversuch* [trying to break out]

Some people claim the diary was found in the overcoat pocket of a dead man. The assumption is that the dead man must have been Bormann, for if the diary is genuine, the dead body must be Bormann's. But many prominent Nazis put their papers into the pockets of dead men, hoping that this would prove them—the Nazis—dead.

There is another important psychological point: The big Nazis whom I asked about Bormann are convinced that he is alive. Eichmann was convinced that Bormann was alive as late as 1960. A prominent diplomat tells me that a "Bormann Fund" in Spain finances neo-Nazi and fascist activities.

Casting aside sensational tales of Bormann's survival and escape from Germany, there seem to be a number of ascertainable facts:

- A woman has testified that she is quite certain she saw Martin Bormann in 1956 on a bus in São Paulo. This woman had known Bormann and had talked to him several times at the Reich chancellery. In 1956 she went to São Paulo to visit her daughter. Sitting on a bus, she looked up and, to her great surprise, saw Martin Bormann. "I addressed him in German," she said. " 'Herr Bormann! . . . You—here?' He looked stunned, got up without a word, stepped to the door and got out even before the bus came to a full stop. Then he was gone."
- In May, 1962, one of my coworkers got in touch with Frau Paula Riegler, formerly the housekeeper in Bormann's home in Pullach, Bavaria, who stayed with Frau Gerda Bormann until Frau Bormann's death, in Merano, Italy, in 1946. When Frau Riegler was interviewed, she did not admit that she was still in contact with Bormann. But she was convinced that he was alive—in 1962. She said that Bormann's former secretary, Else Kruger, was now married to a farmer somewhere in Austria, but she did not know Else Kruger's married name or her address. I later received other information about Else Kruger, who is said to have important contacts with South America.
- In 1962, I had a visit from an Italian journalist, Luciano Doddoli of Milan, who is employed by the newspaper *L'Espresso*. In Chile in 1960 Doddoli met Professor Enrique Bello of the University of Santiago de Chile. Professor Bello told Doddoli that he'd met a woman who had "lived with Bormann from 1948 to 1951," and he arranged a meeting between the woman and Doddoli. She called herself "Keller" and was working for a German-Chilean firm. Doddoli learned nothing about Bormann. Frau Keller told Doddoli, "One could one day talk about this matter." Professor Bello said he thought "it might be a question of money."
- During my search for Dr. Josef Mengele, I received a letter from Mr. Johny Sommer, a German who was the former owner of a nightclub called the Ali Baba in Asunción. He'd sold the club in 1963 and now owned the Roxy Bar in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. We began to correspond. In May, 1964, he sent me a group photograph made during the war, showing Hitler and his staff, about 25 people. There were no names on the

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picture. One man was indicated by an arrow. Sommer wrote, "This man, called Bauer, often came to my nightclub in Asunción with a certain Mengele, in 1961. Sometimes a Dr. Jung was with them. They often went fishing together in the Paraná River." This information was later confirmed to me by other witnesses in Asunción. The man marked by the arrow is Bormann.

I noticed that in all reports on Bormann there is a conspicuous void. They either deal with the dramatic events of the fateful evening of May 1, 1945, or they deal with the reappearance of Bormann sometime in the fall of 1945, when various people are reported to have seen him. Where did Bormann spend the time from May 1 to the late fall, and what was he doing?

On May 6, 1963, I mentioned this problem on a German television program. A few days later I received a letter from a man I shall call Franz Rapp, and I met him at a hotel in Munich. Rapp told me that in the late fall of 1961 he had been in Innsbruck and met a man whom I shall call Hans Holt. Holt lived in Innsbruck as a lodger in the house of a woman I'll call Frau Hilde. The three became great friends. One night, after many glasses of wine, Holt nudged his friend. He said he was going to tell him his "big secret." During the war, Holt's story began, he had been with an ambulance outfit, and afterward he got a job with the Austrian Red Cross in the Tyrol. During the early summer of 1945, the Austrian Red Cross began to repatriate Austrian soldiers from Allied prisoner-of-war camps in Germany. This repatriation was sponsored by the Catholic Church and was favorably regarded by the Allies. In the fall of 1945, Holt said, he had been with his group in a camp in northern Germany near Flensburg. Holt was approached by a *Blitzmädel*, a member of the *Wehrmacht*'s women's auxiliary forces, who asked him to take her along to Austria, although she was not an Austrian. She offered him a valuable diamond ring. Holt knew that the checks by the British were perfunctory, and agreed. She came again the following day, with another piece of jewelry. Would he consent to take along her brother, too? Holt looked at the jewelry and found it hard to resist. All right, he said, he would put them into the transport as Austrian returnees. They joined him the next day. The man wore a small moustache and glasses, but the glasses seemed to bother him. When he wanted to look at something, he always took them off.

When the transport reached Innsbruck, where the Austrian prisoners were to be interrogated and sent to their homes, Holt was again approached by the couple. They asked him to take them to Nauders, an Austrian village near both the Italian and Swiss borders. This time they gave him a valuable brooch. Holt knew the border area well. To avoid the Allied border patrols in the area, he guided the couple through the woods, on remote paths, across a high mountain pass. They crossed the border into the Italian South Tyrol, where Holt was told to take them to one of the monasteries in the Vintschgau region. Only then, at the end of the journey, was Holt told whom he had guided to safety. The man told him that he was *Reichsleiter* Martin Bormann.

"At the gate of the monastery," Holt said, "Bormann rang the bell. The door opened. Bormann took a paper out of the inside of his pants, where it had been sewn. The doorkeeper read the paper and asked them to wait. After a while he came back and asked Bormann and the woman to enter. Bormann turned around to me and said, 'Hans, you've done something terrific. If you don't talk about it, you'll get money every month as long as you live.' They shook hands with me and went in."

Analyzing the story which Holt told to Franz Rapp, and Rapp told to me, I concluded that it contained many credible elements. Most members of Bormann's group who tried to break through the Russian ring in Berlin succeeded in getting out. Why shouldn't Bormann succeed? He had perhaps tried to reach Flensburg to talk to Admiral Doenitz, had found sanctuary under an assumed name in the safest possible place, a British prisoner-of-war camp. It was not improbable that he would carry some valuable pieces of jewelry, that he would try to reach a monastery in Italy, as so many prominent Nazis before and after him.

I asked Rapp to talk to Holt and get more detailed information. Rapp wrote to Holt, suggesting there might be a lot of money in this proposition if he were able to supply particular facts. At their next meeting, Holt was very embarrassed and asked Rapp to forget the whole thing. He wasn't interested in money, he said. In fact, he might lose much more than he might gain. He im-

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plored Rapp not to tell the secret to anyone. I made an investigation in Innsbruck. The police confirmed that Holt had actually been an employee of the Austrian Red Cross. He had helped to repatriate Austrians from various German camps. And finally, he still received a check every month from abroad, always from a different bank.

The next authentic detail in the Bormann mosaic was supplied by a small, fragile woman who shall be called Bettina. She spent over 25 years in Chile and returned to Germany because she was homesick. In October, 1964, Frau Bettina wrote to me about Bormann and proposed a meeting. Frau Bettina received me in her room and took out of a drawer a photocopy of a map, titled "*Kartenskizze Chilenische Schweiz.*" The "Chilean Switzerland" is in the central part of Chile. I had the impression that the map had been drawn by Germans in Chile for a specific purpose. It shows the area between the Pacific Ocean and beyond the Argentine border to the east. The area between the towns of Valdivia in Chile and Bariloche in Argentina is marked with certain secret signs—triangles, rings and squares, each with a number. Three of the triangles carry the signs "OD" and "UL." It is a lovely region, with mountains and lakes and woods and rivers. There are beautiful spas and summer resorts—exactly the sort of landscape where an exiled German could live in pleasant seclusion.

I asked Frau Bettina how she got the mysterious map.

"In the apartment house in Valdivia where I lived, there was a German named Arturo Schwarz. He was a quiet man who talked to few people and often went away for weeks. He never told the neighbors what he was doing. For some reason, he seemed to have confidence in me. Before going away, he would leave the keys to his apartment with me and ask me to keep an eye on the place and water the plants.

"Then stories about Nazi criminals in South America began to appear in our newspapers. I began to wonder about my mysterious neighbor. He spoke German, had plenty of money, didn't do any regular work and wanted to talk to no one. Could it be that he was one of these people who had good reason to remain anonymous?

"One day in 1960, while Herr Schwarz was away, a stranger came to the apartment house and asked for me. He told me that Herr Schwarz had suddenly died on a trip in Brazil. He asked me for the keys to Herr Schwarz's apartment. I said I couldn't find the keys and asked him to come back the next day. When the man had left, I went into the apartment and looked around. There were a few books and a few papers on the table. I saw several copies of this map and took one with me."

Some time afterward, Frau Bettina made a trip to the small town of Osorno, halfway between Valdivia and Puerto Montt. Herr Schwarz had often talked about Osorno, where many Germans had arrived after World War II. Frau Bettina met a few of them.

"They behaved as if it were still 1938," Frau Bettina said. "I particularly remember a German lawyer who talked like Goebbels. Everybody I met seemed to have plenty of money, no particular work and a nice home. All were retired and talked constantly about the great Third Reich. Several people mentioned that Martin Bormann was living somewhere in the region. The lawyer in Osorno had purchased a piece of land for Bormann between Valdivia and the Argentine frontier. Everybody knew about it."

The last piece of the mosaic was brought to me by a young student in Vienna. He called me at my office one day in 1964 and asked me to meet him at a coffeehouse. There I found a pleasant, good-looking man of 26, with melancholy eyes. Several months ago, he said, a beautiful young Brazilian woman, about 30, had come to Vienna to study. "She's very beautiful," the young man said, with a sigh. "She is from Curitiba, a town in the Brazilian state of Paraná."

The Brazilian woman was married to the German owner of an import-export firm. He often went to Barcelona on business. On his last trip he'd permitted his wife to go on to Vienna. She had a nice voice and wanted to take singing lessons. They'd met and fallen in love. The young man sighed again. I said nothing, but I kept wondering why he had called just to tell me about his love affair with a beautiful Brazilian woman.

"I know her name, but she asked me to keep it to myself," he said. "It's a delicate situation. She doesn't get along well with her husband. She has to be careful. Well, one day we were together in a coffeehouse, and I read a Bormann story in one of the magazines. We began talking about it. My friend laughed and took a photograph from her handbag. It was made in 1964 and shows a group of people. One of them, a heavy-set, balding man, is holding his right hand as if he wants to shield his face. Actually he is covering only his right ear. My friend said, 'Look at him. All the Jews and many Germans are after him. He was one of the biggest Nazis. My husband works for him.'

"You're probably wondering why I'm telling you," he said. "Well, I'm crazy about this woman. She left Vienna a few weeks ago to rejoin her husband in Spain. I know she loves me very much. She told me she has her own money. But he would never give her a divorce."

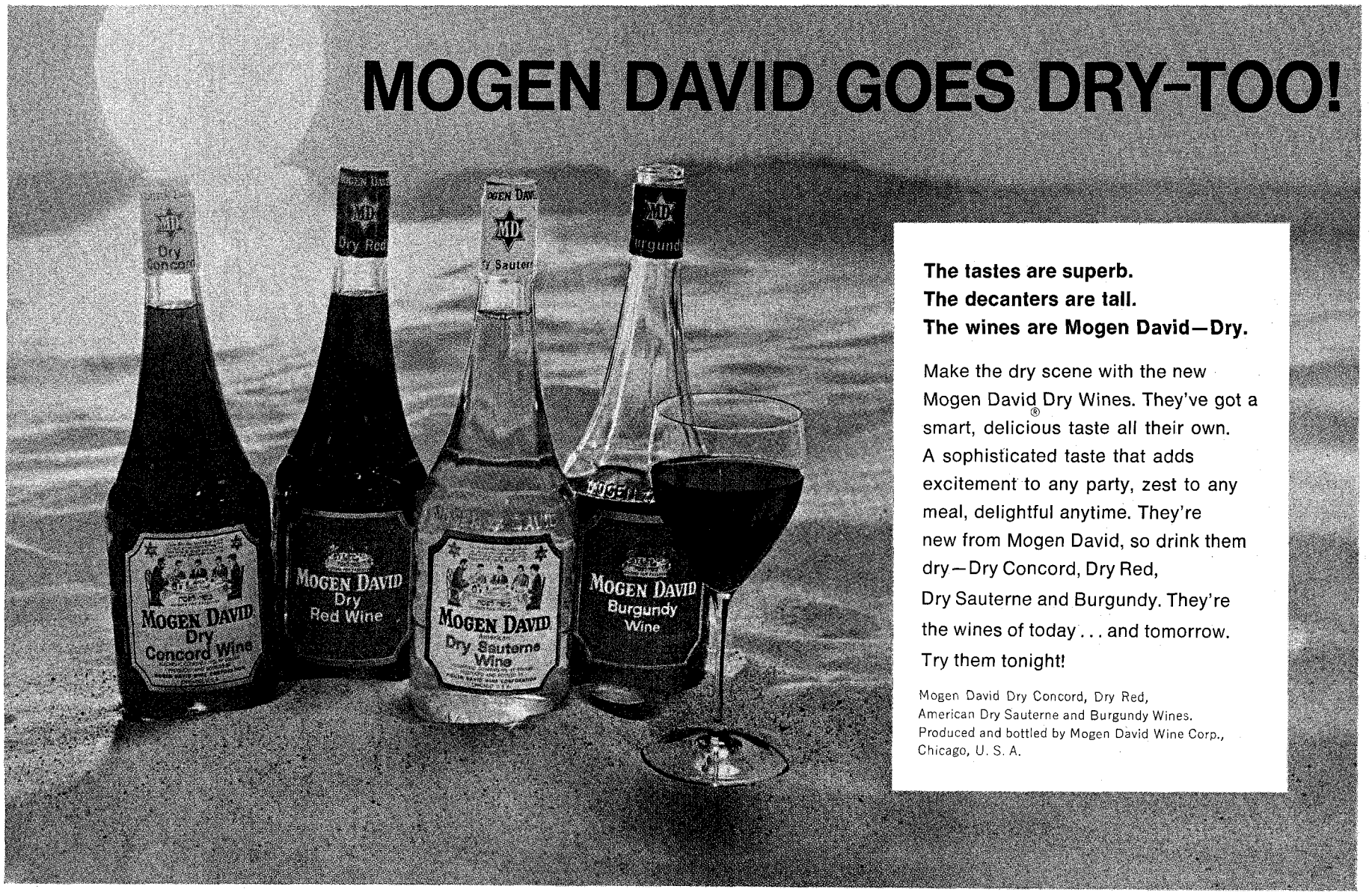
I listened. I wasn't even surprised that a marriage triangle would lead me back to Bormann. I've learned in the past 20 years to be surprised by nothing.

"Herr Wiesenthal, I know Bormann only from photographs in magazines, but the man trying to shield his face looked exactly like the pictures I've seen of Bormann. Obviously my friend's husband must be a prominent Nazi, otherwise Bormann would not use him on international errands. We thought—that is, I thought—if I gave you his name, and you had him arrested the next time he is in Spain ——"

"You get rid of the husband and could live with your Brazilian woman happily ever after?" I said.

"Exactly. And you might get Bormann's address in Curitiba. My friend will give it to you. . . . She would like to live with me in Europe."

There, for the moment, the matter rests. I promised the young man not to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do anything that might embarrass the woman. He gave me her name. He will keep me posted when she and her husband come back to Europe.

But suppose I can provide evidence that Bormann lives at a certain address in Curitiba—what will happen? Twenty-four hours later he would disappear. He can easily submerge in South America. He has money and a network of fanatically devoted helpers.

Many countries are interested in Bormann, but no country is *really* interested. Fritz Bauer, the prosecutor in Frankfurt, doubts whether any South American country would extradite him. The mystery of Martin Bormann—most probably now living near the frontier of Argentina and Chile, as I write this, in 1966—will degenerate into a simple biological question. He is well protected. No country will want to attempt a second Eichmann case. Bormann will come to his end some day, and the reward of 100,000 marks will never be paid. Death needs no money.

The stories of many of my cases are admittedly hard to believe, and this brings me to the prophecy of SS *Rottenführer* Merz. I never knew his first name, but I remember the man well.

It was one afternoon in September, 1944, near Grybow, Poland, during the German retreat from the East. The Lvov concentration camp had been liquidated, its 200 SS guards had successfully "disengaged" themselves from the advancing Red Army, and I was one of the 34 survivors of the camp whom the SS men were "guarding" to give them a pretext for their retreat.

That afternoon *Rottenführer* (corporal) Merz had invited me to come along to a nearby village. Food was scarce, and we were going to try to promote a few potatoes. I spoke Polish, and Merz thought I would be helpful.

The day had been hot. We'd found two small bags of potatoes in the house of a peasant, and now each of us carried one bag on the way to the bivouac. That in itself was remarkable; normally I would have carried both bags. As we passed a brook, at the edge of the forest, Merz suggested that we sit down for a while and relax.

Merz had been one of the very few SS men who was always decent to the prisoners. He'd never beaten anyone, never shouted at us. He'd addressed us with "*Sie*," the polite German form, as if we were human beings. Still, I was not prepared for what was to come.

Merz said to me, "As a child, I was told a tale about a boy who wanted to go somewhere and made a wish, and an eagle with enormous wings took him there. Remember, Wiesenthal?"

"Well, I remember the one about the magic carpet."

"Yes, that's the same idea." Merz stretched out on his back and stared into the hazy sky. We were enveloped by the rustling of the trees and the soft murmur of the brook. It was very peaceful and very unreal, the prisoner and the SS man relaxing in the midst of the apocalypse.

"Suppose an eagle took you to America, Wiesenthal?" Merz asked me. "*Was würden Sie dort erzählen* [What would you tell them there]?"

I was silent. Was he trying to trick me into saying something foolish?

Merz guessed at my thoughts. He smiled. "Don't worry. Talk frankly."

"Herr *Rottenführer*," I said diplomatically, "I really never thought of it. How could I get to America? I might as well try to get to the moon."

I was playing for time. Admittedly Merz was the exception, a *good* SS man. But he was an SS man—how could I trust him?

"Just imagine, Wiesenthal, that you were arriving in New York, and the people asked you, 'How was it in those German concentration camps? What did they do to you?' "

I didn't answer. I was sure of Merz now. I felt sure I could trust him. But it was hard to answer.

I said, haltingly, "I believe . . . I believe I would tell the people the truth, Herr *Rottenführer*."

Was he going to shoot me? I'd seen SS men shoot people for much less.

Merz was still looking up. He nodded, as if he'd expected my answer.

"Yes. I've thought about it, many times. I've seen what has happened to your people. I'm an SS man, but sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night, and I don't know whether it's a dream or the truth."

I said nothing. It was safer to let *him* do the talking.

"You would tell the truth to the people in America. That's right. And you know what would happen, Wiesenthal?" He got up slowly and looked at me, and he smiled. "They wouldn't believe you. They'd say you were crazy. Might even put you away. How can *anyone* believe this terrible business—unless he has lived through it?" □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're steaming up my contact lenses . . ."

"Please take care of my sister..."

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—*Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

"Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

For only $10 a month you can sponsor such a child and receive his or her photograph, personal history, and the opportunity to write letters.

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Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

And your help is desperately needed. Overseas, our staff reports boys and girls still search garbage dumps for food . . . babies abandoned in the streets . . . blind children locked in cellars . . .

Little Su Ying and children like her need your love. Won't you help? Today? Thank you.

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WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME?

By Herb Gardn

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Georgie Fishman lay awake, his miniature television set resting on his chest like a warm chipmunk. The next step, he thought, is they will put TV shows in syringes and inject them directly into your brain. Georgie smiled for the first time in six sleepless nights.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh, you is my little darlin'," he whispered to the set, "and we is in the cookie jar together."

It was three-ten. Channel 7 had just signed off for the night, and the exhausted set let go with a deep sigh—a hissing, rushing noise, endless and electric. Georgie had been watching the set for nearly four hours, and now the set was watching him. Channel 7's broadcasting day had just ended and now Georgie's would begin, his dreams shaping up in the side streets of his mind like marching bands, grouping and regrouping off the avenue in preparation for the big parade.

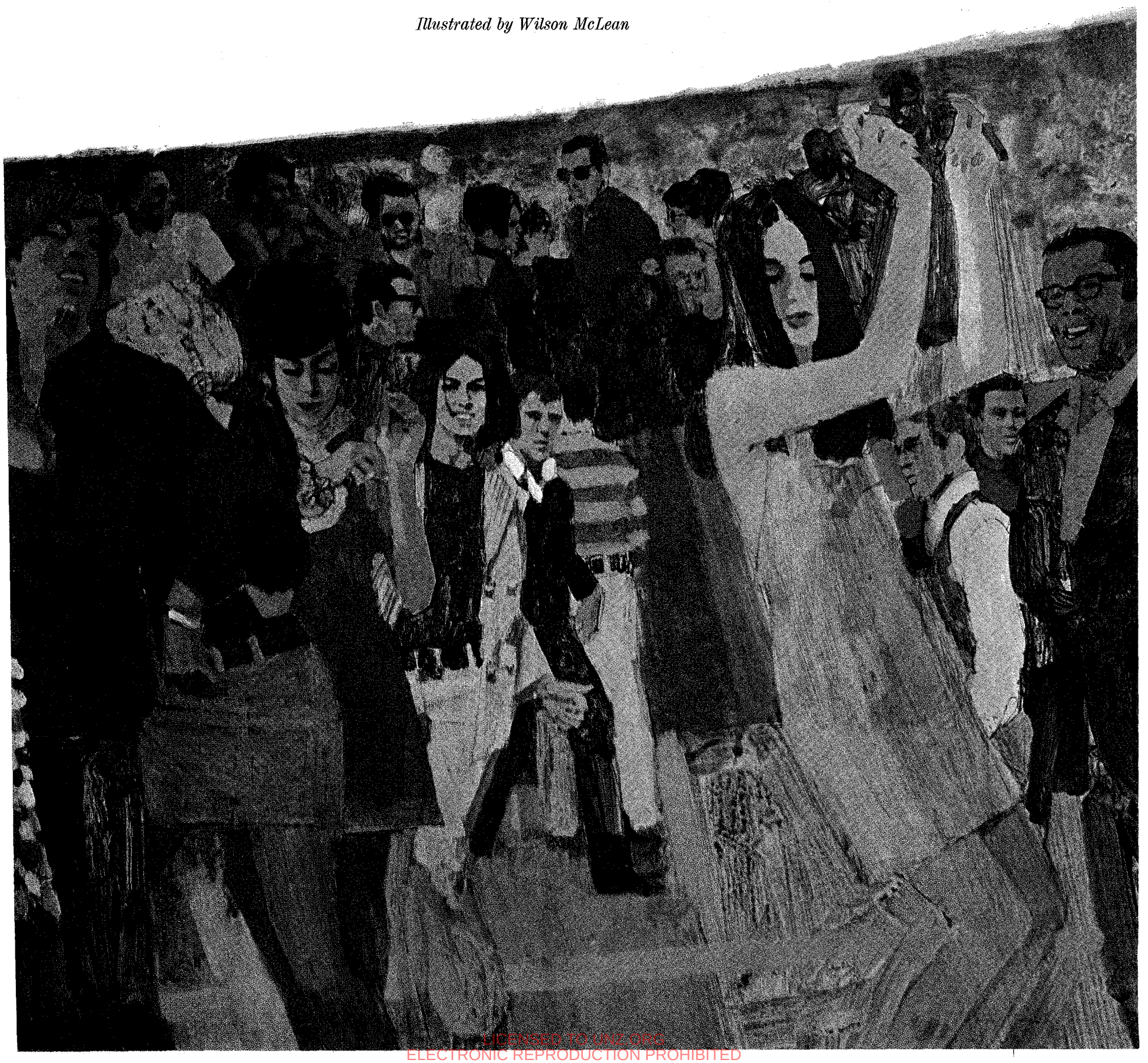
Georgie usually slept in bits and pieces, his dreams coming and going without warning: ten-minute quickies, a dozen in one night, dream festivals. Dr. Miller had instructed him to write his dreams down as soon as he woke up in the morning, and in six years Georgie had filled forty-two fat notebooks. He kept them stacked on a shelf at his bedside, and when the Late Late Show failed him he would read himself to sleep with a book of his old dreams.

But the last six nights, with the waking nightmare of the Harry Kellerman thing, nothing put Georgie to sleep. Tonight, he'd even read over some of his top-winner dreams from the spring of 1963 and come up empty. He would open his head to solve the Kellerman mystery and everything else got in; open house, and all kinds of bums were coming in off the street. Georgie moved the hot set off his chest and sat up at the edge of his bed. His mind wandered, a stray dog loose on a beach of picnic garbage.

Dr. Miller would help him. No. He put the telephone down. Can't call him in the middle of the night. Don't know him well enough. But that's the way it worked: Dr. Miller must remain an objective stranger, that's how he helped him. After six years the doctor still called him Mr. Fishman.

Georgie grabbed his portable radio, pressed

Illustrated by Wilson McLean



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it against his right ear, and fell back on the bed. All he had to do was turn on the radio and in a couple of minutes somebody would be singing one of the songs he'd written. This always made him happy. Georgie waited five minutes. Nothing. Other people's songs. He switched the dial back and forth, desperately cutting from one station to another. *—baby, love my ba——yeah, yeah, you an——loves yah, dar——eyes li——baaaby, baaaby——I——heart th——is a groovy winnah, muh love is a groovy winnah . . .* One of his songs, it rolled into his brain, soothing. Georgie smiled and settled into a warm bath of himself.

Ah was a great big sinnah,
Till I found out,
Muh baybuh, muh baybuh,
That love is a groovy winnah. . . .

Ah, there it is, Moby Dick and the Wailers, singing my song, number four on the Rock Singles Chart and climbing like a son of a bitch, breaking out. I am okay now, beautiful, I ——

A vagrant drop of sweat rolled down and tickled Georgie's eye. He knew he was giving himself the con. He was not okay and he was not beautiful, and tonight even the song was not putting him in shape. He picked up the telephone and dialed Dr. Miller's number.

"Hello, yes?"

It was the familiar voice of the total stranger. Georgie smiled.

"Hi-ya, Doc-baby?"

"Mr. Fishman?"

"Yeah. You love it, right? Nuts bugging you in the middle of the ——"

"Quite all right. What is it, Mr. Fishman?"

"I never did it before. Called you at home."

"That's all right, Mr. Fishman. How are you?"

Six years and he doesn't know how I am yet. Beautiful.

"Mr. Fishman?"

Wonder what he thinks of me.

"Mr. Fishman, what is it?"

Maybe he hates me.

"Hello? Hello?"

All he knows about me, he's gotta hate me.

"Doc, the record I left. Did you listen to it?"

"Uh . . . record . . . uh . . ."

"*Love Is a Groovy Winner*? My new song."

"Of course. Very charming. Youth. Enthusiasm. Vigorous."

He hates it.

"That is not what you called to talk to me about, is it, Mr. Fishman?"

"No."

"Then tell me what it is, Mr. Fishman."

"Doc-baby, something's happenin'. I tell you where Georgie is at. Doc-baby, Doc-baby, it is Desperate City. I am ready for the cookie jar. I think you better put me in."

"Do you mean an institution, Mr. Fishman?"

"I mean the New York State Cookie Jar, buster. My marbles, Doc-baby, the marbles are spilling, m'friend. They are rolling out onto the floor and under the bed and behind the refrigerator where you can't get at them any more."

"Mr. Fishman ——"

"Call me Georgie and I'll tell you my trouble. The phone. And you calling me Mr. Fishman. Together it's too far away, baby. George. I'll settle for George."

"Fine, then. Tell me what's wrong, George."

"Good. There's this fella wants to kill me. A fella that I don't know who it is. I mean, you're not a paranoid if everybody really *does* hate you, right? Now, we've established that I'm ready to be loved. I mean, it's *years* now getting me ready for that number. And I'm really ready to love and commit myself to another human being now, because I've learned to love myself and forgive myself for how rotten I am. That's where we are at now; that is the scene, right? I mean it cost me twenty-eight thousand, seven hundred and sixty dollars, not counting cab fares and a lotta years, so you could sell me back to myself. And now I'm supposed to be straight on the love thing . . . and . . . now . . . an *outside force*, a big gun from outa town, a *person*, is screwing it up, see. Ya got that?"

"George, I believe that we have discussed several times the value placed upon the sums you exchange for my professional services. You ——"

"Didn't mean to mention the money again, sorry ——"

"—become, in the exchange of value, obligated to your own therapy by the fact of its cost."

"Doctor, darling, sweetness, forget it, that's ——"

"If, however, you find it ——"

"Hush now, Dr. Ladybug, one of your children is burning. Some rat, calling himself Harry Kellerman, is spreading the bad word with every chick I see. Singlehanded the guy is laying the Black Plague on me. Giving me the bad mouth all over town. Six days I been checking it out; every chick I've seen in the last five *months*, he plants a bomb in every plane I fly. You hear this? Oh, Dr. Cute-person, do you *read* me? The man is stomping upon my head bone with marching boots. Irony, man, do you dig the irony here? For *years* I can't really see a girl more than once or twice, tops thrice, before splitting. Unable, like you said, to sustain with a lady a relationship. So now maybe I'm really, at the age of thirty-eight, really ready to sustain, and the Mad Bomber, Attila the telephone, is calling up every broad I boff and spreading the rotten on me. Help me, help me, oh Wizard, for I lie busted in the yellow-brick road."

"Mr. Fishma—— George, when did you first become aware that ——"

"Sally. The one I told you I started getting seriously happy about. The only chick's had enough guts to lay the facts on me."

Georgie had gotten Sally's call at five in the morning, six nights before. He had been chinning himself on the exercise bar in his bedroom doorway. Breathless, he was on his fourteenth pull-up, whispering "Invincible" on each lift, when the telephone rang. "Yeah?"

"Hello, it's Sally." Her voice was warm in his ear, and young, and told him that he would live forever.

"Sally, darlin'."

"I just now had a terrible experience. Guy calls me up. Says he's a friend of yours. Says you have a wife, three children, several social diseases, and just

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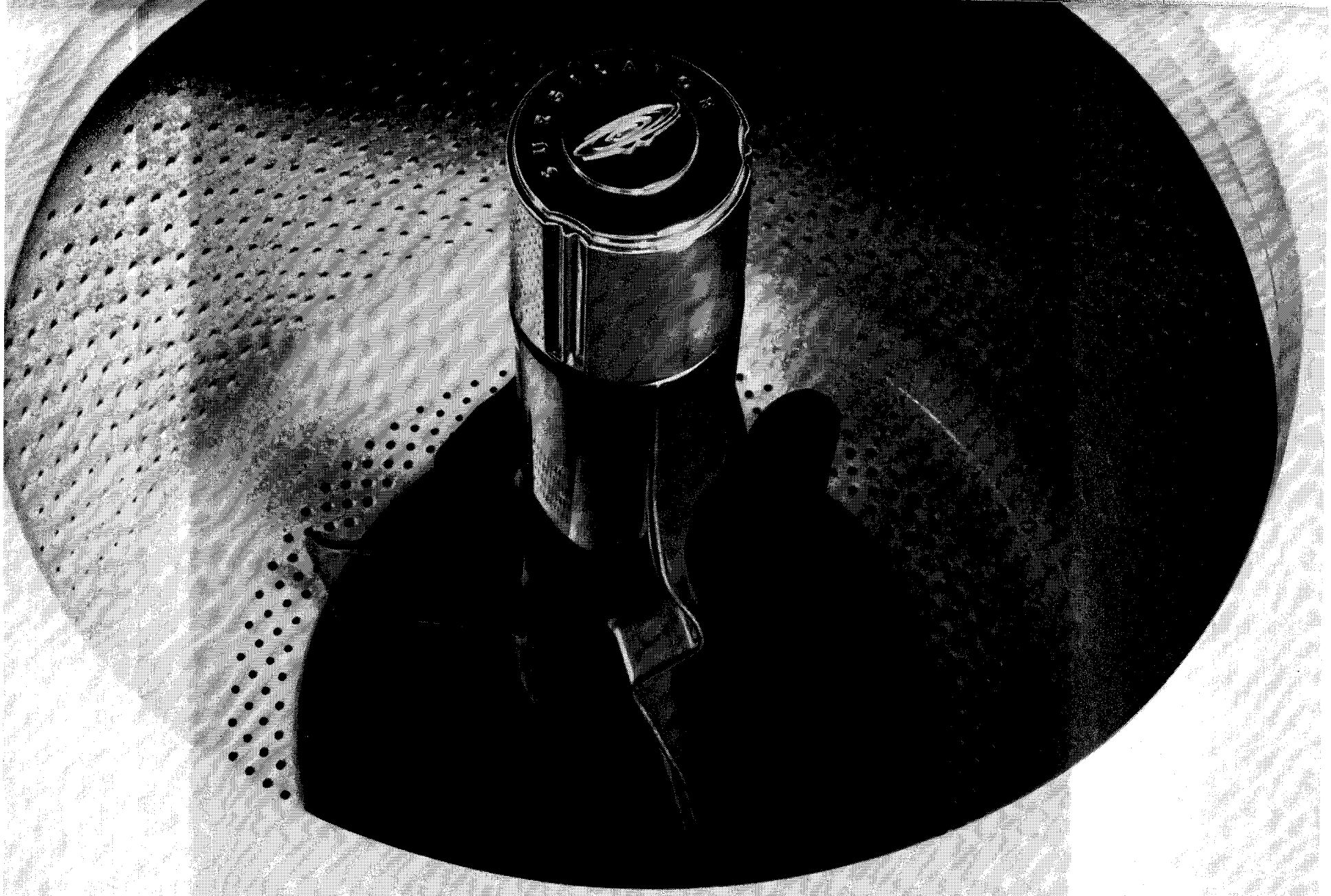

This is the 18-lb. Whirlpool Whopper. It's bigger than the biggest washer made by any other manufacturer.

If you have a laundry or a hotel you *can* buy a 50-lb. ommercial monster. But if all you have is a husband and eight ids, the best you can do is a Whirlpool Whopper.

There are two things about this Whirlpool that are hoppers, and two things that aren't.

The first whopper, of course, is the basket that holds p to 18 lbs. of clothes.

The second is the agitator. We did not, you see, simply nake the basket bigger and leave a normal size agitator to cope with an abnormal size wash.

Then there are the two things that aren't whoppers. One is the washer's outside dimensions. They're the same as our 14-lb. washer's. The other is the price. Even though this is Whirlpool's biggest washer, it's not at all the most expensive. In fact, maybe you should just think of buying your washer the same way you buy your detergent—in the giant family economy size.

Whirlpool

ODEL LRA 680

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Rexall Bloomin' Bargains

FREE!

Get a package of Germain flower seeds—Bloomin' Beauties—free with the purchase of any special-priced or regular-priced product in this ad!

SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER SPECIAL
Man's Magna-Power® shaver or Lady Schick, both with washable stainless steel heads. **$8.97** each

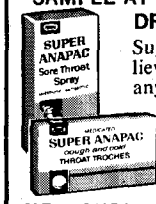
glamour value in **LADIES' NYLONS**
Flattering leg fashions in mesh or sheer-knit nylon. Popular colors, sizes. **3 pr. 99¢**

NEW! REXALL INSTANT HAIR CONDITIONER AND FORTIFIER
Deep-conditions with protein to help restore natural-looking beauty, body and bounce to limp, lifeless hair. Assures better wave.
4-oz. tube **$1.25**

NEW! REXALL SET ME STRAIGHT
Relaxes unwanted waves and curls; keeps hair straighter longer. Builds body into weak, limp hair; protein conditions, too.
Complete outfit for 1 treatment **$3.25**

FAST HOME PERMANENT, 5 types...**$1.00**

GET A FREE SUPER ANAPAC SAMPLE AT YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE NOW!



Super Anapac helps relieve cold sufferings at any stage. Prescription-type formula gives fast, effective relief—whether you can afford to stay in bed or not.

NEW SUPER ANAPAC THROAT SPRAY. Anesthetic, antiseptic to help relieve minor sore throat due to colds or smoking. 7½-gm. metered dosage **$1.69**
NEW SUPER ANAPAC MEDICATED TROCHES for relief of coughing due to colds, sore throat symptoms. 16 troches **$1.48**
SUPER ANAPAC DECONGESTANT COLD TABLETS, 24's .....**98¢**
ANTI-COUGH TABLETS, 24's, **$1.39**
SUPER ANAPAC COUGH SYRUP, for adults. 3-ounces **$1.49**
SUPER ANAPAC JR. COLD TABLETS, 24's, **89¢; CHEWABLES, 98¢**

REXALL ASPIRIN TABLETS, 100 **47¢**
5-gr. strength many doctors recommend for fast pain relief.
REXALL ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASHES, pint **57¢**
Kill contacted bad breath germs with Mi-31 or spicy Klenzo.

REXALL BRIGHTENER TOOTHPASTE

Brightens teeth, refreshes the mouth, and deep-cleans for a more sparkling smile.
6¾-oz. family size **61¢**

REXALL TOOTHPASTE, regular or fluoride, 6¾-oz. family size tube; each .....**57¢**

SPRING TOILETRY BUYS
REXALL REDI-SPRAY DEODORANT. Push-button protection from perspiration odor up to 24 hours. 5-oz. aerosol..**57¢**
REXALL REDI-SHAVE. Push-button shave cream that sets up whiskers so your razor sweeps them off smoothly, effortlessly. Regular or cooling menthol. 11-oz., **57¢**
CARA NOME HAND CREAM. Smooth on new loveliness for prettier-to-hold hands. Vanishing-type, greaseless. 4-oz. ...**57¢**
CARA NOME HAND LOTION. Contains lanolin to soothe, smooth dry, chapped hands. Never greasy. 8-ounces .....**57¢**

REXALL BUFFERED ASPIRIN TABLETS, 100 **73¢**
Speedy relief of pain without causing acid-stomach upset.
REXALL MONACET APC TABLETS, 100 **73¢**
3 effective ingredients for fast, long-lasting pain relief.

REXALL TIMED-ACTION COLD CAPSULES Up to 12 hours continuous relief from cold miseries with just one capsule.

10's **85¢**

REXALL VAPURE MEDICATED VAPORIZER, 7-oz. **79¢**
Reg. $1.09. Relieves nasal congestion of a cold instantly.
THRU FOR MUSCLE PAIN, 2-oz. liquid or jel **$1.49**
Ask for a FREE sample of Thru at your Rexall Store now!

REXALL BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY
At last! A hair spray that lets you roll down the car windows. Contains no sticky lacquer, dulling film.
14-oz. **64¢**
Regular, Hard-to-hold, Casual

Girls! Want a quick way to new hair beauty?

REXALL SHAMPOOS
Try rich-lather Emerald Brite or Brite Conditioning Shampoo, now in shatter-proof clear plastic bottles.
7-oz., each **57¢**

GET A FREE BISMA-REX SAMPLE AT YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE NOW!

Bisma-Rex goes to work instantly to relieve acid-stomach upset. 6 active ingredients work in relay to ease gas and heartburn, help soothe irritated stomach lining, and prolong that relief for hours.

NEW BISMA-REX SUSPENSION. Easy-to-take peppermint-flavored gel. 12-oz., **$1.49**
BISMA-REX POWDER, 5-ounces **$1.19**
BISMA-REX PINK TABLETS, 50's .....**98¢**
BISMA-REX CHEWABLE MINTS, 50's ..**98¢**

PRODUCTS WITH THE REXALL BRAND ARE SOLD ONLY AT THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN

Rexall

This advertisement is presented on behalf of more than 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products bearing the brand of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective through March 18, 1967, and are subject to taxes as applicable. Free sample offer expires March 31, 1967. Right reserved to limit quantities subject to compliance with applicable laws. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles, California 90054.

FOR 64 YEARS, REXALL HAS GUARANTEED SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

got out of Payne Whitney Clinic where they put you for behaving in a violent manner."

"Who? Who said that? My God."

"Says his name is Harry Kellerman."

"I don't even . . . not even a familiar name."

"Is it true?"

"My God. None. None of it. Who did he say he was to me?"

"A friend. An ex-friend of yours. Says that's all you have is ex-friends because of how sooner or later you behave in a violent manner. He seemed to know you very well."

"My God. Who would do that to me?"

"Somebody who hates you."

"My God. Who is Harry Kellerman?"

"Somebody who hates you. Maybe you behaved toward him in a violent manner."

"Darling. Sally. Sweetness. Warmness. How long have you been seeing me? Three weeks. Hasn't it been great?"

"Yes, sure, Georgie."

"Loveliness. Goodness. Golden corn muffin. Don't let this throw you. Do you trust me?"

"Yes, sure, Georgie."

"Then ace it outa your head. Please, Candy Store, Nesselrode, forget Harry What's-his-name."

"Kellerman. Said his conscience was bothering him and he had to tell me. Warn me. Georgie, why should somebody call me like that at four-thirty in the morning, Georgie?"

"I'll kill him. I'll find him and I'll kill him."

"Georgie, you sound like you are about to behave in a violent manner."

"Well wouldn't you be angry if somebody was doing that to *you*, Sally?"

"I wouldn't kill him for it, no. Look, Georgie, it's five A.M., I'm tired, I've got to get up soon for work. I only called to tell you."

"Will ya wait a minute?"

"It's actually very late."

"Okay, see you at Sid's tonight."

"Tonight, actually, I better just get to sleep early tonight. Okay?"

"Hey, Sally ——"

"It's very late now."

"Sally. Cuteness ——"

"Good-bye, Georgie."

Georgie went back to his chinning bar. He had suddenly gained fifty pounds and was unable to lift himself. He hung there one-handed, four inches off the floor.

"I swear, Dr. Oz-person, it took me three albums. I had to play my songs for nearly an hour till I felt better."

"Certainly upsetting," Dr. Miller said, and then lapsed into silence.

A very human silence, Georgie decided. He is really worried about me; the Stranger cares. He remembered the time he'd spotted the doc in the men's department of Bloomingdale's, the only time Georgie'd ever seen him outside of the walnut-paneled consultation room where they had passed the years together. The doc hadn't seen him but Georgie had seen the doc trying on a gray pin-stripe, the trousers rolled up around his ankles like other mortal men, checking himself out, sucking in his gut and posing in the three-sided mirror.

"George, do you think you could sleep right now?"

"Not a chance. Send me over an overdose of sleeping pills."

"George, in just six hours it will be time for our regular session. Perhaps you ——"

"Had the suicide dream again last night. A replay. Put it in the book. Number thirty-four for that one. If that dream was one of my songs it would now be number six on the Rhythm-and-Blues Singles Chart, and climbing fast. I'm in this fancy hotel again, like always. I write out this suicide note, right, on a brown paper bag. I hang the bag on a doorknob, and I open up the window and I climb out on this wide ledge like the hotel's got, and I inch over, as usual, to the corner where below me an avenue meets a street, and I am ready to jump out of the world, see, and there's this same crowd, maybe two hundred of them down there, and they always show up for my suicide dream. So I look down at them and I smile very friendly because I know all their faces by now. And then, like it happens every time, I notice this peculiar thing. The crowd is looking up okay, but they are not looking at *me;* they are looking over to my left a little. So I peek around the corner, and there, on the north ledge, a few inches away, is my ex-wife, Gloria, stealing my act, crouched over and ready to go, and the crowd is watching *her,* not *me. Her!*

"'Gloria,' I whisper over to her, 'looky-here, doll. It's me, Georgie, your lovin' ex.'

"'Georgie,' she says, 'how are ya?'

"'I'm knockin' myself off,' I says.

"'Cool it,' she says. 'I'm workin' this crowd.'

"'No,' I say, 'these are *my* people. I drew these fans. You're doin' *my* number; this is *my* material.'

"'Hell with you,' she says. 'I am going over very big here. You gonna ruin *this* for me like everything else?'

"'Gloria, do you still love me?'

"She doesn't answer me so I ask her again.

"'Gloria, do you still love me?'

"And she says something but I cannot hear her, and then she reaches up her hand to sort of touch up her warm honey hair, and then she looks down below at the jam-packed street, at the heavy midtown lunch-hour traffic, and then she jumps into it. What do you mean, *vigorous?*"

"Vigorous?" Dr. Miller asked.

"Yeah, Doc, my new song. You said it was vigorous. What the hell is vigorous? What the hell kinda bag is that, please?"

"I was referring to ——"

"Help me, help me, Doc-baby," Georgie whispered, the telephone trembling in his hand. "Please, it is cookie-jar time."

"What did you say? I can't hear you George."

Georgie hung up and reached over to the shelf next to his bed for the piece of office stationery on which he had neatly typed his List of Suspects. His telephone rang many times and then stopped. Georgie put his head back on the pillow and studied his List:

1) Her HUSBAND, the one who I never should have touched her in the first place.
2) BILLY, who I didn't give the song to. He's in L.A.
3) Blue Suede Jacket; her BOY FRIEND.
4) AGENT for Sky Blue and the Fly By Knights, who I always give

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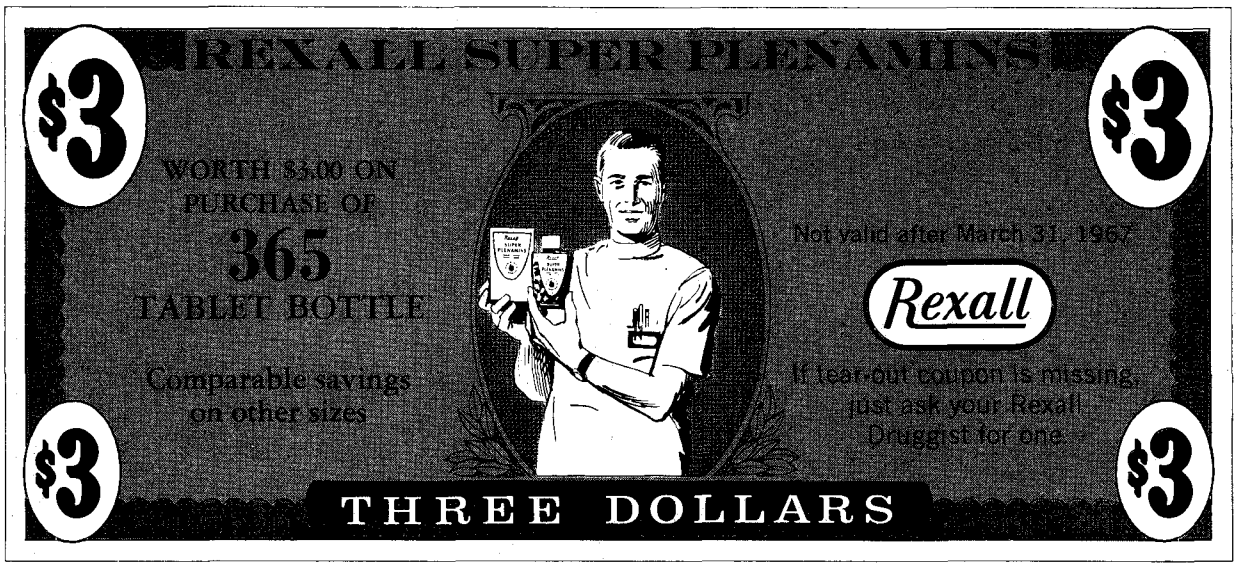
Take this



to the leader

It's worth up to $3.00

Now you can save on the sales-leader of all vitamin-mineral products—Rexall Super Plenamins, the vitamin selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team. Depending upon the size you choose, the coupon above can save you up to $3.00. Imagine! A bargain like that and Super Plenamins too! In addition to its other honors, Super Plenamins is on the training table of every team in the National Football League. It is also the official vitamin of both the American and National Baseball Leagues. Try the vitamin for competitive people—Rexall Super Plenamins. It's America's largest selling vitamin-mineral product. Yet it's yours for as much as $3.00 off. This offer is limited, so get going to your participating Rexall drug store *now!*

Good only at Rexall Drug Stores Rexall

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Important Arthritis Information

"If there is any possibility that you have a rheumatic disease [including arthritis], *see your physician. Don't delay.* Early treatment can prevent crippling."

Your doctor will probably recommend aspirin in his treatment, because:

"Aspirin is the most reliable and least toxic of all arthritic drugs. It is the one that is most likely to provide sustained control of symptoms."

—The quotations are from the folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," recently published by the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The makers of Bayer Aspirin urge you to remember this: *Bayer is pure aspirin.* Many of the other products that advertise arthritis benefits are *part* aspirin, but Bayer is *pure* aspirin, and aspirin is the drug doctors recommend for hours of continuous relief from arthritis pain, swelling and stiffness, so you can work, play and sleep in greater comfort.

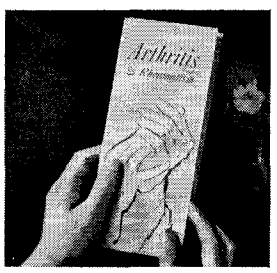
If you suffer from arthritis, see your doctor at once.

When he recommends aspirin, take Bayer.

Pure aspirin, not just *part* aspirin.

HOW TO GET COMPLETE FOLDER

You owe it to yourself to read the complete folder, "Arthritis & Rheumatism," published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. It is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402—Price 5 cents each or $3 per 100 copies.



him such a hard time, and he gives me that rotten look.

5) Stewardess who is married when she is in Chicago. HER HUSBAND. He is old man (I'm so young?).
6) GLORIA, but what about the voice?
7) SPANISH POTHEAD WHAT-HIS-NAME who said I stole melody from him for *Losers and Lovers* (Number eight on R-R charts now, moving fast).
8) SON OF A BITCH FROM EAST HAMPTON. I hate him anyway.
9) OTHER PEOPLE who I will think of.

FACTS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF H.K.:

A) Number of girls I checked on—twenty-two.
Number of girls called by K.—sixteen.
B) REACTIONS:
1) Thought He Was Nut—six girls.
2) Believed All Of What He Said—two (but includes Ardra who believes everything).
3) Believed Some—four.
4) Thought It Was Me Kidding Around—half.
5) Scared And Upset—all (but Ardra).
C) MAIN CHARACTERISTIC:
1) He hates me.
D) OTHER CHARACTERISTICS:
1) Has sort of deep voice, square; but cool delivery. No dirty language.
E) All girls called have listed telephone numbers. All girls I took to Charlie's Tangerine and/or the Tuesday Bar.
F) POSSIBILITIES:
He (or them) wants me not get married, not get away from him (them), thinks doing me favor get rid of broads .

Georgie's eyes suddenly backspaced over the last sentence. He grabbed at the telephone, his finger moving in choppy arcs on the dial.

"Hello," his father said in his square, sort of deep voice, with his cool delivery.

"Pop, it's me, Georgie."

"Georgie," his father said, not using any dirty language.

"Your son, Georgie."

"Your son . . . Georgie." The best his father could do for the moment was repeat everything Georgie said till he was awake enough to think up his own material.

"Your only son, Georgie."

"Only son, Georgie."

A muffled rustle of sheets and blankets. "Georgie. Four A.M. Something wrong. What?"

"No, Pop. Just wanted to talk."

"To talk what? Four o'clock. What?"

"How . . . how are ya, Pop?"

"Fine. Fine. Four o'clock."

"Uh . . . how's the store?"

"Closed. It's four o'clock."

"Pop, how would you feel if I got married?"

"Wait for the afternoon. Then Rose and me could come."

"No, not now, but if I did, what would you think?"

"By this afternoon, I could get my suit, then ——"

"Pops-baby, if you didn't want me to do the marriage bit, if you figured I'd cop out on you with a chick, just cop out on being a son, you wouldn't try to kill my scene, would you? Lay the bad mouth on me with the broads?"

"Al"—he heard his mother's voice—"Al, what is it?"

"A cop," his father said. "A cop hit Georgie in the mouth."

"The hospital," his mother said. "He is in the hospital."

"I don't know, Rose."

"George?" It was his mother on the telephone, a flat, calm voice. "George, you are hurt. You are in the hospital. Where are you located?"

"No, doll; I'm fine."

"Oh, I see," she said.

She was glad, of course, that her son was unharmed; but, expecting tragedy and always in training for it, she was confused and unprepared when it did not come. Rose could spot a terminal disease at a hundred paces and a funeral at fifty. In her hushed voice there was always the faint but unmistakable echo of hospital corridors.

"Four o'clock in the morning, George, I thought ——"

"Easy, doll, all is cool."

"'Easy, doll, all is cool.' George, you have a master's degree in English Literature from Columbia University. I had always hoped that you would learn a foreign language, George. And you have."

"Late, Ma. Gotta split for sleep."

"George. I recently purchased your latest recording, *The Groovy Victory of* ——"

"No, sweets, that's *Love Is a* ——"

"And I find, once again, that I harbored in my own home an enemy of the English Language and a ——"

"You're into your tap-dance, Ma."

"—and a musical assassin. George, those lovely, sensitive ballads you wrote at school. I remember in particular one entitled *Golden Horizons and the Promise of Tomorrow.* It ——"

"I don't work those gigs no more, Momzo. . . ."

Tie score and we're into the eighty-seventh inning. A loser's game, Georgie knew, but they played it beautifully; they were naturals. She had, he realized, taught him everything she knew—to appreciate literature, to play the piano, and to expect the worst.

"Hello, Georgie." It was his father again. "Listen, don't listen to her. I heard your new tune. It's a crackerjack, believe me. Terrific. Go to sleep. Don't worry. A crackerjack."

"Thanks, Pop."

"Listen, I got terrific news for you. Yesterday I put you in the menu, at the store. I was going to call you. I got 'em all in there, the greats, sandwiches named after them, the Jackie Gleason Special, the Johnny Carson Salad, Sammy Davis, Merv Griffin, alla them I got in there. And now you."

"Great. What am I?"

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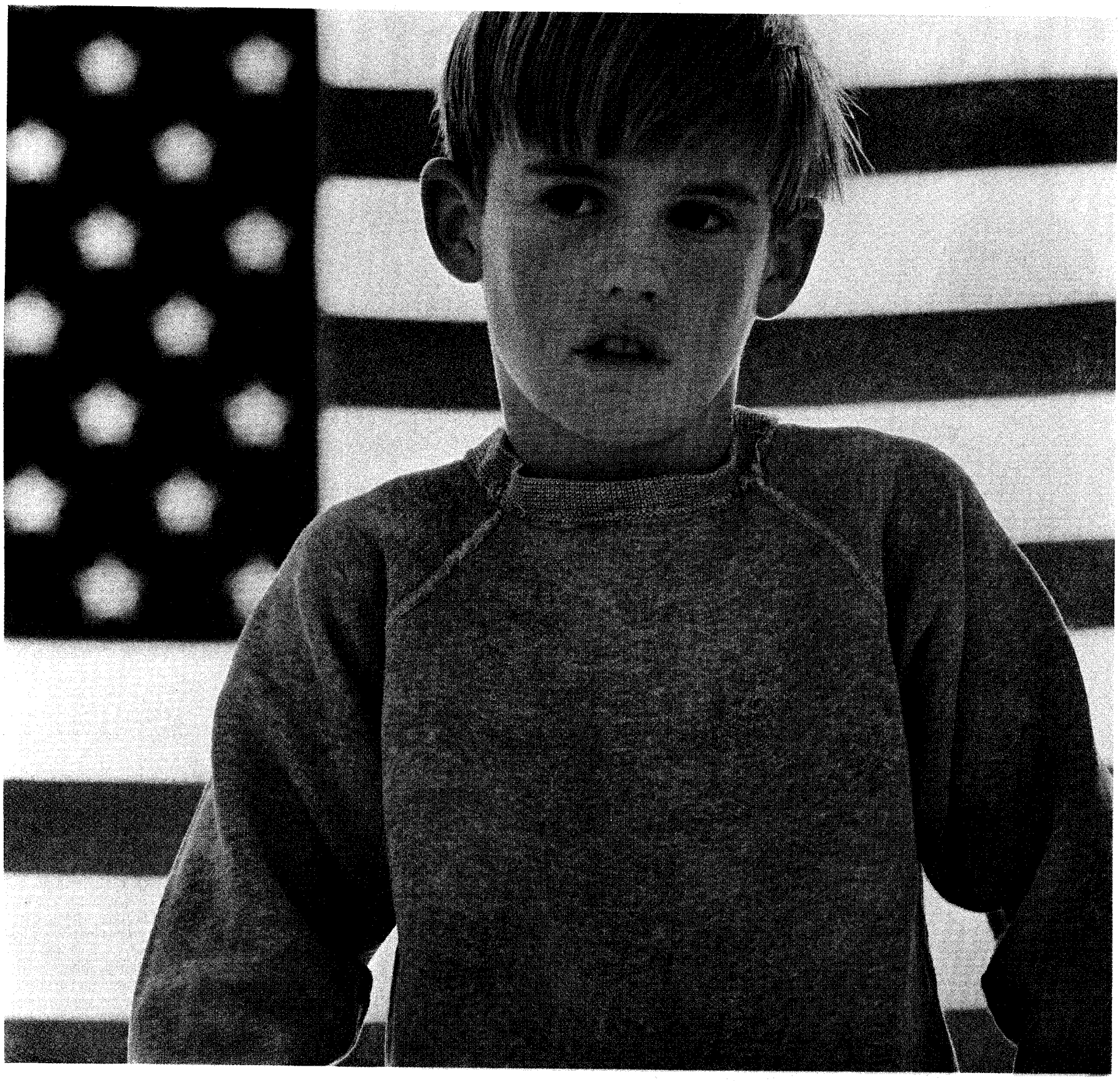

Your son the American

He represents one nation in the world.
Let him see 69 others this summer.
How they work and how they play.
How they build and how they dream.
How they live and what they live for.

In tomorrow's small world, your son will live next door to everybody. How much does he really know about his three billion neighbours? While you read this, people from 70 nations are putting the finishing touches to his new world on a 987-acre island site in the St. Lawrence River at Montreal, Canada. This is Expo 67. North America's first true world exhibition. Bring your boy. Let him look and listen. And learn.

Let him glide across a lake in an Indian war canoe. Zip between islands in the latest hovercraft from Britain. Watch craftsmen from Canada's Atlantic Provinces build a full-size schooner. See the grandaddy of all motor engines, from Germany. Go on a safari through an African jungle.

In the great U.S. Pavilion, watch him glow with pride at the achievements of his own country. He may even meet an astronaut. And across the way—at the Pavilion of the U.S.S.R.—let him compare notes and find out what they're up to.

Another day he may decide to sled across the polar ice. Explore the floors of silent seas. Pilot a space ship to Alpha Centauri. And maybe learn what it's like to live in a different kind of house. Or worship in a different kind of church.

This summer give your son the world. Bring him to Expo 67. He'll be a better American for it.

Start planning now. Expo 67 admission tickets at *reduced advance prices* save you up to 29%, are on sale at banks, department stores, automobile clubs, American Express offices, and wherever you see the Expo 67 sign.

Your accommodations in Montreal are guaranteed, at government-controlled prices, by LOGEXPO, the official Expo 67 bureau. Reserve *now* for widest choice. Write, mentioning dates and type of accommodations preferred, to LOGEXPO, Expo 67, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Or write for free Expo 67 vacation planning information, including full program of the World Festival of entertainment, to Expo 67 Information Services, 150 Kent St., Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

expo67
MONTRÉAL, CANADA

The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967
Montreal, Canada/APRIL 28-OCTOBER 27, 1967

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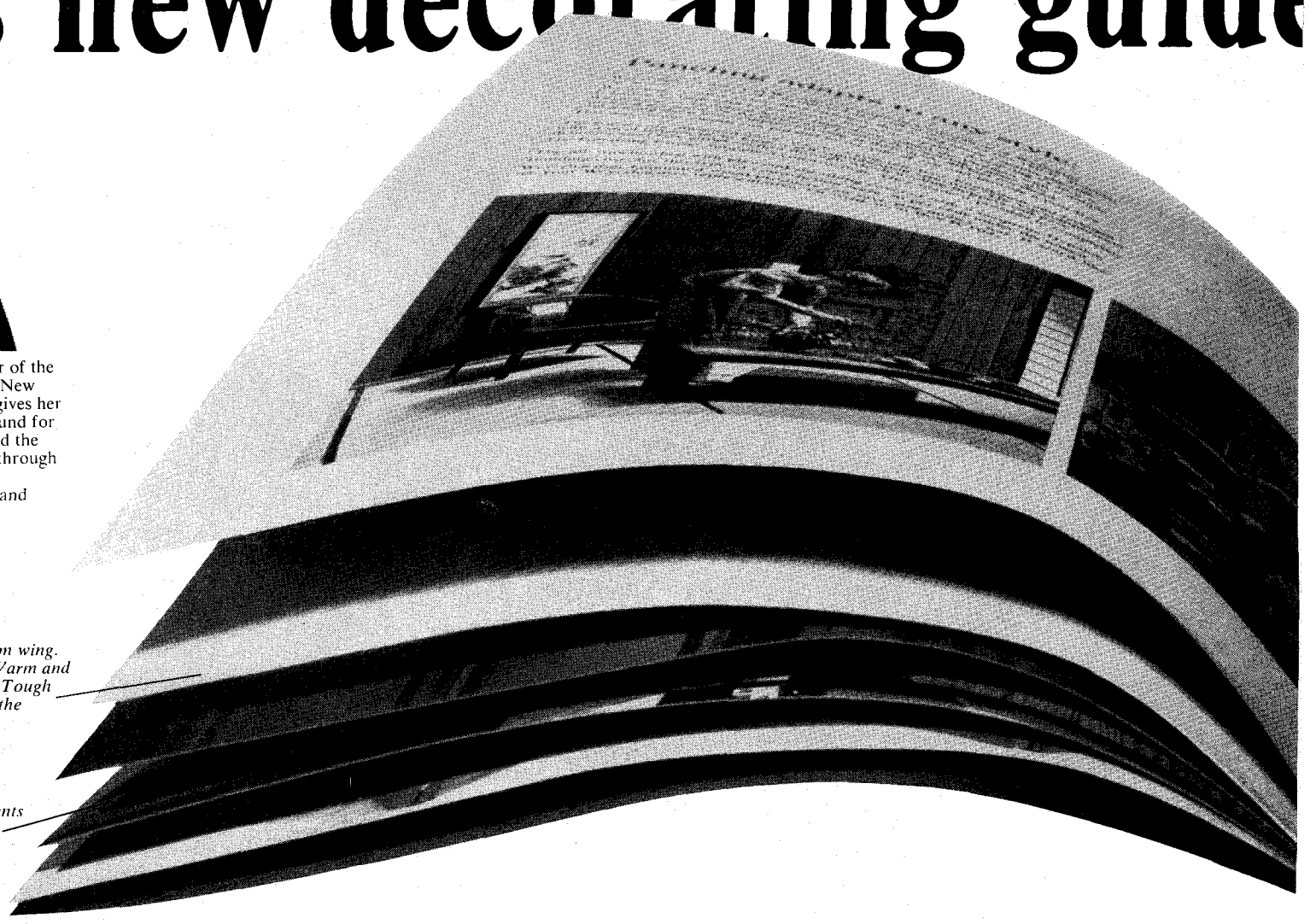
This new decorating guide

Miss Amy Vanderbilt, author of the best-selling "Amy Vanderbilt's New Complete Book of Etiquette," gives her views on paneling as a background for the mood you wish to create and the furnishings you wish to use all through your home. You will find her observations fresh, stimulating and eminently practical.



Ideas for paneling the bedroom wing. Subdued for the master suite. Warm and reassuring for the little ones. Tough and carefree enough for the teen-age set.

Shows how paneling complements the basic styles of decor.

"You're a triple-decker sandwich."

"Beautiful."

"The Georgie Fishman Triple-decker. Fresh, thin-sliced Novie, golden lake sturgeon ——"

"Beautiful, beautiful."

"—cream cheese, chives optional, sliced Bermuda onion ——"

"Wow."

"—on toasted thick pumpernickel."

"With a side of cole slaw."

"Of *course* with a side of cole slaw."

"Pop, I'm immortal."

"Sure; now go to sleep."

Georgie put the telephone down and placed the List of Suspects over his face. His head way back and his arms and legs outstretched, he fell into sleep as though from a great height. Georgie entered Dr. Miller's consultation room and was pleased to find that the doc had replaced the couch with Georgie's bed, and Georgie lay down in it and pulled the covers up under his chin.

"What do you think, Doc-baby?" Georgie said. "How do you figure it?"

Dr. Miller leaned forward in his chair, clasped his hands earnestly on top of his desk, and, his understanding eyes fixed on Georgie, spoke in a rich, lilting Jamaican accent.

"I tink," said Dr. Miller, nodding judiciously, "I tink you got devils in you head."

"Huh?"

"Yes, mon, you got de debbils in de head. De bad debbils come in de blood, and we got to get dem out. You go to lake, mon, get de codfish and put de fish on you forehead and it take all de bad debbils out of you blood. Oh, yes, de fish, mon, de fish take out all de bad debbil."

"What do you mean, I ——"

"Your hour is op now, mon."

"But, Doctor ——"

"You hour is op now, mon," he said, checking his watch. "Daylight come, and me wan' go home."

Dr. Miller's secretary, Miss Borden, came in from the outer office as naked as she was meant to be, cleverly covering her right knee with the doctor's appointment book.

"Tally-mon," Dr. Miller said, pointing to the appointment book, "tally me banana; daylight come and me wan' ——"

Georgie woke up angry, the List of Suspects rattling in his clenched fist. Cop-out son of a bitch, he never gives me the straight score. I lay my whole scene on him, and he tells me zero . . . knows my whole scene . . . the doc, the doc . . .

Georgie spun around on his bed and sat up, brightly alert.

The doc. Harry Kellerman. *The doc.*

Digs my action with the chicks. *Jealous.* If he can't score, why should I? I tell him everybody I go out with; he takes notes, always takes notes. And I did it to him; I made him crazy with all my action. He's been auditing my course for too long, and it made him a nutsy-head. Yeah, poor pale slob hears about it all day long and never gets any; and, yeah, the way he checked himself out in the mirror at Bloomingdale's . . .

As he dialed Dr. Miller's number, Georgie felt a sudden warm rush of tolerance for the doctor's aberration. After all, Georgie decided, I'm a little crazy myself.

"Hello, yes?"

"Dr. Miller, are you the . . . is it *you?*"

"Yes, this is Dr. Miller."

"No, no, is it *you*. Are you Harry Kellerman?"

"This is Dr. Arnold Miller. Who is this, please?"

"Doc-baby, Doc-baby, I——"

"Oh, Mr. Fishman."

"Yeah."

"And, of course, the Kellerman problem. And, quite inevitably, you have decided that I am the insidious Mr. Kellerman. Fascinating. Our old friend, the destruction pattern again: a need to undermine the authority of those you respect, to destroy the credentials of those . . ."

No, it wasn't the doc, Georgie realized. A no-score dumdum idea in the first place.

". . . beating them to the punch, as it were, Mr. Fishman, removing your affection and respect from them before they . . ."

The cat is so turned on, Georgie thought, I hate to split on him. "Go, baby, swing . . ." Georgie said softly, hanging the telephone up very delicately so that the doctor would not be interrupted.

Okay, great, beautiful. It's not the doc, *then* where am I at?, Georgie thought, sitting down at his piano and setting up the List of Suspects like a piece of sheet music. Georgie began to sing softly, picking out a slow tune on his piano.

Oh, sixteen girls, and he called them all.
Is he old, is he young, is he short or tall?
Oh, who would do such a thing
To his feller man?
Who is he, who is he,
This Harry Kellerman? . . .

Georgie looked up at the wall above his piano. It was covered with at least fifty framed photographs—the credentials of an escape artist. Georgie had a license to operate every known moving vehicle, and the photographs on the wall showed him leaving in all of them. There was Georgie in his twenty-two-foot Chris-Craft, weighing anchor. There was Georgie taking off in his Cessna, revving up his Porsche, gassing his Honda, rolling away in his golf cart—in all of them one hand raised, waving good-bye.

He wants me alone, and he wants me single,
Sixteen girls, and he gave 'em all a jingle . . .

Hell with the whole crew of chicks, Georgie decided. Except Sally. Sally, yeah; her I love. Gimme Sally back and I'll bury all my ignition keys. Georgie the leaver, I'm gettin' outa that bag, I'm tired. Check under the hood, baby, you been driving a thousand miles without a motor.

His left hand shifted into a rock beat, and he wailed a song for Sally.

Yeah, yeah, yeah,
I'm sayin'
Good-bye to good-bye.
I'm shoutin'
Farewell to farewell.
I'm singin'

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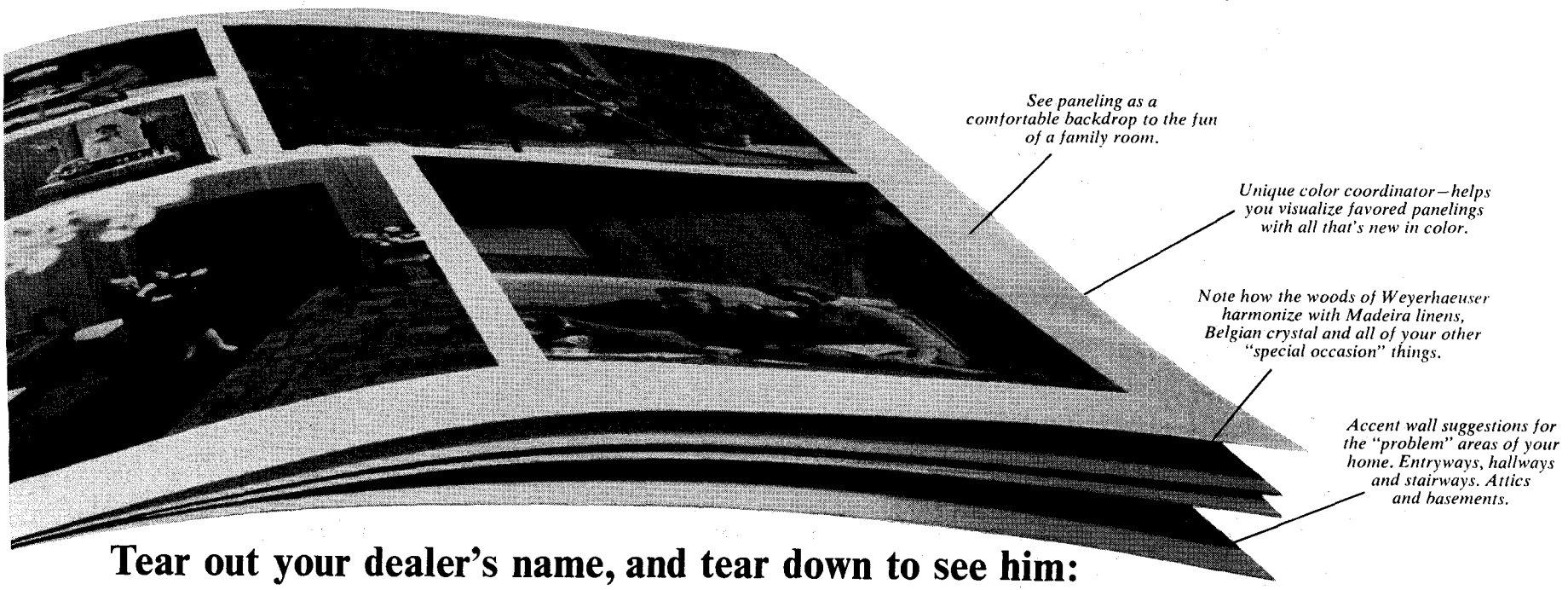
will cost 75c after March 30

Until then, all you pay your Weyerhaeuser dealer is a visit.

Weyerhaeuser, the wood people, and Miss Amy Vanderbilt, foremost authority on etiquette and good taste in the home, have combined their knowledge to bring you this remarkable new idea book, *"Decorating with Paneling."*

Room-by-room, it takes you through your home—showing uncommon solutions to common decorating problems. It helps you visualize paneling in your rooms—no matter what size your home or what style your furnishings.

And Miss Vanderbilt's commentary on new decorating trends is classic. So don't miss out. It's free until March 30th! At your Weyerhaeuser paneling dealer's. You don't have to buy any of our beautiful paneling either (or even look at it), if you can resist.


See paneling as a comfortable backdrop to the fun of a family room.
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Note how the woods of Weyerhaeuser harmonize with Madeira linens, Belgian crystal and all of your other "special occasion" things.
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Weyerhaeuser

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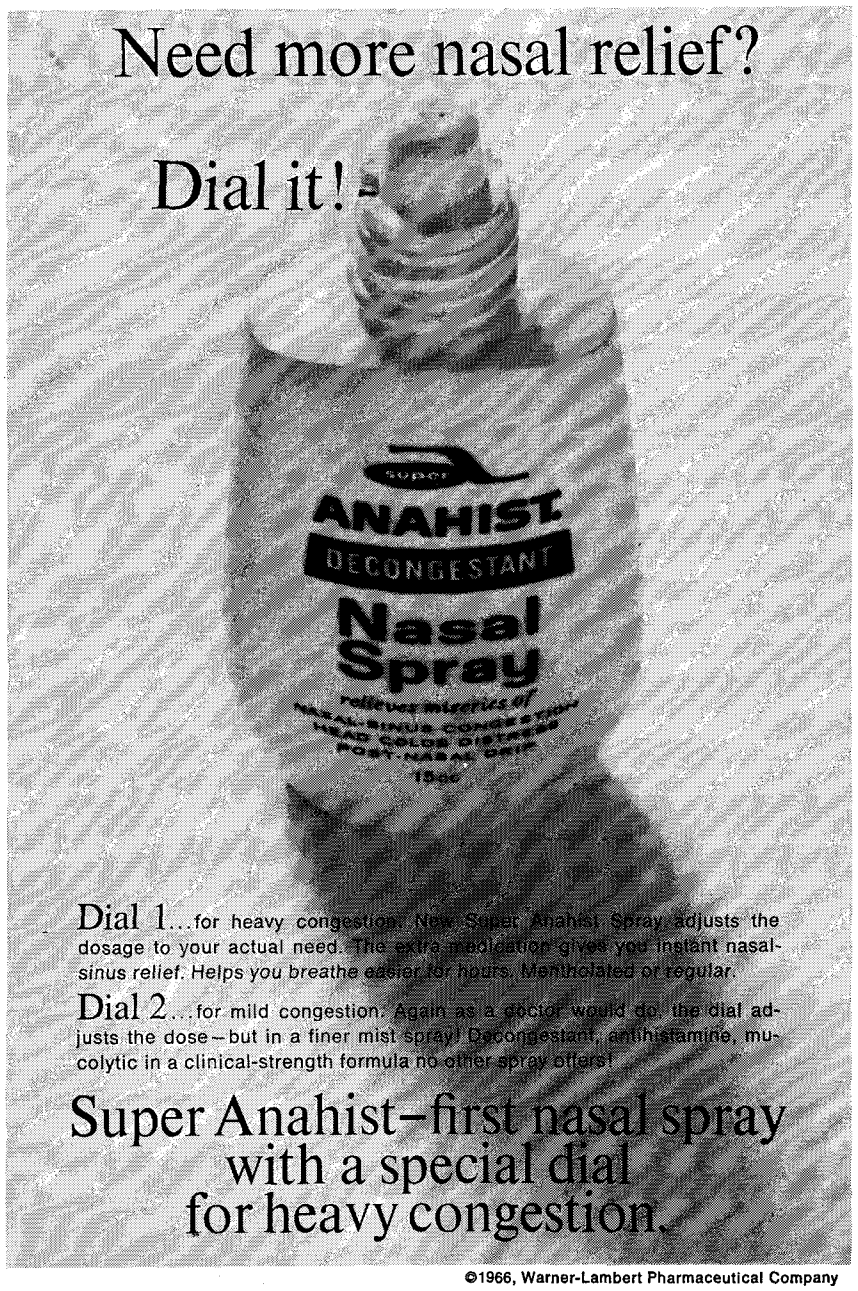
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DECONGESTANT
Nasal
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Dial 1...for heavy congestion. New Super Anahist Spray adjusts the dosage to your actual need. The extra medication gives you instant nasal-sinus relief. Helps you breathe easier for hours. Mentholated or regular.
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Super Anahist–first nasal spray with a special dial for heavy congestion.
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MOORE-COTTRELL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCIES, INC.
Dept. 451
North Cohocton, New York 14868

So long, that's it for never.
Hello, hello to forever . . .

Georgie spotted a photograph of himself at nineteen, on a bicycle. That's how he'd left Ruthie Tresh, on a bicycle.

Yeah, it's good-bye
To travelin' with sorrow.
And hello
To see ya tomorrow.
Yeah, yeah, I'm done with departure.
Yeah, yeah, 'cause you got my heart, you're
M'Sally, m'Sally, m'hello-baby . . .

Ruthie Tresh. Hey, Ruthie Tresh. Red hair and lime-green sweaters. A candy store of a girl. The winter before the Army they had made love or something very much like it in the Prospect Park boathouse, and he wrote her three letters from Hamburg in 1946, sprinkling "love" and "forever" all over them like oregano. Yeah . . .

. . . yeah,
I'm sayin'
Good-bye to good-bye.
I'm shoutin'
Farewell to farewell. . . .

Raising his hand, he waved, in ragtime, to his photographs, and fifty departing Georgies waved back.

Yeah, I been with the vets
And I been with the rookies
And I paid the toll
For my toll-house cookies
And I . . .

. . . heard that Ruthie was married to a neurologist in Forest Hills. It was like a first name, her married name. Like Charlie. *Charleton*. Yeah, Mrs. Charleton . . .

. . . yeah,
I'm wailin'
Good-bye to never.
I'm shoutin'
Hello to forever.
I'm ——

Georgie's telephone rang.

Four-thirty in the morning, only one person it could be. "Sid?"

"Yeah. Jesus, your phone's been busy."

Ten years before, Sidney Gill had written the music for Georgie's first two hits, *Midnight Lady* and *Jetlove*. Since then they had shared many of their songs, some of their women, and most of their sleeplessness.

"You're the one's been busy, Sid. Called you maybe five times tonight. Hey, y'know who I been thinking about? Ruthie Tresh."

"Who's that?"

"Chick. Had her when she was seventeen."

What Georgie meant to say was that he had loved her when she was seventeen; but Georgie and Sid were the two Great White Hunters and it made them uncomfortable to speak to each other with kindness for their prey.

"Who ya been on the phone with—Sally?" Sid said. "You score there yet?"

"Yeah, sure. Speaking to a coupla people, the doc ——"

"You and that doc. Witchcraft City. The docs are taking over the world. Blessed are the docs, for they shall inherit the meek. I tell you true."

"Well, I'm in bad shape, see—that guy who's been cutting my action, this Kellerman cat, he ——"

"Look, I call to give you the word on Sally. The lady is a heavy loser. Bad news. The chick's a grabber. I see it in her eye. She is with the raiding party. She lies in wait for the walking wounded and grabs off the strays."

"I think this one, Sid, this one's different."

"They all been trained with the same army. My eye does not fail me. The lady is a grabber, and I tell you true."

"But you don't *know* her, Sid. Really, she ——"

"Don't *know* her? I been goin' to school too long to forget how to read. Hey, Georgie, your signal's gettin' weak. What's happened to ya this year?"

"Tonight I been thinkin'. Man, I'm thirty-eight. I got a son sixteen. Half my album's been played ——"

"Plenty time, we got plenty time, you and me, Georgie, we got youth to use; we're only what, now? Thirty-five, we ——"

"I said thirty-eight, Sid ——"

"—got *years* left, man, Sallys and Sallys to go before they put the cuffs on you. Man, do not, I repeat, do not make the funeral arrangements until you are dead. I seen this Sally operate. Man, it's Robespierre; it's the Reign of Terror. She's lookin' to cop a basketfulla heads."

"I don't know, Sid. If they're mostly losers, how're we gonna know when the winner shows up, when ——"

"I figure it like this. I am Baron von Richthofen; I am flying over enemy territory. When I go down it will be an ace who gets me. Meanwhile, sir, I shall not be strafed by bluebirds. I will not, repeat, will not go down in flames for a flamingo. Do you read me?"

"I don't know, Sid, I ——"

"Hey, about planes, what happened to the flying, Saturday? You were gonna give me a call."

"There was a problem, Sid."

"Something wrong with the Cessna?"

"No, actually not. We, Sally and me, she wanted to go to the zoo."

"Yeah. Right. Okay, gotta split now. Quarter to five, and I got some quality Swedish merchandise flyin' in at five."

"Stewardess?"

"Air freight. Can't be beat for speed and reliability."

"Well, I won't keep you on the phone, then."

"You bet you won't."

"Okay, so long."

"Right. . . . Hey, friend?"

"Yeah?"

"Watch the skies, I repeat, watch the skies for low-flyin' starlings."

"I'll watch out, Sid."

"I tell you true, sir."

"Okay, Sid."

Georgie put the telephone down and then quickly picked it up again, dialing Information.

"Information. Miss Thompson."

"Uh, yes . . . I . . . uh . . ."

Georgie couldn't remember why he had dialed Information.

"Information. Miss Thompson," the nasal voice repeated. "Can I help you?"

"Yes. Do you have a listing for a Mrs. Ruth Charleton, or a Dr. Charleton, in Queens? I don't know his first name."

Georgie, impatient, brushed mounds of nonexistent dust from his pillowcase.

"Sir, I have an office and a residence listed for a Dr. Bernard L. Charleton in Forest Hills. Would that be it?"

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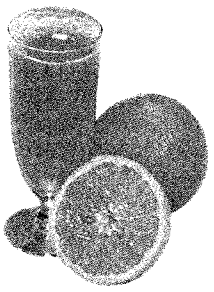
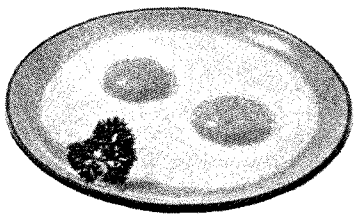
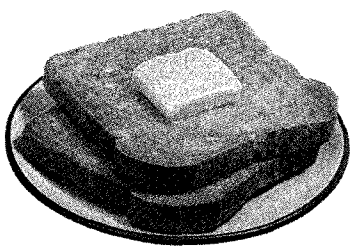
Everything you need to go on...in a glass!



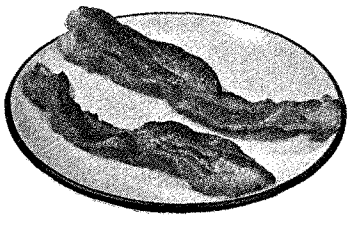
Vitamin C...
the orange juice vitamin.



As much protein as two fresh eggs.



More food energy
than two slices of buttered toast.



As much mineral nourishment
as two strips of bacon.

Carnation®

instant breakfast

ust pour in milk and stir. Try all the flavors–like Chocolate, Coffee, Vanilla, Eggnog, hocolate Malt, Orange, Banana, Strawberry, and Dark Chocolate. Only *great!*

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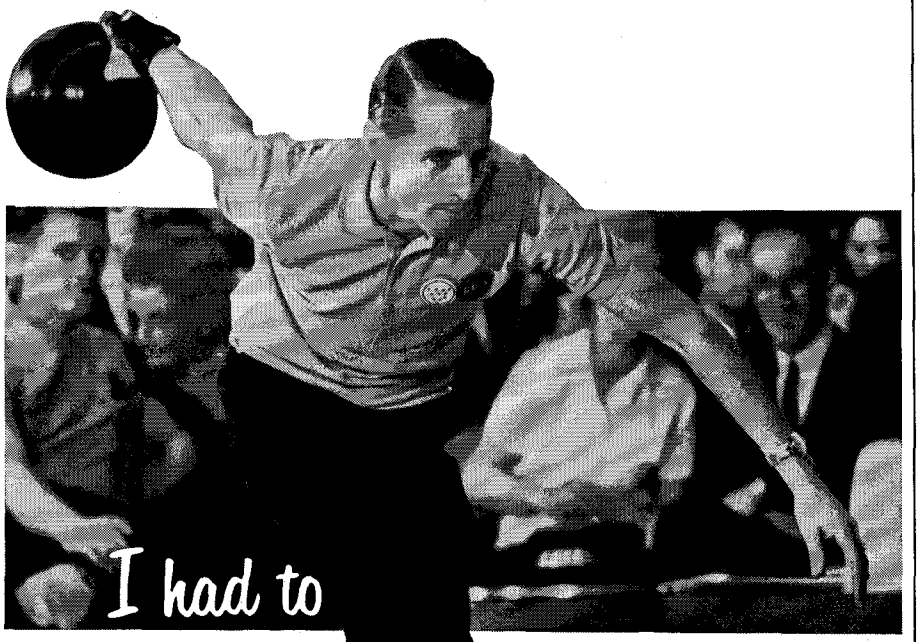

STOP SMOKING

says

Dick Weber

Bowler of the year

And I did.... with Bantron

I was a 3 to 4 pack-a-day smoker. I hadn't been feeling well and was advised by my doctor to give up my chain smoking habits. It got down to this—either give up cigarettes or give up tournament bowling. Since I was earning my living as a year 'round professional bowler, I decided to quit smoking, though I knew it wouldn't be easy.

I had read about Bantron many times, especially the testimonials from my friends in other professional sports. So I got some and with Bantron's help I stopped smoking completely in just a few days. I haven't smoked for over a year. It was easier than I expected and pleasant to take; it didn't affect my taste for food or anything else. In fact I found my strength coming back, I was able to concentrate on my game better and my cough disappeared.

Maybe you don't *have* to stop smoking, as I did. Or do you?

If you want to quit, take Bantron.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking . . . did so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

Bantron simply acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and helps curb the desire for tobacco with a harmless, non-habit forming drug called lobeline. The result is that you feel no pangs of withdrawal and no desire to smoke.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath: the first professional tournament in which I played after I stopped smoking was held in Houston. I felt so good, *I actually bowled three perfect (300) games and won the tournament.*

Try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the U.S. government.

Bantron® BRAND Smoking Deterrent Tablets

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

"Yeah, sweetheart, gimme the residence."

"Hello," a child's voice answered.

"Who is this, please?"

"This is Danny Charleton. I waked up."

"Beautiful. Is your mother's name Ruthie? Ruth?"

"Yes. I just now waked up."

"Great. May I speak to her, please?"

"Okay."

When Ruthie came on the telephone, Georgie was surprised by how distinctly he could hear her voice, by how good a connection they were getting across the twenty years between them.

"Hello, hello?"

"Hello, Ruthie? Hey, Ruthie."

"Now, just *who is* this? *Who* is calling at this hour?"

The voice was angry and not quite as intelligent as he had remembered it, but it was certainly Ruthie.

"Hey, Ruthie," he whispered, "it's me, Georgie."

"Who *is* this, for God's sake? I can't hear you."

I know it was me who cut out, Georgie thought, but I did care; three letters, love and forever . . .

"Hello! Is anybody *there*, for God's sake? It's five o'clock in the morning . . ."

. . . and she never said anything about the boathouse. She should have said something, I was never sure . . .

"Hello . . : who *is* this? . . . speak louder . . ."

Listen to her, Georgie thought as he lay back comfortably on his bed; it's not going to work. It is definitely not a good relationship.

"Hello . . . *Who is* this?"

Listen to her. Demanding. Possessive. It is definitely not going to work out.

"*Hello . . .*"

Georgie got on his bicycle and, pedaling energetically, left Ruthie Tresh for the second time. He had forgotten to turn off his miniature TV earlier and the overheated set made a loud and continuous rushing noise next to his ear, like distant applause.

"Hey, who is this?" At sixteen, his son's voice had a remarkably adult authority, and Georgie found himself a little threatened by it. There was also the fact that Paul was probably the only sixteen-year-old kid in America who hated Georgie's music.

"This is your father."

"Which one?"

"George."

"Oh, Georgie. See, Dave's out of town. Could have been either of you."

He always calls me Georgie. What the hell is that? I'm not your buddy, kid, I'm your father.

"What're you, crazy, Georgie? It's six o'clock in the morning. Mom's asleep."

"I don't want to speak to her. I called to speak to you."

"Okay."

"Uh . . . how's everything at school, Paul?"

"You call up at six in the morning to find out how school is?"

"Yeah. How's school?"

"Fine."

Well, what else is there to talk about? Whatever you do, don't ask him how he liked your new song.

"Paul, how did you like my new song?"

"Sure made Gran'ma unhappy."

"What about you?"

"Frankly, it wasn't as bad as the other ones. Not so loud, this one. I like, y'know, Getz, Gerry Mulligan. You ever meet him: Gerry Mulligan?"

"No."

"Figured maybe you knew him."

"No."

"Anyway, I got to get ready for school now."

"How is everything there at school?"

"Fine. Like I told you."

"Great."

"Okay, Pop, I gotta go now."

Pop. Georgie grabbed the word with both hands and swung on it. If the word had been his exercise bar he could've done fifty pull-ups on it.

"Paul, listen, take a minute for me to lay something on you, clue you in on my head ——"

"Huh?" Georgie's language was somehow too young for Paul.

"See, some grownups, like your father, like me, when things get really strung out and they don't know where it's at . . ."—No, Georgie, say it so he can understand you—". . . when they get confused and upset, they sort of want to check in with somebody that they . . . groove with, and who they hope grooves with them. That's why I called you, Paul."

"Last time you called was two and a half months ago."

"That's correct, Paul. You're correct about that."

"Yeah. And you only call me on the phone. I mean, that's how you talk to me, on the telephone."

"That's right. You're absolutely right about that, Paul."

Come on, man, Georgie said to himself, just tell Paul that you love him; swing with it, *tell* him, roll with it, baby, go . . . But how do you figure it? What's the percentage in loving people when it's never a sure bet they're gonna love you back? You can get hung up on that action, killed, you put your chips on one number, you can come up a heavy loser. How do you figure it?

"Thing is," Paul said, "if I went to sleep right now, I could get in an hour of sleep before school."

"Right."

"Okay?"

"Right. I'm a little sleepy myself."

"See ya, Georgie."

"See ya, Paul."

Georgie put his telephone down and went out into the small piece of the July night that belonged to his terrace, hugging himself against the nonexistent cold like people who cup their hands around match flames in closed and windless rooms. Automatically, he checked out the Tuesday Bar and Charlie's Tangerine, peering down fourteen floors and over west three blocks to where the two places stood opposite each other.

Charlie's and the Tuesday, Georgie thought, two meat markets with one Halloween party, where the pretty, pretty people came and shook to his music, to the strict beat of Georgie's songs everybody, everything shaking loose, pony-tail pendulums swung, and Daiquiri-ice trembled in tall glasses and birth-control pills rattled in plastic containers.

But, Georgie could see, the sun was about to come up and the Tuesday and Charlie's Tangerine, keeping strict Dracula hours, would have put the

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lid on by now. No action; too late to fall by.

He'd taken Sally down there the week before, shuttling between the two places all night, making the trip he'd made with all the Nancys and Bonnies and Betsys and Pattys for all the years of nights, when, quite abruptly, while he was dancing, there was a moment when he could not remember which one of the two places he was in, or which one of the eight, or which one of the twenty-eight, or which one of his girls was dancing under the hair style opposite him. They were dancing one of the many don't-touch-me-don't-look-at-me dances which Georgie and the kids there did with such style: partners keeping clear of each other like graceful welterweights afraid to land the first punch; the boys shrugging to the music with spectacular indifference, their heads back, reading the ceiling; the girls in strict seclusion, their eyes closed, dancing private dances.

So then it was not odd that several minutes went by before Sally became aware that Georgie had stopped dancing and was standing quite still in the middle of the floor.

The music that the stereo speakers machine-gunned into the room was one of Georgie's own songs, and now even that was unfamiliar to him. It was Moby Dick and the Wailers doing, *Baby, Don't Put Me Down*, an arrangement that sent voices and electric guitars hurtling through echo chambers and ricocheting off of each other. The lyrics announced the coming of sweet love, the voices and instruments finally blending into the unmistakable scream of an air-raid siren, warning the dancers of enemy planes and death by flames.

Baby, don't you picka me up
If you gonna put me down.
Don't you come and hug me
If you gonna, gonna bug me.
Don't you come an' turn me on
If you gonna go an' turn me off . . .

Georgie stood, paralyzed. Around him the dancers greeted his wailing music with peaceful, secret faces while their bodies panicked openly.

"Georgie, you okay?" Sally said.

"Sally," he said, pointing at her, naming her. And in a moment he found the name of the place he was in, and then the name of the record that was playing, but he could not find a name for the fear that struck him, that made him unable to move, his own music banging behind his eyes.

Sally saw the terror in Georgie's face and touched his hand, and it occurred to Georgie that he loved her, so he took her face in both of his hands and said, "Number eleven, that record is number eleven now on the Rock Singles Chart and climbing like a son of a bitch."

Then he dropped her off at her place, went to Westchester County Airport and took his single-engine Cessna up to five thousand feet. It was nearly dawn, and he balanced his wings off on the clearly visible horizon line. Then he cut the motor and glided into the clean and silent air.

"I love you, Sally," he told her, at five thousand feet.

"I love her," he said now, and he sprinted across his terrace, leaped onto his bed, grabbed the telephone, and dialed her number.

"I love you, Sally," he said into the telephone as he waited for her to answer. He could hear his own tired voice and he could see the unspectacular, almost sneaky Manhattan dawn through his window; six o'clock and once again he had not slept all night.

"Hello," Sally said.

"Hello," Georgie said. "Look, I want to tell you ——"

"Oh," she said, recognizing the thick, sleepy voice immediately, "*you* again."

"I called to tell you ——"

"I don't want to hear *any*thing from you," she said, stiffly. "Why don't you leave me alone? Listen, I told Georgie all about you, and he's very angry and so am I, and never, never call me again. I'll get the cops on you, Harry Kellerman."

Next to Georgie on the bed, his tiny overheated television set, nestled amongst the bedclothes, warmed the blankets and watched him with its one blind white eye. Dr. Miller, at his desk on the other side of Georgie's bedroom, was a ski instructor in a red turtle-neck sweater. He had a tall, blond face and smiled with many perfect snowy teeth.

"Hi-ya, crazy-head," Dr. Miller shouted, his voice echoing through the splendid mountains around them.

"Hi-ya, Doc-baby."

"Well, today we're gonna try the two-mile run. Think you're ready, nutsy-person?"

"Yeah, Doc-baby."

The doctor turned and started up the vast white slope, and Georgie, slogging along on his heavy skis, followed him obediently. □

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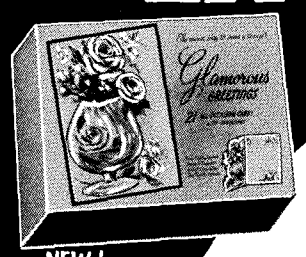

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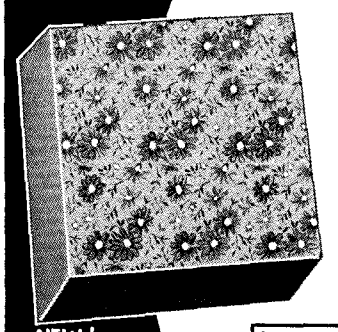

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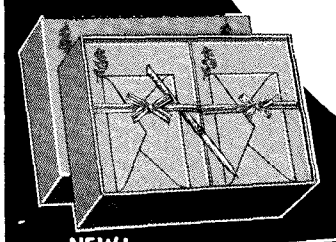

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Here's to Matt Quinlan,
God love him,
a man whose like
I never expect
to meet
again

•

by Jack Weeks

In my business, which is newspaper work, I have been exposed to a lot of impressive characters—men who have got themselves elected President or accumulated a million dollars or invented things to help us go faster. But, for reasons I don't entirely understand, the man who has made the deepest impression on me is a saloonkeeper named Matt Quinlan. Somehow it seems to me that he is the best man all around that I have known. He has brains and taste, a warm heart, and—except for his nerves—a remarkable constitution. He was nearly fifty when I saw him vault over his bar one afternoon to pick up a pest who weighed a good one seventy-five and put him out on Third Avenue without taking an extra breath.

You might take a man who could do a thing like that for a very simple, direct person, and a lot of people thought of him that way. Customers who had known him for years and were truly fond of him still thought of him as a kind of vaudeville Irishman, somebody who was always doing or saying something funny without knowing it. But to me Matt was a much more complicated person than the character who played the lead in so many of the Quinlan anecdotes that were related wherever writing people gathered, and that often were published in magazines.

I got this impression that he was a deeper person than he appeared to be, a man of many contradictions, very early in my friendship with him. It was during the war, when the food shortages were beginning to create a little inconvenience. I was having lunch in his place one day. He came over and sat down beside me and began one of his apparently irrelevant conversations without any introduction at all. "Have you got any kids?" he said.

I won't try to give you the brogue that he had brought over with him thirty years before and evidently had not lost. It was not a thick brogue, but more a matter of cadence and accent, with a few Old Country terms and a flavoring of pronunciations like "harses" for horses and "ahl" for all.

When he asked his question he swung around violently in the cramped booth and faced me sternly, as though making an accusation of indecency, and dropped one of his big fists on the table.

"A couple," I said.

"There were eleven of us in my family," he said. "We lived on spuds."

He sucked on his cigarette, making a smacking noise and spilling hot ashes on the tablecloth.

"We were hungry *ahl* the time," he said. "By God, we would run out in the road and eat the flowers off the hearse when a funeral went by."

I could think of nothing to say. I had some experience of poverty, but I couldn't match the hunger of the eleven Quinlans back in Kerry.

"How old are they?" Matt said.

"Who?" I said.

"Your kids, for God's sake!"

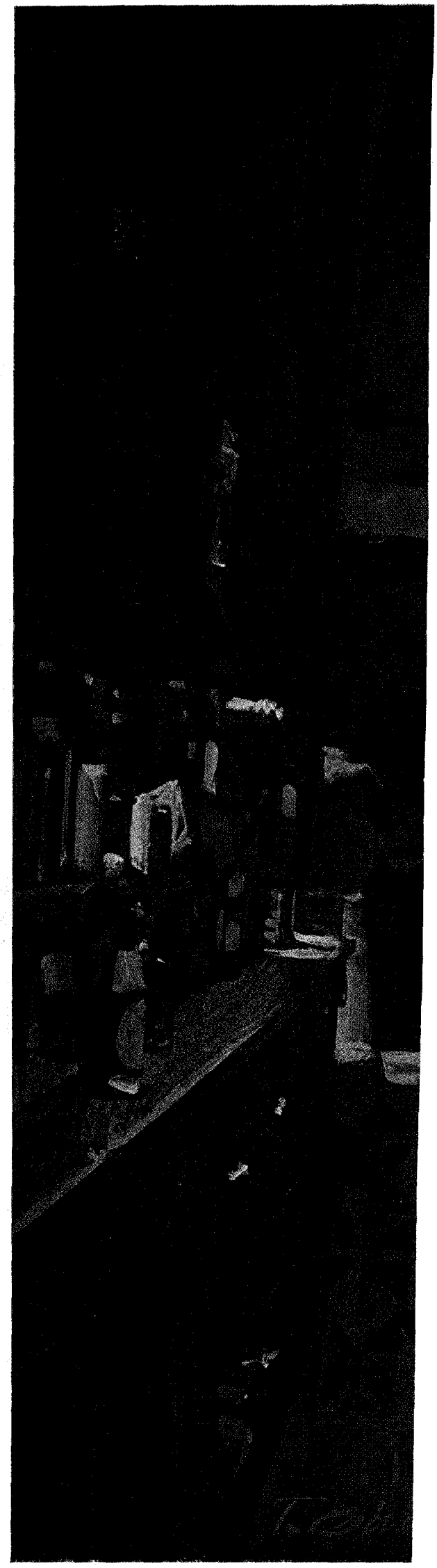
"Oh," I said. "The boy's six, and the little girl's just one."

"Do they get plenty of meat?" Matt said.

"I guess so," I said. "I don't think the girl requires much just yet, and the boy doesn't really like anything but ice cream."

"Kids need meat," Matt said.

He got up abruptly, sucking angrily on the cigarette, and lurched off toward the rear of the restaurant. Seeing his plunging gait, a stranger might think he was drunk, but it was too early in the day for that. He was an athletic man in his



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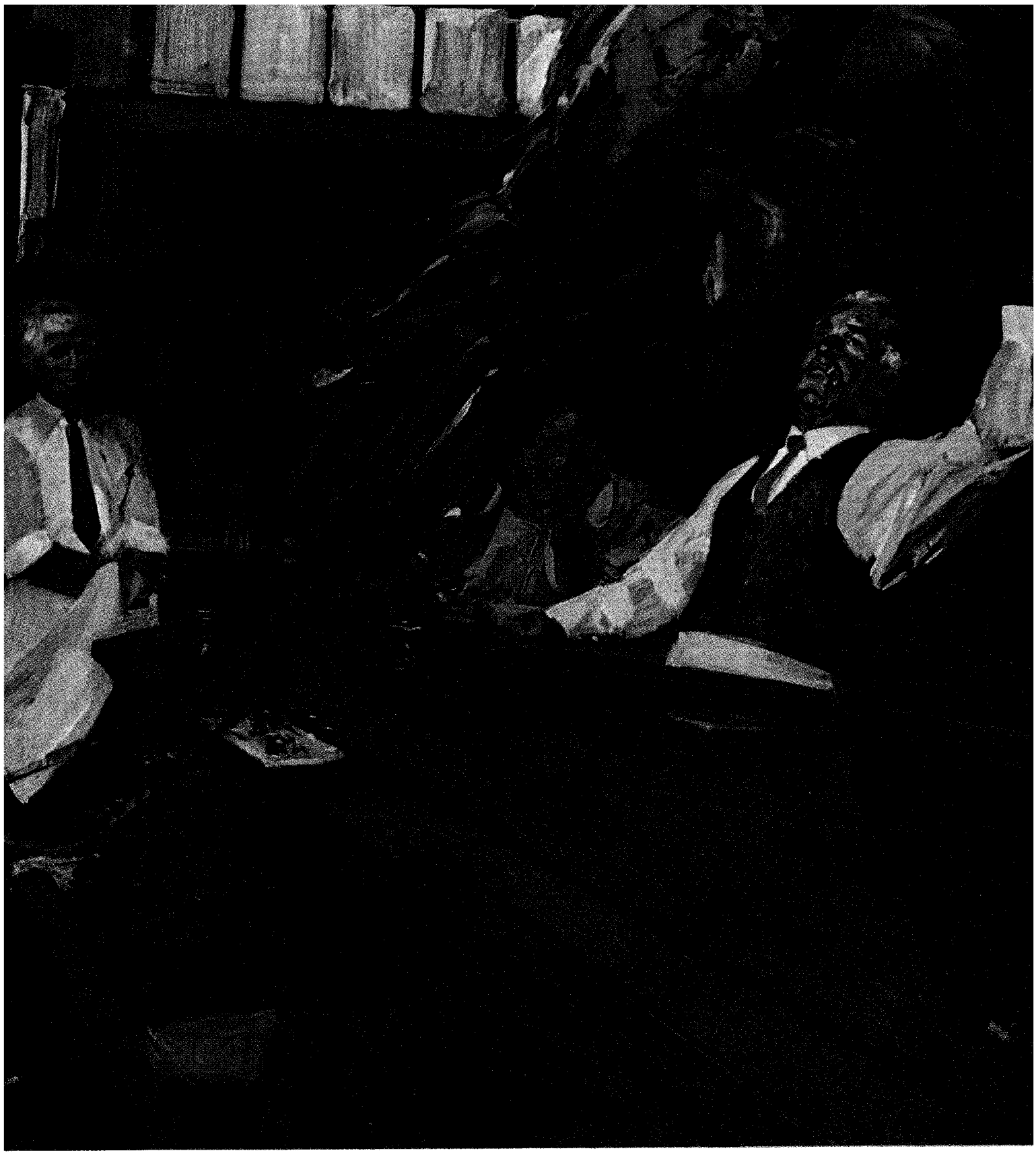

It was a gesture at once violent and graceful, and it gave you exactly the illusion of a pheasant rising.

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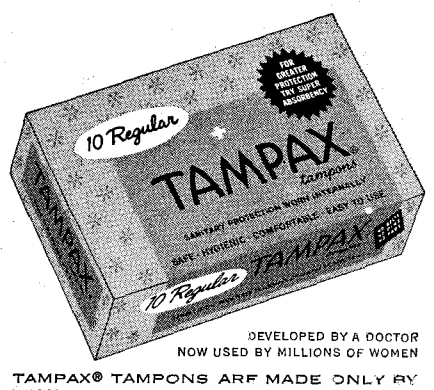

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"Move along, Bud, this neighborhood isn't zoned for poetry."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A BIG, BLOODY COCKBIRD

youth, and nimble enough now, as his bar vaulting shows, but he seemed never to have learned to walk on a hard, flat surface. He lifted his feet as though the bog still clung to them.

I finished my meal, and when I paid the check the waiter said that the boss wanted to see me in the kitchen. Matt was waiting impatiently, looking around a partition and beckoning nervously. When I got to him he picked a big bundle off a table and shoved it at me.

"Put this under your coat," he said. "Don't let these bums see it or they'll think I'm in the black market."

I hefted the package. It weighed a good eight pounds. "It feels like meat," I said.

"It is," he said. "Beef."

"This is wonderful," I said. "I haven't seen a piece this big in a long time. How much do I owe you?"

"Not a damned thing," he said. "Now get out of here before one of these bums gets curious."

I slunk away, feeling like a thief, knowing that there were plenty of others in the bar who deserved this windfall more than I, men who were having a harder time making ends meet, or men who had older kids who would really get some good out of the beef. Later, I told the story to a lot of people and everyone always laughed, but I never really thought of it as comic. Instead it had something of nobility in it for me, the quick, warm response of a man to a memory of his childhood.

Some years later another thing happened that was the same thing, only more important to me. My family was living on a farm in Pennsylvania and I was staying in New York except for weekends. On a week night I got a call from my wife saying that my son had shot a neighbor in a hunting accident. The wound was not fatal, but there was some danger of damage to the man's eyes, and the game warden had been around and had talked about prosecution. The thing hit me at a low point, and I behaved badly. I was short on money and could see myself saddled with some heavy bills. Instead of thinking about the way my boy felt, I was enraged because he had caused a lot of trouble that would never have happened if he had not violated every principle of hunting that I had drilled into him: He had been hunting at twilight, and he had shot at a sitting target. He had mistaken a man wading in a stream for a swimming goose.

I felt very much imposed upon when I went into Matt's to have a drink while I tried to think what to do. It was late at night and, besides, I was so angry that I thought it might do more harm than good if I went home. Matt left the people he was sitting with and came over to me and leaned on the bar, not saying anything.

"I'm in a hell of a fix," I said. "My kid just shot a man in a hunting accident."

"You'd better go to him," Matt said.

"I'm so damned mad I don't want to look at him," I said.

Matt poured me another drink and leaned across the bar. "Listen," he said, "that kid needs you. Have the police got him?"

"No, he's home. The hearing's tomorrow."

"Home or not," Matt said, "he feels awful now. He wants you there. Do you need money?"

I got out my checkbook. Matt turned away and banged open the cash register. He laid two fifties on the bar.

"I can't cover that," I said.

"I don't want your damned check!" Matt shouted.

"I'd like to beat his tail off," I said. "He was breaking every rule in the book."

"You won't whip him," Matt said. "And don't bawl him out, either. That kid wants sympathy at a time like this."

"Well, thanks," I said. "I'll get along."

"Do that," Matt said.

I picked up the money and walked away. Just as I got to the door, Matt called out, "Is the man dead?"

Everybody stopped drinking and looked at us.

"No," I said. "But there's a chance he can lose an eye."

"Ah, well," Matt said, and turned to another customer.

When most people thought of Matt they thought of Third Avenue at the same time or, if their minds went back at all beyond their direct knowledge of him, they thought of Dublin, where he was known to have driven a horsecab in his youth. He was never seen anywhere except hurrying along Third Avenue on the way to or from his store, or being sociable with the curiosities that patronized his place.

I saw another side of Matt, though, when I introduced him one time to a man who was dedicated to fly-fishing. "That's all this guy cares about," I said.

"Is that so?" Matt said. "My oldest brother, Jim, was a great one for that. He died a couple of years ago, God between him and all harm. He was one of those fellows that makes his own tackle and all that. I remember one time he made me a whole outfit—rod and leader and all. I was just a kid, and he was bound he would teach me to fish. He put me down in a stream, and he stood up on a little bridge and watched me."

"How did you do?"

"Oh, God, I hooked into a big one right away. I thought it weighed four pounds at least, and of course it got away in a minute.

"'The tackle!' I said. 'I would have got him all right but the bloody leader you made for me was no good.' He reached up and plucked a hair from his head and held it out at me. 'I would have killed him with this,' he says."

Matt laughed in a low, coughing sort of way. He looked first at my friend and then at me, and repeated the remark: "'I would have killed him with this.'"

My friend, the trout fisherman, did not laugh at all. He just shook his head slowly and made clucking noises. It was a fine moment. My friend had understood at once what a great man Matt's brother Jim must have been. The bar just then did not exist for us. All of us were standing thigh-deep in a cold stream looking up at Matt's brother on an old stone bridge with the green mountain behind him.

It was not long after, that Matt began

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to get in trouble. He had never been really happy making his living as the comical, genial host. I think he wished he could have been an artist of some sort, but he had no education except what he had got from listening to people who were supposed to be bright, and he had let too many years go by in conversation. He had great affection for many of these companions and reverence for some of them. He had even started quite a few men on the way to comfort and fame, picking up the tab for them when they were behind in the rent or not eating, and he never had begrudged them any of it. But I think that sometimes he was a little envious. When one of these people wrote a book or turned up in a magazine with some good drawings or photographs, he would fondle this evidence of their talent and look at it again and again.

"Now, why couldn't I do something like this?" he would say. "I'm an ignorant bastard, eh?"

These moods of self-contempt seldom lasted very long, and no one worried about them. Matt would simply avoid his customers and neglect the store, leaving the responsibility to his younger brother Pat, and spend most of his time drinking in other establishments up and down Third Avenue, or tramping around at the racetrack, or fidgeting in a seat at the Polo Grounds. In a week or two he would be back at his post behind the bar.

But after telling me the fishing story, the decline he went into was deeper and lasted longer. Days went by when you never saw him at all, and when he did turn up it was only to take a quick check on the cash register and talk briefly and secretly to his brother, or to mutter something to the chef. Then he would tramp out, breathing hard and not seeing anybody, and go back to those places where he had been keeping himself. After a couple of weeks of this I asked Pat what he thought of it.

"Who can blame him?" Pat said. "We're losing the place."

"No," I said.

Pat was a more emphatic man than Matt, more given to bar-slapping, rich language, and arbitrary statements. He slapped the bar now.

"I declare to Jesus," he said. "We're losing the place. What about that joint next door?"

"That won't bother your business," I said. "It's just a trap with a two-bit floor show."

"Is that what you call it?" Pat said. "And the other place going up on the other side. What about that?"

"Matt said it was going to be a drugstore."

"Matt said! Matt's as blind as an old bat. I saw the fixtures going in just the other day. It's going to be a cocktail lounge. One of those dark places with cushions along the walls."

"That won't hurt you," I said.

"The devil it won't," Pat said. "These bums that need fancy joints for their lady friends will all be going there now. We'll lose all of that business."

I knew damned well Quinlan's would never fail, but I didn't argue with him.

Another month went by before I saw Matt again, and when I did, it was not in his own saloon. He was coming out of a little place a couple of blocks down the street, run by another man from Ireland.

"I was just looking in on Joe Foley," he said. "He's closing up next week."

I glanced in at Foley's. It was a shabby little bar that would have had a hard time surviving anywhere.

"This street is going," Matt said.

He stood in the middle of the sidewalk, staring around like a man in a strange town who had lost the address he was going to. He looked up at the old Elevated tracks and swung his whole body around awkwardly and looked in the other direction, down the side street, to where you could see the new building of the United Nations, rising like a blank wall.

"The El will be coming down soon," Matt said, "and then what will Third Avenue be?"

"It will be a lot easier to drive on," I said.

"They'll make it into a bloody boulevard, like Park Avenue," Matt said. "The only people that will be allowed along here at all will be those bums from the U.N."

He spit on the sidewalk. "Come along to the store and have a drink with me."

The summer went by, and, as I was out of town a good deal, I did not see much of Quinlan's. Occasionally I ran into people who had been in the place, and they reported that Matt was still in his mood.

"Worse than ever," one of them said. "He goes around in a daze. He's never at his own bar. All he does is run up and down Third Avenue worrying about other Irishmen with saloons. He thinks everything is going to hell."

When I saw Matt again he had some real troubles of his own. He was lying in a gutter a couple of blocks from his bar with a broken leg.

I had just got back in town from a week at the shore and was in a hurry to smell the indoor air at Quinlan's. When I saw this crowd on the sidewalk I tried to edge around it and was almost past when I heard Matt's voice. He was telling a cop all about it. I pushed through and saw him lying with his big legs stretched out in front of him, one of them bent oddly, and his head propped against the tire of a cab.

"Matt!" I said.

He looked up at me and grinned. "Hello, your honor," he said. "Did you ever see such a stupid old fool?"

"What happened?" I said.

"I got hit by a taxicab," he said. "I got hit by a taxi on Third Avenue like a dumb farmer come to the fair."

"Does Pat know?"

"I don't think so," he said. "I was just on my way to the store after stopping in with Devery up the street. He's losing his place, you know."

"To hell with Devery," I said. "Let's get something done about you."

The cop who had been bending over him straightened up. "Keep your shirt on, Mac," he said. "The meat wagon's been called."

I started to answer the cop, but an uptown El train came along and its stupendous rumbling descended and enveloped us. It gave me a lot of time to look at Matt, lying pale and tired-looking in the dirty street, his clothes rumpled and coated with dust, his mouth fixed in a kind of grin, but the rest of his face seeming older than the face of the man who had vaulted the bar so lightly only a few years before. When it got a little quiet, I heard a woman behind me say, "He must have been drunk."

"That would be nothing new for this street," someone else said. "They ought to tear it down and turn it into a park."

"Well, I wasn't," Matt said.

"Wasn't what?" I said.

"Drunk. I've been off it for a month, thanks be to God."

He reached out to knock wood but there wasn't any. He let his hand fall heavily on the dirty paving stones. A bell clanged somewhere, and I looked up and saw the ambulance.

"I'll go tell Pat," I said. "Where are they taking you?"

"Bellevue," the cop said. "Where did you think? New York Lying-In?"

The fracture itself wasn't bad, but there were complications. It seemed that Matt was in poor shape from long abstinence, and on top of the broken leg he went into pneumonia. I visited

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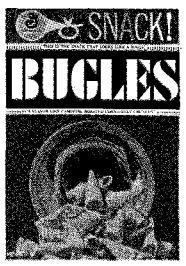

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him a few times during the two months he was in Bellevue, but it was impossible to cheer him up, so I quit going. I quit going to the saloon, too, because his brother Pat was as gloomy as he was. He was convinced that the joint with the floor show and the new cocktail lounge next door were killing his business. It did no good to point out that the cash register seemed to be ringing as regularly as before.

It was late in the fall before I felt the need of a visit, and I probably wouldn't have gone then except that I had been hunting and had got some grouse. I decided to give them to Matt as a small return on the many favors he had done me, so when I came into town I went straight to the place. Carrying a shotgun in a case and wearing boots and a hunting coat, I knew I was in for some ribbing at the bar, but I thought it was worth it if I could get a smile out of Matt or his brother.

There was a group of hardened indoor sportsmen in one of the booths; several youths at the front of the bar who had been having a fling at the ballet, judging from the talk I caught as I went by; and, at the back, a society writer who was accompanied by a poodle and a man with a thin beard. Matt was sitting alone at a corner table, hunched over a cup of tea.

I went to the far end of the bar and turned my back on the others and tried not to show that the comments on my appearance were embarrassing, but I couldn't ignore the society writer, whom I knew slightly, and who came over at once and tapped me on the shoulder. "Do you actually hunt?" she said.

I said I hunted sometimes and asked Pat to fix me a Martini.

"Nobody could actually like to hunt," the girl said. "It must be something else. You must be trying to prove your virility."

I had known that one was coming, so it didn't bother me too much, but Pat was not passing it by. He pounded the cocktail shaker on the bar. "Virility!" he shouted at the woman. "Virility! What the hell do you know about virility?"

When he said it he looked at the man beside her.

"Give me the check," the girl said.

"You haven't got a bloody check!" Pat shouted. "It's on the house! Now give us some rest."

The girl, her poodle, and the man with the beard moved off down the bar and, after a little hesitation, left.

"I declare to Jesus," Pat said, "I'm sick of some of these women with no guts to them, and the damned men that would blow away in a mild breeze or drown in a fine mist. All they can do is talk. And some of the things they talk about! I'm sick of listening to them. Did you see any birds, John?"

"Eight," I said.

"Did you hit any?"

"I'll tell you about it when I have that drink," I said.

While he was finishing the drink I reached inside my hunting jacket and got hold of a grouse. When Pat set the drink down I set the bird beside it.

"Thank God you got one, anyway," Pat said.

He poured the drink without looking away from the bird, and I thought his mouth was watering. I heard a scraping of furniture behind me where Matt had been sitting alone with his tea, haggard and morose, and then I heard his heavy step behind me. "You did, didn't you?" Matt said.

I looked at him, and he was staring at the bird and breathing hard, and a little color was coming into his face through the pallor.

"Give me a drink, Pat," he said. "I'm sick of that tea."

Pat poured him a drink, and I put another bird on the bar.

"Holy God," Pat said, "where were you shooting? On his lordship's land?"

I got the last two birds out and laid them down. The four grouse in a row looked big alongside the glasses.

"Get Fritz to cook them for you," I said. "It will just make a meal for the two of you."

"Ah, no," Matt said, "you deserve them yourself."

I told them I'd had all I wanted in the week I was hunting.

"Well, then, we'll do it," Pat said. He scooped the birds up and hurried back to the kitchen with them. Matt stood beside me, not saying anything, looking blankly into the mirror behind the bar. When he came back in, Pat said, "You were shooting well. They're not easy to hit."

"No," I said. "I missed plenty of them over the week."

Matt turned to me. "Did you?" he said. Then he stepped back and pointed his finger at Pat. "*He* wouldn't have missed a bloody one!" he said.

I glanced at Pat and saw him smile and do something I'd never seen him do before. He blushed. He turned deep red and walked away and began to make another round for us. Matt stood where he was, wheeling slowly and following Pat with the pointed finger.

"There!" he said. "There is the finest goddamned shot I have ever seen in all my life!"

He made so much noise that the old hands in the booth leaned out to see what was happening in Quinlan's now.

"Yes, sir!" Matt shouted. "I have never seen the beat of him."

Pat came back with the drinks, still smiling, his eyes very blue in his pink face. "Not as good as old Jerry Dwyer," he said.

Matt leaned hard on the bar and spoke slowly, with great emphasis. "Jerry Dwyer was an old man," he said. "He had the advantage of experience. And anyway, I never saw him make a shot like the one you pulled off that day we went out for rabbits. Do you remember *that* day?"

Pat blushed again and nodded. He was grinning.

"Tell him about it," Matt said.

"Well ——" Pat said, and Matt cut him off, pounding the bar with his fist, and taking the story over for himself.

"This fellow," he said, pointing at Pat again, "was out with a gun *all* the time—*all* the time. You couldn't walk down a road or a lane in Ireland but what there would be Pat, marching along with a big, bloody gun under his arm, and a game bag hanging from him, and a couple of dogs with him ——"

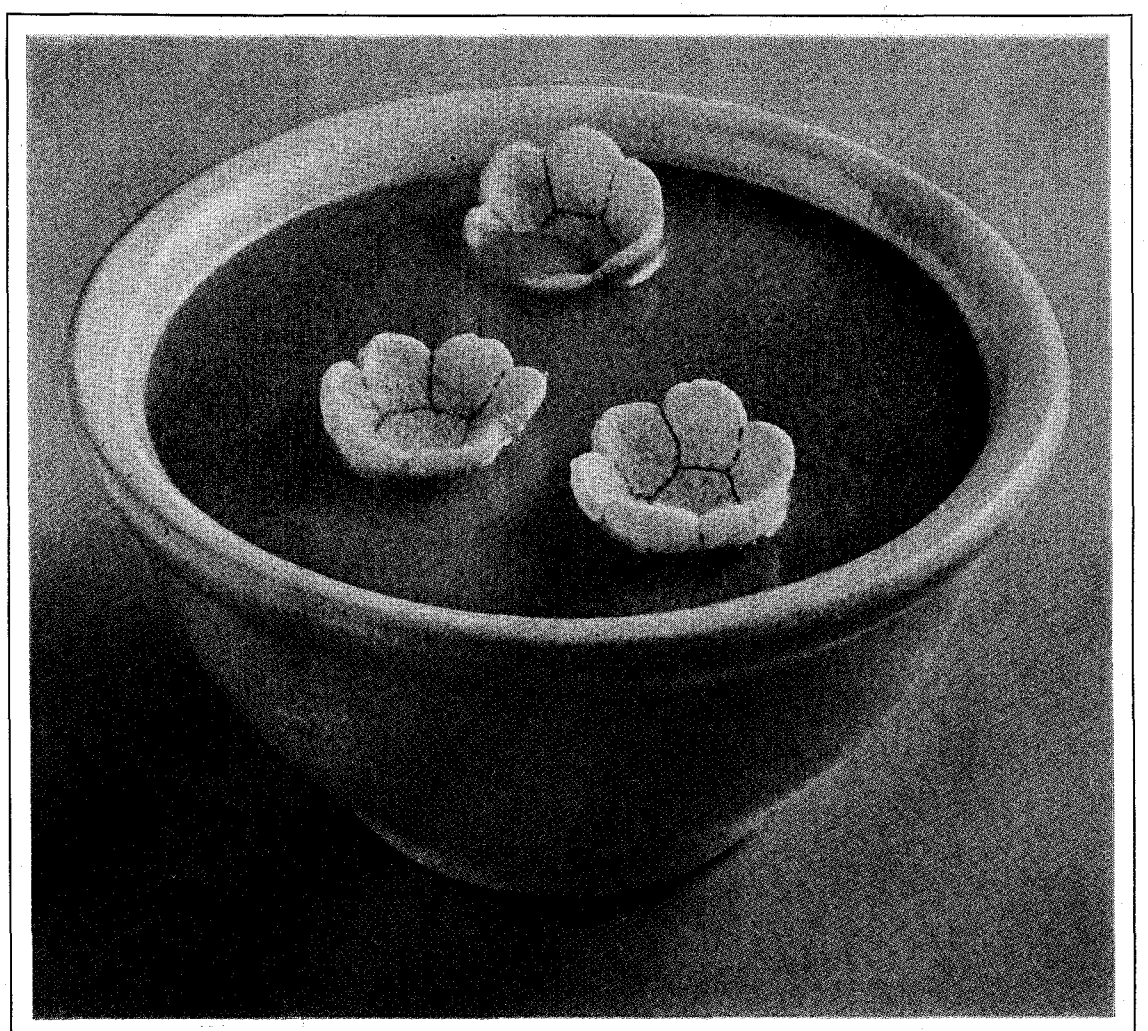
"We always used *two* dogs," Pat said. "*Two* dogs, John. We would have a pointing dog and a spaniel to retrieve."

"You were using a hound that day," Matt said. "Anyway, here was Pat trudging down the road—nothing more than a boy then—a bag for rabbits hanging from one shoulder, and a gun under his arm."

Matt stepped back and bent over, trying to look like the young Pat weighed down by his load of sporting equipment.

"There was a hound at his heels," Matt said, "and me dragging along somewhere behind. Well, here was Pat going along on this winter morning—we had a light snow, I remember—and I was blowing on my hands to warm them, and Pat was all huddled up and shivering and bent down under all his apparatus. I was beginning to wonder whether it was worth it when *whrroom!* Up jumps a big, bloody cockbird!"

As he said it, he lunged away from the bar and smacked his hands together and then shot one arm high at full length, lifting his head at the same time and looking toward the dreary



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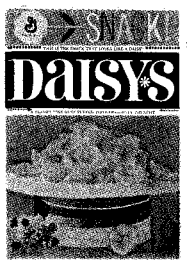

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ceiling of the saloon. It was a gesture at once violent and graceful, and it gave you exactly the illusion of a pheasant rising suddenly and unexpectedly from close by. The three of us stood perfectly still and looked in the direction of the bird's flight. Then Pat took advantage of his brother's pause to say, "It came out of the hedge across the ditch from us."

Matt clapped his hands again and shouted over Pat's voice, "Well, up goes this bloody bird, and down goes the bag, and into the bloody ditch goes Pat and up on the other bank, and up with the gun and *bang!*"

He paused for breath, and Pat stood quietly watching him, smiling and looking both proud and embarrassed.

"I tell you, John," Matt said finally, "that bird had not gone ten yards before the man had done all those things. I hadn't had time to stop blowing on my fingers." I started to say something, but he stopped me with a heavy shove. "Wait!" he said. "Wait till I tell you the rest of it. The bird was still in the air—it was dead but it hadn't dropped yet—when be damned if another one didn't get up out of the very same spot and go sailing off in the opposite direction, and Pat whirls ——"

And here Matt spun clear around, almost knocking over a bar-stool.

"—and gets that one, too," Matt said. "A quick shot made the same way. I think he killed it by ear."

He grinned and slammed his palms on the bar. "Hah!" he said.

Pat grinned, too. "I did," he said. "He's not lying, John."

Pat tilted his head back and half shut his eyes and smiled, withdrawing from us a little. Then he crouched suddenly, whirled one way and fired silently, and twisted the other way and fired again.

I could not think of anything to say except, "I could never shoot like that. I would have missed both of them."

"So would I," Matt said fiercely. "So would any man." He fumbled in his pockets for a cigarette. "I mean any man but him," he said, nodding his head at Pat.

He stood there, smoking noisily for a while, then left abruptly without saying good night.

After that, he did not come into the place at all, and at the end of fall I heard that he had gone to Ireland. This was not unusual; he had made half a dozen trips home in the years since he had first started prospering in America. We simply waited patiently for his return and relished in advance the stories he would have to tell about the people he met on the boat, and the barmaids, and the reunion with old colleagues at the Dublin hack stands. But the wait began to stretch out longer than usual. I went into his place early in January and got the news.

It was late, but business was pretty good and there were two bartenders working, as well as Pat. He was standing near the end of the bar, busy in conversation with a new customer. Pat grinned and waved his hand. When I got close he said, "I've been looking for you. I've got something to show you."

"What is it?"

"A picture of himself," he said, reaching into a hip pocket. He took a snapshot from an envelope. "Will you look at the old devil," he said.

It was a picture of Matt taken in front of a plain white stucco building with a black slate roof, a narrow door, and hardly any windows. A small sign hung out over the doorway, but you could not read the legend because it projected at right angles to the wall. Matt stood beneath the sign wearing thick tweeds, good brogues, and a slightly sporty-looking hat. His eyes were just squinty slits, but they seemed a lot brighter than at any time since long before he had broken his leg, and he had got all of his weight back and then some.

Standing close to Matt was an old, old man, poorly dressed but carrying a good-looking shotgun and resting a hand on a first-class setter.

"Do you remember the story Matt was telling you about that cockbird, and he mentioned Jerry Dwyer?" Pat said. "Well, that's the old boy himself. God preserve us, he must be all of ninety years old."

I shook my head slowly to express admiration.

"He's lived in the middle of a bog his whole life and never once went to bed dry, as far as anyone knows, and look at him!"

"What's Matt doing there?" I said. "I never knew him to go back to the old village. He always confined himself to Dublin and London before."

The new customer beside me spoke up. "Didn't you hear?" he said.

"He's settled down there," Pat said.

I didn't say anything. Looking at the picture of the old man, and the dog, and seeing how well Matt looked, I felt no surprise. I was thinking instead of Matt's excitement the night he told the story of Pat's great shooting. Then I noticed that far in the background there was a dim mountain, and that made me think, for some reason, of the older brother, Jim, who could kill a trout with a hair from his head.

"Look at him smirking," the new customer said. "In another month he won't be looking like that. He'll be missing New York. He won't last a year away from Third Avenue. He must be crazy."

Pat flinched, and his eyes opened wider and got brighter, and he began angrily mopping around the drinks. He is like that sometimes when he is about to manhandle an objectionable type, and I thought for a moment he might be going over the top of the bar.

"Matt's not crazy," I said.

"He must be nuts," the man said. "Selling out his share to Pat and going back to run a primitive dump like that."

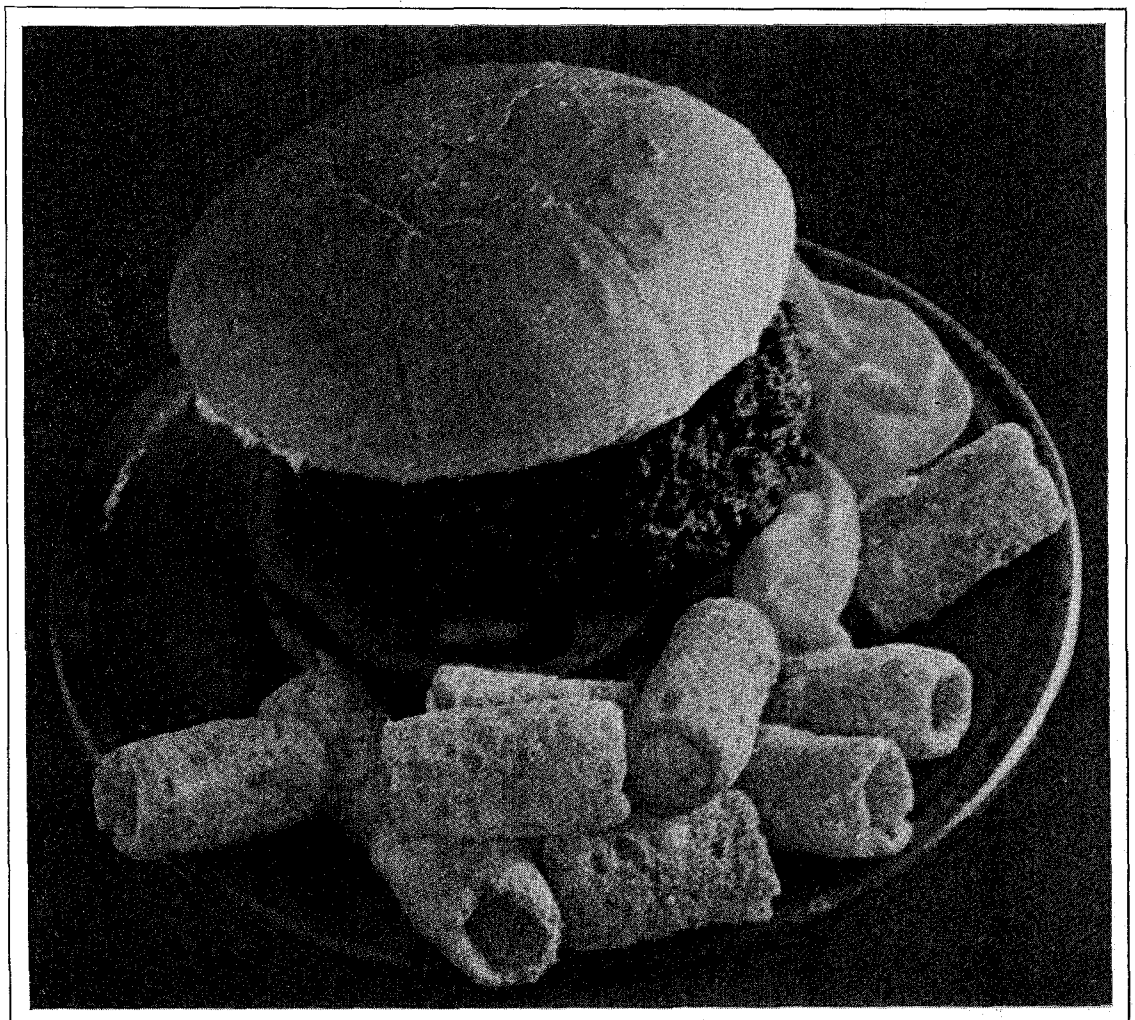
He snapped his fingers at the small white building in the picture, and I saw then that it was a country public house and realized that the sign hanging out over the doorsill would say: QUINLAN'S.

"He's not crazy," I said. "Is he, Pat?"

Pat pressed his lips together and glared at the man and then glared at me.

"Not a damned bit of it," he said, and walked away, putting his feet down hard on the duckboards, keeping his back stiff, and not stopping until he got to the far end of the bar. He sat down on a stool he kept there and pulled a newspaper from beneath the bar and began looking at it hard, with his back turned to us. After a while he folded the paper slowly, firmly, and thoroughly, and shoved it back into its niche. He made himself a drink and downed it without pause and then ducked under the bar and walked stiffly to the front windows. He stood there, his feet braced wide and his arms folded so tightly across his chest that his clean white shirt seemed about to split across the back.

I saw he was not going to join us again, so I said good night to the man who thought Matt was crazy. When I walked out past Pat, he did not notice me. He was staring out through the dark glass, his head tipped back a little, looking above the neon signs, blurry in the winter rain, looking up through the girders, rails, and ties of the El, which lay heavily above Third Avenue like the bars in the ceiling of a cage for apes. □



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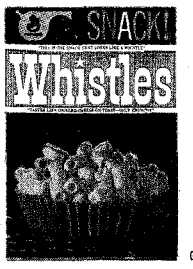

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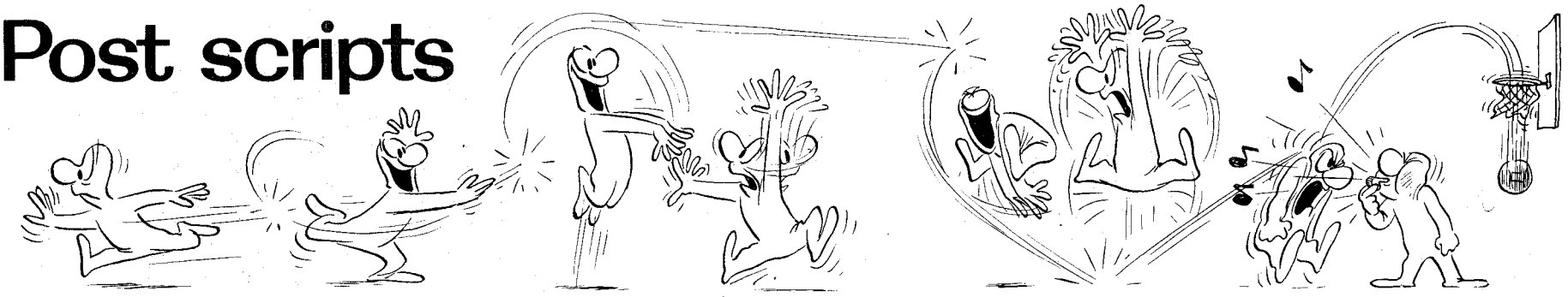
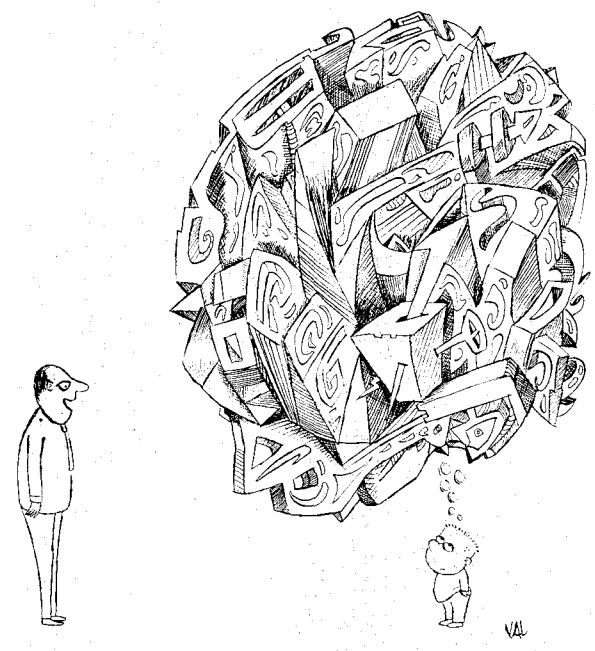
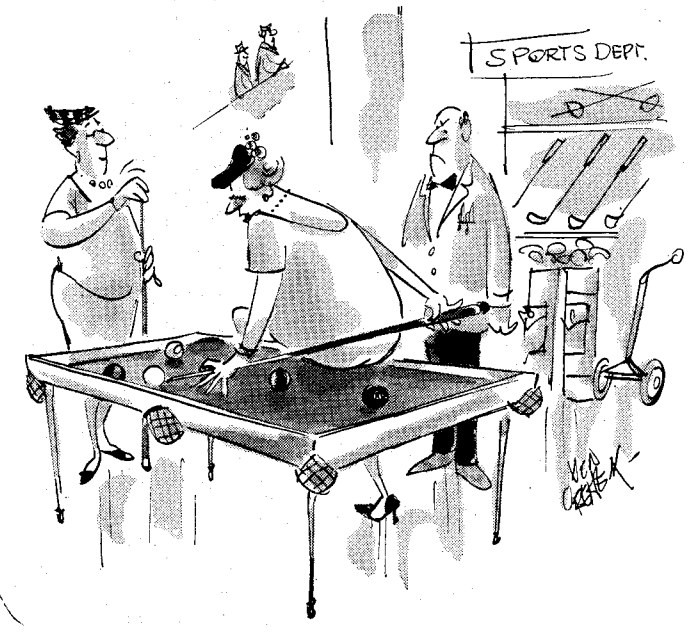




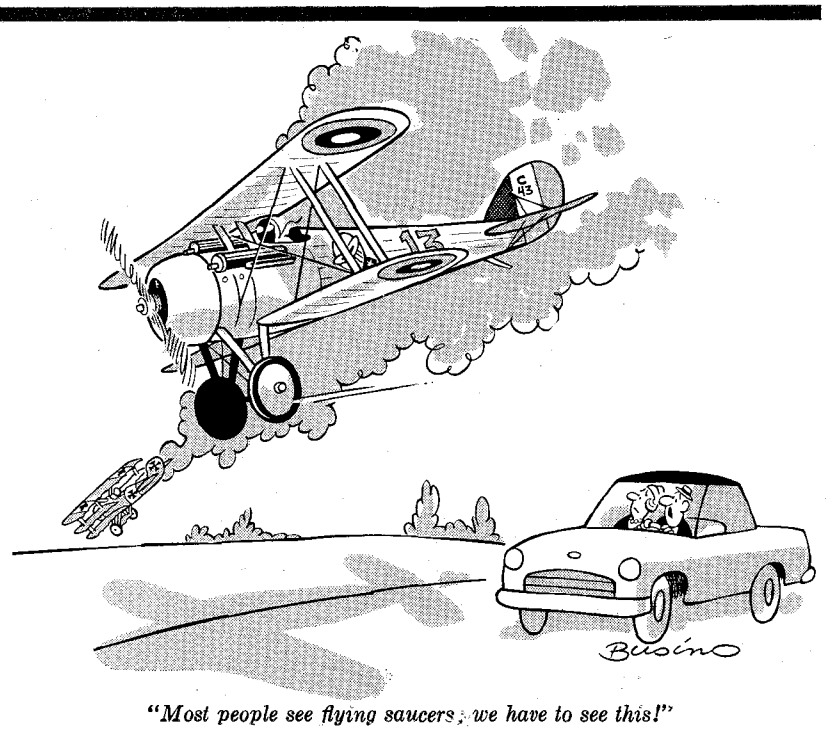
"A penny for your thoughts."

"What do I do, Helen? The baby is crazy about her."

"Dalton Toys—
bang, you're dead!"



"Nothing, thanks, just browsing."



"Most people see flying saucers; we have to see this!"

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At last...a leading American physician shows you

How to Stay Young till 90

Designed to give you the look of a youngster past 60 . . . the strength and power of a trained athlete beyond your seventies . . . in vibrant good health till 90 and more — here is one of the simplest and gentlest, and yet truly revolutionary, anti-aging medical programs ever invented by the mind of man.

To repeat once again, the goals of this program are simple. They are, in essence:
1. To give you the look of a youngster, in both face and body, far past sixty . . .
2. To keep you in top condition—to give you the drive and power of a trained athlete beyond your seventies . . . and
3. To give you every possible chance of *continuing* in this vibrant good health till ninety, and more.

The methods this program uses to achieve these goals are equally simple—and, again, surprisingly gentle. They are:
1. A series of one-or-two minute-a-day exercises for your *face*—designed to combat premature wrinkles and restore the smooth, sharp outlines of youth.
2. A direct attack on the *stored-up emotional poisons* in your body that eat away strength and youth like internal acid. This attack on these poisons consists of a series of exhilarating new exercises which take as little as three minutes a day—*half of which time you spend resting.*
3. A new way to lose weight—not a diet—designed to change your present suicidal eating habits in 24 to 48 hours. And to break at last the vicious *fat-multiplying cycle* inside your body, that causes you to put on more weight, from less food, than your thin friends. And
4. A series of surprising, and sometimes actually startling, solutions to your most serious everyday health problems — including fatigue, hypertension, indigestion, high blood pressure, and much, much more.

This, then, is the look-younger, feel-better, live-longer program that you can prove to yourself—beyond doubt—without risking a penny. Now let us look at its medical background, and the specific day-by-day benefits it is designed to give you:

Written by One of America's Foremost Physicians, It Opens Up Whole New Worlds of Prolonged Youth, Health and Vitality — Past 90 — that You May Have Never Dreamed Existed Before.

The fascinating new volume which gives you these benefits is titled: *How to Stay Young All Your Life.* It is the result of fifteen years of meticulous research, and three additional years of intensive writing and re-writing. It is so completely up-to-date that some of the principles revealed in it were not discovered until a few short months ago.

VITAL NOTE!

To gain its wonder-working benefits in every area of your life—immediately, starting within five short minutes after you pick it up—*there is absolutely no need to STUDY this revolutionary new book, or read it from cover to cover, or even to expend any more "literary" effort on your part other than to browse through it at your leisure for five or ten thrilling minutes every day!*

This is NOT a textbook! NOT a study manual! There are no lectures—not a single "blue-sky" theory to ponder over or memorize in this entire book!

Instead, for the first time, *here is a revolutionary new method of ADDING UP TO 40 HEALTH-PACKED YEARS TO YOUR LIFE — TAKING UP TO 20 FULL YEARS OFF YOUR APPEARANCE — all through a few incredibly-simple techniques that you can put to work for you the very first time you pick up this book!*

Therefore, we do NOT want you to treat this amazing volume as you would an ordinary book! Instead, all we ask you to do is this:

Place it on your bedstand, entirely at our risk, for ten days! Read through just a few pages every night before you retire! Browse around if you like! Notice especially the wonder-working Three Minute Rest Exercise on page 120 . . . the thrilling Fat Breaking Secret on page 159, and much more.

See for yourself that every page is crammed full of practical, down-to-earth, easy-to-understand knowledge that you can put to work for you right on the spot! See for yourself that here at last is authoritative medical information that WORKS—and that's yours for just a few short minutes a day—without brain-racking study, without torturous memorization, ALL YOURS IN ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING, COMPLETELY-ABSORBING BOOKS IT HAS EVER BEEN YOUR PLEASURE TO GLANCE THROUGH FOR JUST A FEW SHORTS MINUTES A DAY!

Prove it yourself, entirely at our risk! You gamble nothing but your time! We bear the full cost! Send in the enclosed No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Its author is Clement G. Martin, M.D., F.A.G.S., F.A.C.N. As you may know, Dr. Martin is former medical director of two of the largest insurance companies in the United States, where he specialized in geriatric research—the science of prolonging youth, strength, health, and life—far beyond their present limits.

Over eight years ago, in conjunction with his state medical society, Dr. Martin published a pamphlet based on this research. The response was so overwhelming that he then expanded this information into a book — called *How to Live to be 100* — which immediately soared to the top of the best-seller lists, and sold over 100,000 hard-cover copies in the first two years alone.

But now medical science has gone *beyond* mere longevity alone! Now it is possible — not only to add up to twenty or thirty or forty more healthy years to your life . . . not only to help you ward off the diseases of middle and old age that cripple your friends . . . but, in case after case, to actually *restore* the appearance and energy and bursting vitality and strength of youth itself to your body—*and maintain that youthful drive and appearance far past your seventies and eighties!*

All the Myths About "Old Age" — Shattered at Last.

This new book, therefore, begins immediately with *case histories* that prove this fact beyond doubt. In the first few pages alone, you are introduced to:

The American "town without heart disease". Where the inhabitants eat too much, enjoy food that's "rich" in every sense of the term, are overweight, party around, stay up late — *but simply don't have heart attacks.* (The reason why will astound you.)

The 101-year-old roué, who still eats mountains of spaghetti, washes it down with wine, and loves his sweets.

The amazing French beauty who first invented exercises to preserve the look of youthfulness in the human face. Men worshipped her at eighty. Her figure and her face were as dazzling at 79 as they were at 19. She died, still outwardly in the bloom of youth, past 90.

The American businessman who watched his body become prematurely old and finally collapse of ill health at the age of 50. Who decided to *rejuvenate himself* though he could hardly stand, through a scientific study of longevity. By the time he was 73 he had regained his youth—his face as smooth, his body as slim and hard as a youngster's. *Photographs in this book prove these statements beyond doubt—see them yourself!*

The Russian report on a man who lived to be 161, and fathered his last child at 104.

And much, much more. Probably the most fascinating reading of your entire life. But it's only *the prologue* to the real meat of this revolutionary new book. For now the life-saving, health-giving, youth-restoring principles learned in this world-wide medical research are put to work—instantly—*for you.* To give you results, *literally overnight,* that will have your friends begging you to tell them the secret!

For example:

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First, you start to peel off *years from your appearance:*

On page 35, you learn the one-second prescription that automatically causes you to stand more erect (no, you *don't* have to pull in your stomach, but the results are startling nevertheless).

On page 124, you're given *six-second facial exercises* . . . wrinkle exercises . . . bags-under-the-eye and age-line exercises . . . that Dr. Martin recommends for every man, as well as woman, who wants people to gasp in astonishment when you tell them your real age.

On page 144, you're shown how the *way* you eat may contribute as much or more to your overweight problem as the actual *foods* you eat. And then on page 150, you're given the medically-proven, *fastest-possible way* to lose excess pounds. Again, this is *not* a diet at all. And the greater your excess weight, the *faster* this method works.

But this is just the beginning. Now you go on to tap vast new stores of *strength, endurance and energy,* like this:

On page 35, you're shown the scientific secret (time to learn: 10 seconds; time to perform: 3 seconds), that guarantees you will *sit* properly—and therefore cut your desk fatigue in half.

On page 42, you're shown how to "relax yourself ahead". Develop the grace under pressure that marks the champion athlete, and the champion executive. Outstrip your less well-informed competitors who tear themselves to pieces in the mistaken belief that they can win through pressure, anxiety and tension. Keep going at full speed when they're wilting around you like dead flowers.

On page 58, you're shown how you can cleanse *your internal*

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CLEMENT G. MARTIN, M.D.

organs (your heart, lungs and blood stream) of tension and fatigue in as little as three minutes a day. Try this tomorrow night when you come home bone-weary from work—when you're wound up tight as a drum—and see for yourself how it pumps so much new energy back into your system that you can out-dance your teenage son till two A.M.

Yes, and on page 118, you'll learn how Dr. Martin recommends as little as *only 1½ minutes* of basic exercise every day. *Is this too much to ask from you to obtain new protection from heart attacks, new youthfulness, new vitality every single day of your life!*

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How plain ordinary water can be turned into a wonder-working tonic for your heart and your blood pressure.

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THE FASTEST

His critics call him a 'trigger' and a 'hot dog,' bu

The San Francisco Warriors file slowly into the brand-new Veterans Memorial Coliseum in Phoenix. The Warriors have the cool, phlegmatic appearance of a professional basketball team on the road, of men who have been traveling from airport to hotel to sports arena for the past four days, moving in and out of time zones so fast that finally the only sense of reality comes from the game itself. They feel out the nearly empty arena the way a cat takes possession of a strange room, walking slowly across the floor, putting their feet down cautiously on the hardwood court, staring around them with curiosity.

The Phoenix Coliseum is like many of the new arenas being built throughout the country. It's round and elegant and it's antiseptic and sterile. There's no ugliness, no drama, no smell of sweat, no stale cigar smoke hanging up in the rafters. Gambling doesn't seem possible here and neither does violent competition. It's more suitable for a circus or a convention.

Phoenix has no pro team of its own, but it is big enough to produce a crowd a couple of times a year when the pros come barnstorming through town, looking for an extra buck. Tonight 5,500 fans come to the Coliseum for the game between the Warriors and the St. Louis Hawks, and they have no interest in who wins. They have paid their money to see the pros. In particular, they have paid their money to see Rick Barry of the Warriors, the newest star and glamour boy of the National Basketball Association.

Barry does not disappoint them. He comes on with the aura and the insistence of a star. His long blond hair is carefully shaped. He is clean-cut and handsome and everything is lean and smooth about him. He is 6 feet 7 but he weighs only 205 pounds, and he moves like a whippet. He's agile and fast and terribly intense.

Barry wears a sweatband on each wrist to protect his sensitive hands from moisture. When the game begins, his hands are always moving, always searching for the ball, reaching for a steal, a loose ball, changing the dribble from side to side, going for the basket, hard, the long fingers doing miraculous things in close with spins and over-the-shoulder shots.

He's got that extra step, he goes those extra few inches in the air, and he scores. He scores on driving, twisting lay-ups, on running hooks with either hand, on jump shots from as far out as 30 feet. He scores. Above all, he scores.

In the second quarter, Bill Bridges, a muscular St. Louis forward, gets Barry with a hip as he's driving for the basket. Barry flies for about three feet and lands on his back. He stays there not moving for over a minute, and Warrior Coach Bill Sharman and the trainer and several players are out on the floor. But finally, slowly, he gets up and the crowd gives him its largest response of the night.

In every game he seems to take these long, abandoned falls, and while they're legitimate enough, he draws them out, and you don't know while he's down if he's ever going to walk again. Earlier in the season, against the Chicago Bulls in San José, Bob Boozer had the ball and gave him a fake and Barry went up about four feet and, while he was up there, tried to kick the ball out of Boozer's hands. He flipped over and took this incredible fall. Sharman remembers thinking: "That's it. That's the play-offs. He's out three months."

The trainers got him to the dressing room, a doctor pulled on a leg and massaged a spasm in his back. One minute later he ran back, right past the bench and into the game, hitting on his first shot. The crowd, of course, went wild.

And now, after his fall in Phoenix, Barry is hitting on long jumps and scoring on fast breaks that show great body control. He's one of the great one-on-one players, which is the basic situation of the game. He's got a reverse pivot that could be called elegant if it wasn't so fast, so brutally fast. In close to the basket, his moves are fast, fluid fakes that always free him for his shot. He's hungry, emotional, competitive and, as they say around the league, he comes to play.

In one three-minute stretch he steals the ball and outraces Lenny Wilkens, one of the fastest men in the league, for a lay-up. Then he hits on two jump shots from 20 feet out; on one, coming fast across the keyhole, stopping suddenly, faking his man up into the air, faking again when he comes down, and then putting up a soft hook that doesn't touch the rim. Another jump shot from the corner and a driving, lunging lay-up—bang! bang! like the fastest gun in the West—and the game is out of reach. The Warriors coast in and win, 124–106. Barry has hit on 19 of 46 shots from the field and 12 out of 14 from the free-throw line. The total for the evening comes to 50 points.

This season, only his second in the N.B.A., Barry is leading the league with a scoring average of about 36 points a game. He has maintained this average with remarkable consistency despite the criticisms that he is too slender (his man often outweighs him by 25 pounds, and pro basketball is a punishing sport), or too temperamental or too much of a showboat to last.

Barry not only is enduring, he is prospering. At 22, he has his own radio show about sports and is currently preparing for a half-hour local television show on his basketball exploits. He has an agent to handle the endorsements and the benefits that come from being a star, and it's entirely conceivable to anyone who knows him that one day he will be approached by Hollywood.

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GUN IN THE WEST

By RUDOLPH WURLITZER

'an Francisco's Rick Barry is pro basketball's newest glamour boy and scoring sensation.

He dresses up to his image. On the road he wears well-cut Ivy League sport jackets and slacks, with a red silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. At home and around San Francisco he is apt to appear in a yellow turtleneck jersey and a flaming red sweater.

But there's that leanness to him, that almost fanatical intensity that distinguishes him from looking merely like an unusually tall Hollywood extra with a $6.50 Chicago boxcar haircut. Barry excels, and he puts his stamp on everything he does.

"I have to win," he says. "I have to go out and be the best. The defensive man has to *show* me he can stop me. I have to be the best no matter what I do. I couldn't do anything unless it was the best."

Barry does everything fast. He literally rushes through his day. After a game in Los Angeles, he drives in and out of freeway traffic in a rented car, scaring everyone except himself and just making the plane. In San Francisco he takes the steep hills with ease in his red Porsche, parking in the garage at the Hotel Bellevue where the Warriors have their office, picking up his fan mail, setting up an appointment with a magazine writer, walking quickly across the street to the local radio station, running down the long hall to the studio, glancing at the engineer—he has two minutes to go—and shuffling through his notes: Good evening, this is Rick Barry, bringing you the latest in sports—his voice is hurried but always confident.

He handles interviews and outstretched hands on the run, acknowledging greetings, just making practice, then driving off for an appointment with his agent or to take his pretty wife, Pam, shopping.

"Speed," he says. "Speed is what I like about basketball. It's a game of quickness, not size and weight. It's the fastest game. It has the most action. In football you're only actually playing ten or twelve minutes. Baseball is too boring. You stand around and wait all the time. It's back there in the nineteenth century somewhere. I don't like waiting. It's old fashioned to wait around. I'd stand out there in center field and get bored."

In the dressing room before a game Coach Sharman is showing an eight-millimeter film of the opposing team. He talks about Joe Caldwell, a forward who has been hot recently. Barry interrupts, his words flowing together in his excitement. "He's got small hands. You see *that?* Look at that move. He can't dribble down the court. He lets it get away. Too high on the bounce. Except when he's crouching down, moving in for the shot, backing in like that, he loses control."

On the road Barry often calls his wife and talks nonstop about his playing. He needs to express his worries. His shots weren't dropping. He was getting the moves, getting by his man, but he wasn't hitting. Or he was putting too much spin on the ball. Or he has to practice more. He often berates himself after a losing game, feeling that he let the team down, that somehow the loss was his fault.

Pam, the daughter of Bruce Hale, Barry's coach at the University of Miami, just listens. Not only has she had a lifetime of practice listening to athletes but she's one herself, having been a professional swimmer at the New York World's Fair.

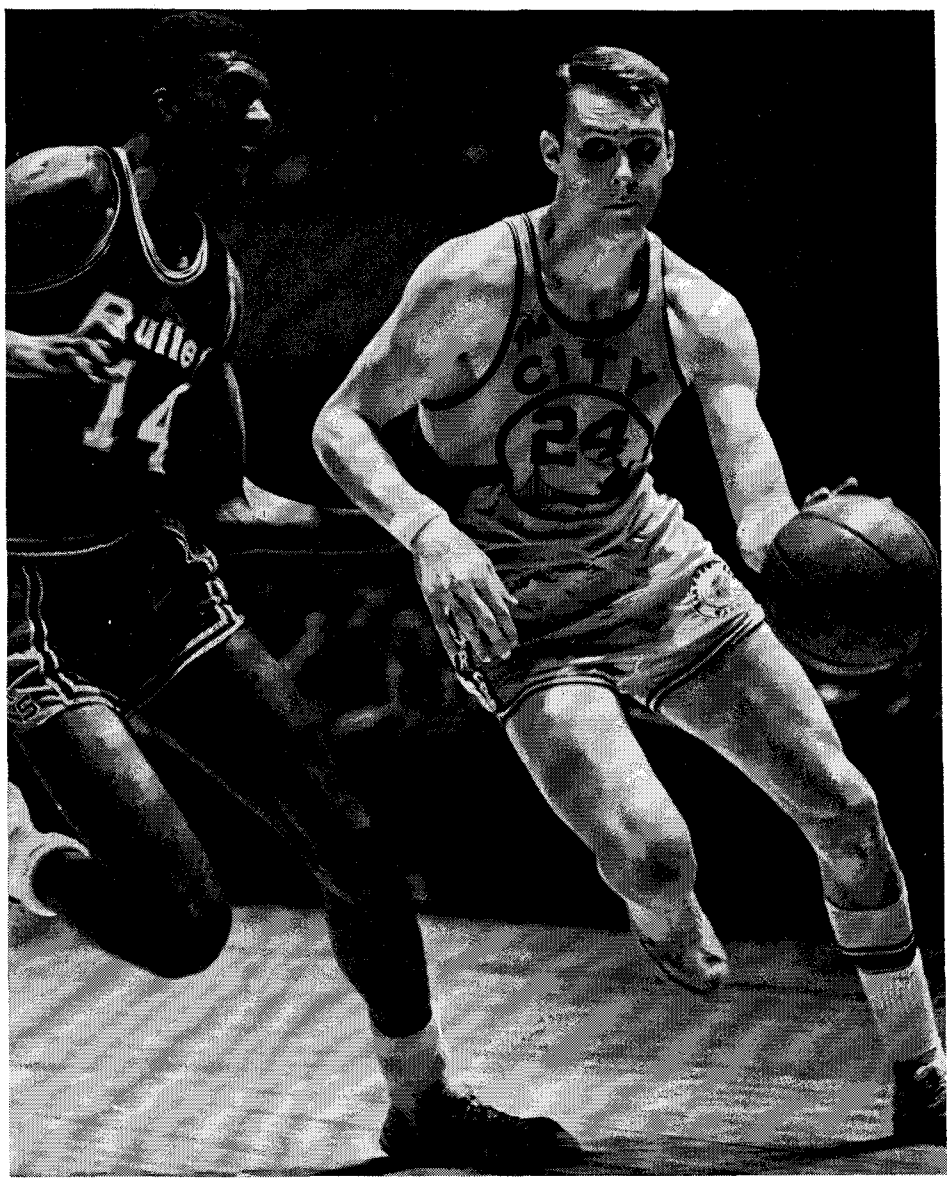
Everything about Barry is focused on sports, on the game that night, on swimming and playing golf in the off-season. When he mentions his five-month-old son, he says that he won't press him in sports but once an interest is shown, then he'll go all out, just the way his father did for him. It's always going all out, always excelling, always being the best. If his son doesn't make it, well, that's not really possible.

In his modern living room, with its new Scandinavian-styled furniture, with the white rug in front of the fireplace, his trophies covering one wall, *Playboy* and *Sport* in the magazine rack, Barry talks fluently about himself. It's a strange kind of talk, not a dialogue, really, but more an address to himself for the benefit of the Interviewer. A kind of public-relations spiel, as if he'd removed himself from the room in favor of Information about Rick Barry, Superstar. The biographical material comes out easily:

He was all-New Jersey in basketball in 1961 as well as being a gifted baseball player. His father was a semipro player who helped him develop his game. His older brother was also an influence. The best thing about the University of Miami was his coach, now his father-in-law. He loves his wife and his son. Willie Mays is his Man. He's always worn Willie's number, 24, even in high school. It seems incredible that now here he is, a star in the same town with Willie Mays. It was only a few years ago that he jumped down from the bleachers at the old Polo Grounds right in the middle of a game, with the cops chasing him, and raced out to get Willie's autograph.

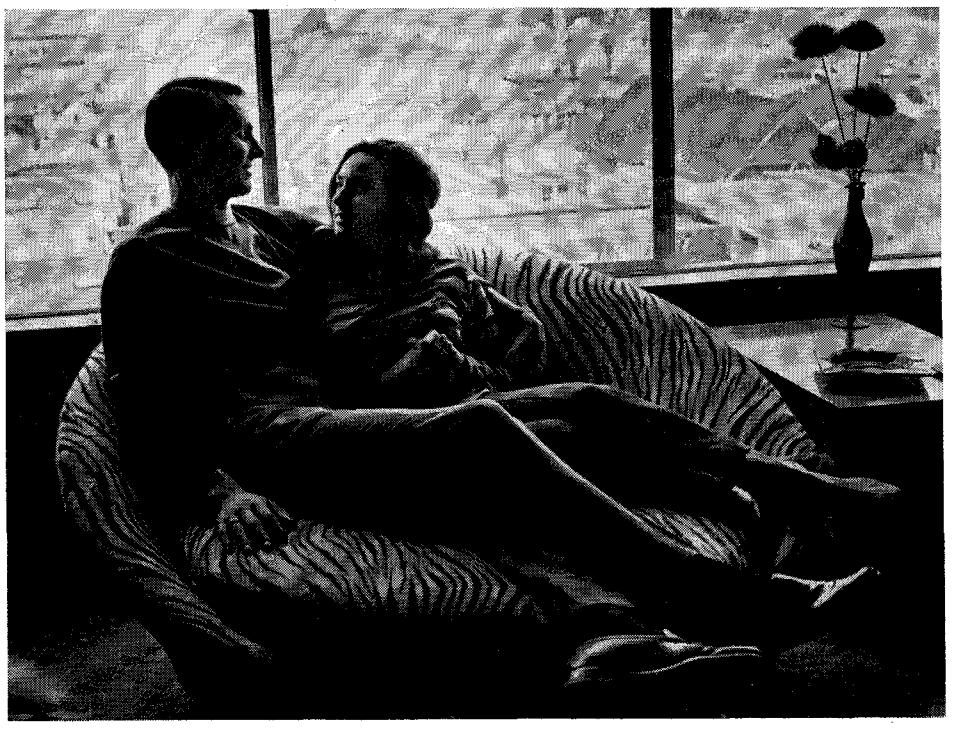
"They didn't think I could make it in the pros," he says suddenly, out of context, his tone changing. "Or at least some people didn't. The rap against me was emotionalism, that I had a star complex, and that I was too thin. One owner said those things about me, and he had never even seen me. He thought I was a skinny flake."

He switches again into Information: He would like to get into communications, into television or the movies someday. He likes San Francisco. It's a friendly town. Both he and his wife feel real good out here. Of course the real money is in New York, but still,



Concentrating intensely, Barry gets one step on his man and drives for the hoop.

At home in San Francisco, Barry relaxes with his wife, Pam, an athlete herself.



Photographs by Fred Kaplan

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you can't knock San Francisco. He likes the guys on the team, and the Warrior management has treated him well. In fact, everything about his life in San Francisco is just great.

And San Francisco thinks Rick Barry is just great, a measure of response that few athletes receive in this essentially conservative city. Aside from Joe DiMaggio, the original sports hero, and Willie Mays and just possibly quarterback John Brodie of the '49ers, San Francisco doesn't often lavish praise on its athletes. But once it does, it treats its heroes like institutions and never, just never, abandons them.

Barry moves through San Francisco the way a 10-letter man would move through a small town. Nobody knocks him, nobody calls him "hot dog" for showing off, or "trigger" for taking too many shots, or puts him down for having a "star complex." He's welcomed, he's thought of, he's an accepted part of the image.

Barry's style, his box-office appeal, is not far from the flashy image that Warrior owner Franklin Mieuli wanted when he designed new uniforms for the team. On the back of the jersey there's a silhouette of a cable car climbing into a burst of stars and, on the front, an outline of the Golden Gate Bridge set in a circle under the words—The City. Just that—The City.

It is Franklin Mieuli who also arranges a special pregame black-tie dinner each year in honor of the Warriors and their fans. San Francisco's elegant sports fans, in tuxedos and evening gowns, sweep past the rented searchlight stationed outside the Civic Auditorium and then past the local television camera covering the entrance. The players' wives arrive in a rented limousine. They look, to the last one, gorgeous and all-American, as if each were the young beauty queen of her home state.

After the dinner the fans settle down for the game. They are passive and middle aged. They don't give off any heat, unlike the fans in the old cities in the East. In Philadelphia's Convention Hall, Boston Garden and New York's Madison Square Garden, the fans are there for the action, not the *hors d'oeuvres*. They've paid good money for their tickets, and they don't like being disappointed. It's an outrage to be disappointed. And to the players, it feels as if those fans are right down there on the court with them. They see everything. All the lapses on defense, the forced shots, the bad passes. And what they don't see, they invent. They get on the refs, on missed plays, on the coach if he so much as stands up to take a drink of water. If you don't measure up, if you don't come to play, you're a bum, a loser. But not in San Francisco. The fans like the team all right, they're all for the team—The Warriors, after all, are in first place in the Western Division—but they're polite about it, as if it's somehow suspect to show too much emotion.

The Cincinnati Royals wander in from a side entrance, feeling out the court, and a Strauss waltz greets them from a loudspeaker. A Cincinnati rookie, starting his lay-up, suddenly stops, holding the ball and saying to no one in particular, "No, baby, you got to be kidding. Tell me you're kidding."

Barry's man is Bob "Butterball" Love, a shy Negro country boy who is eager for the assignment. Love sticks to Barry, keeping his arms up like stop signals, hanging onto his shirt, using his elbows, staying as close as he can without letting Barry get that quick exploding step around him. Love keeps on him even when Barry doesn't have the ball. He matches his fakes, his hesitations, his quick starts and stops, following him when he uses a pick to free himself, shoving to get close to him, keeping with him step for step. He never talks, never shows any emotion. The sweat drips off him, and his eyes never wander, never let up, never relax. And he begins to get to Barry, who starts to force his shots.

For the Royals, Oscar Robertson, "The Big O," keeps them in the game. Even without the ball, "The O" controls everything; setting up plays, containing his man on defense, making the key pass and, inevitably, scoring the clutch basket. He plays without expression, effortlessly, always poised, always in control. There's nothing excessive, nothing overstated about him. He lets nothing distract him. He lets the play move around him until, at the crucial moment, he acts with a devastating simplicity. Robertson is so totally "in" the game that you don't realize how truly great he is until the final statistics are released.

Barry, on the other hand, brings to the court a wide variety of emotions and expressions. He moans, he complains, he berates himself, and he's always pressing, always trying to outdo himself. This fanatical dedication brings to every move, every gesture, a sense of violence, of electricity. He has to win, and he has to win over the other team, over the other man and, one feels, over himself. At times he loses his cool and thereby his sense of the game, and then he is apt to walk back on defense or not help out on the defensive boards. Unlike Robertson, who never emphasizes one part of his game at the expense of another, Barry depends on his shooting. When his shots are off, everything is off.

With Love continuing to press Barry successfully, the Warriors lose their momentum in the third quarter and fall behind. Momentum is a crucial factor in pro basketball. No team can keep a maximum effort going for the full 48 minutes. A star, such as Barry or Robertson, is apt to play the whole game, running as much as seven miles. There has to be a letdown.

To combat this, pro coaches keep one or two men especially in reserve. The Warriors' man is Tom Meschery, for five years a starting forward but now more valuable coming off the bench. As his team sags, Meschery comes in and scores two quick baskets and grabs several key rebounds. Last year in Boston, Meschery's involvement in the game was so total that he lost all sense of where he was, he was just out there playing, and he was playing defense when he should have been on offense and at the wrong end of the court.

On the bench, Sharman is oblivious to everything but the game:

"Defense . . . OK. Pick him up. Stay with him . . . Good 'D' now . . . Get your *hands* up, Pauly. Oh, Mendy, call some for us too. A ref is supposed to look both ways. They're killing us with foul shots . . . Yes. *There*. OK now. Keep running, play the 'D.' *Up* on the boards. Up, not down. Yes, there now, we're starting to work it. Shake it off, Fred, get back. There. Two points. Now hang tough."

In the beginning of the fourth quarter, as the Warriors pull even, Sharman calls a time out. "This ball game is going to be decided by one or two points," he tells his team. "Don't get careless. Get your hands on them. Your hands are limp out there. Slow those guards up when they come over the line. They're not going to keep hitting like that. Switch. Switch and help out."

With two minutes left, literally hundreds of points have been scored, miles and miles have been run, contact has been made almost continually, and the score is tied, 106–106. In these last moments of a close game, there's an intimacy to basketball, even in San Francisco, that few other spectator sports can claim. Every second becomes precious, lengthened; every gesture, every shot heightened and dramatic. Robertson sinks a foul shot, and the Royals lead by one. Barry comes right back, coming hard across the keyhole, pounding a big dribble, going up high, brutally, and hitting on a spinning jump. Nate Thurmond adds a foul shot for the Warriors, and San Francisco has the lead, 109–107 with 25 seconds to go.

Everyone in the crowd of 7,000 knows Robertson is going to take the last shot. But there's nothing anyone, least of all his man, can do about it. He dribbles in, his back to the basket, closer and closer, faking with his head and shoulders, changing hands on the dribble. Fifteen feet away he turns and jumps, his arms and hands extended at the maximum point over his head. The ball gently leaves his fingertips and, without touching the rim, drops in. The game goes into overtime.

In the first 30 seconds Love holds Barry's arm and commits his sixth foul. He leaves the game and Barry, released from his oppressor, immediately starts a drive outside the keyhole, dribbling to his right, hesitating, then going for the basket, twisting underneath and laying up a left-handed hook.

The overtime is all Barry, and the Warriors build up an unbeatable momentum while the Royals fade, missing three straight shots. With one minute to go Barry grabs his own rebound, follows through and makes the shot as he is fouled. Then he sinks the foul and the game is won. It's a measure of his fantastic scoring ability that, despite Love's tight guarding, he has 36 points. For the last shot of the game all 6 feet 11 inches of Nate Thurmond go high in the air. His arms reaching way over the rim of the basket, he stuffs the ball in on the way down. The Warriors win 123-120.

In the dressing room the players sit quietly on their chairs, too exhausted to show any emotion. "What do you expect?" says Jim King. "The Royals are coming back in two days. You have to shrug off the wins the same way you do the losses. You have to just keep going. That's all. What else can you do when there are over fifty games to go?"

To celebrate the victory, Franklin Mieuli, the Warriors' owner, agrees to pick up the dinner tab for Barry and his wife. As he bends down to get into his red Porsche, Barry looks like a streamlined actor in a television commercial. Only he isn't acting, and all the clichés seem somehow true. He is a winner and, in a country that worships youth and winners, this night, like so many to come, belongs to him. "I was getting my shots," he says. "I just wasn't hitting. But we won, that's the main thing. You always feel on top of things when you win." □

Hazel by Ted Key

"Just tell her I called."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Our fair city
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Montreal, Québec,

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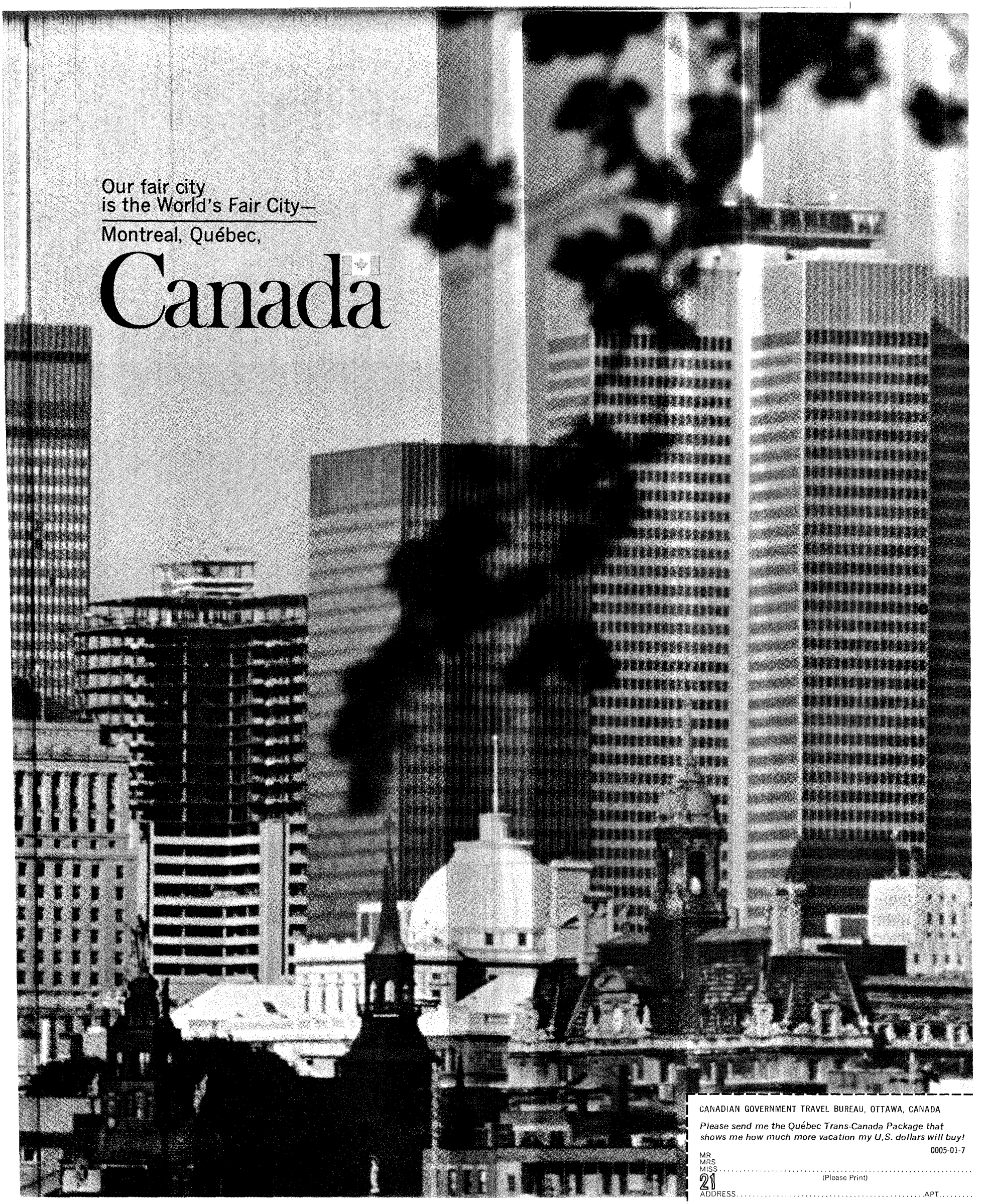

Our Montreal is intriguing to explore. The perfect site for Expo 67, biggest world's fair ever. The first explorer to be intrigued was Jacques Cartier, back in 1535. You see, Montreal is an ancient city by North American standards. You'll want to see the old section, the Place d'Armes, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the famous Notre Dame de Bonsecours Church. Yet, only minutes away, is the contrast of modern Montreal! We suggest you begin your visit by taking a calèche to the top of the Mountain. Take in the view. Our history books say that's what Jacques Cartier did in 1535, and he was sold on the spot. And all *he* saw was possibilities.

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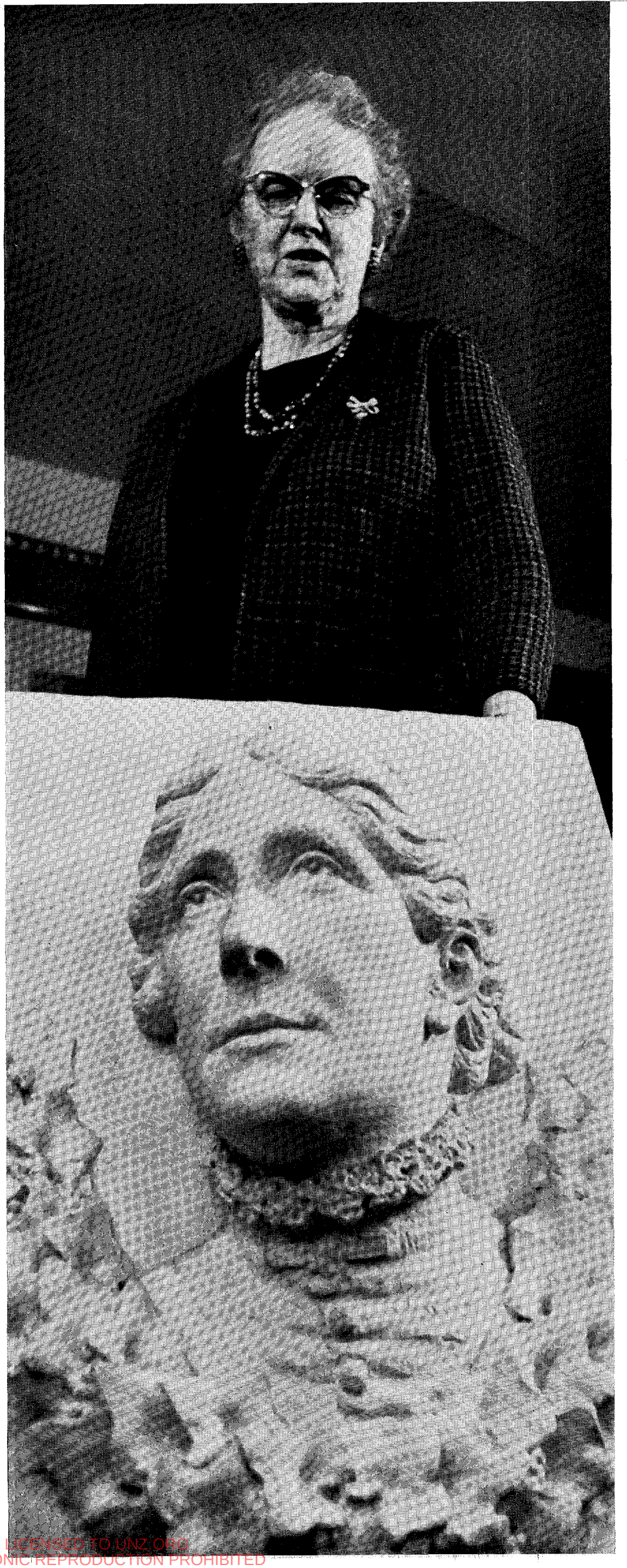
CAN THE FORCES OF VIRTUE DEFEAT JOHN BARLEYCORN?

For almost a century the W.C.T.U. has been waging a gallant battle against the evils of drink. Victory keeps eluding them, but they show no sign of quitting.

By WILLIAM KLOMAN

One December afternoon a brisk, matronly shopper stopped in front of a display of candied fruits in the S.S. Kresge store in Evanston, Ill. She paid 29 cents for a jar of brandy sauce, which was intended for use on holiday puddings. Then she returned briskly to her office and fired off indignant letters to the mayor and chief of police and to the Illinois Liquor Control Commission in Chicago, charging that minors were buying the product "for beverage purposes," and demanding "criminal prosecution of these selling activities by this store."

In almost any other town in America she would have been ignored, but Evanston is the home of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the lady was Mrs. Fred J. Tooze, its president. The Liquor Control chairman promptly telephoned the Kresge store manager, Dwain Tubbs, and told him to remove the brandy sauce from sale. ("I wouldn't know the lady if I seen her," the



Mrs. Tooze, current president of the W.C.T.U., displays a bas-relief of her predecessor, Miss Frances E. Willard.

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'Thank God for the Communists. If it wasn't for the challenge they give us, we'd probably drink ourselves to death.'

Members and sympathizers at a ceremony to dedicate the Frances Willard home as a national historic landmark.

TWILIGHT OF W.C.T.U.

bewildered Tubbs said later, "She did everything under the cloak of anonymous.")

Tubbs is not the only Evanston merchant to run afoul of the W.C.T.U. in recent years. The previous year, also around Christmastime, Mrs. Tooze made a small but successful raid on a Walgreen's drugstore which was offering for sale a battery-operated contrivance called the Charley Weaver Bartender Toy.

"It was a cute little gadget, really," Mrs. Tooze said later. "This little old guy sat there at the bar shaking a cocktail, putting it in his glass, and drinking it down. Now, we went after the Walgreen's because they had put it out where the kids could get to it. Well, when we went in to remonstrate with them about it, the manager, he said, 'Well, that isn't for children. That's a gadget for adults.' 'Well, then,' we said, 'what have you put it down *here* for? The kids are the ones that are looking at it. The adults aren't paying any attention.' So the manager went over and grabbed the thing off the shelf, and we never saw it in Walgreen's any more."

Evanston's dry laws, which antedate national Prohibition by more than half a century, are a classic case of what might be called legislative overkill. The town was born dry, since the state-enforced Charter of Northwestern University, written 12 years before Evanston was incorporated, includes a permanent injunction against the sale of alcoholic beverages within four miles of the campus—which roughly covers most of the area of the town. There is also a city ordinance against selling beverage alcohol, backed up, in turn, by a state law making it a crime to sell beer or whiskey where local law forbids it.

As an added guarantee of permanent sobriety, the original university trustees, who held title to most of the land that later became Evanston, planted clauses in their property deeds automatically invalidating the documents should future owners countenance trade in spirits. As one local lawyer put it, "If the town fathers had been able to arrange for a doomsday machine to activate itself the day the first highball was sold in Evanston, they probably would have done it."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which continues to exercise surveillance over the morals of Evanston under a self-imposed mandate which it calls "home protection," is a national organization which was born in a spontaneous flurry of energy and indignation on Christmas Eve, 1873, in Hillsboro, Ohio. That morning 75 of the leading ladies of the community marched on the local saloons and, with much singing and praying and a smattering of civil disobedience, extracted promises from the proprietors that they would give up their trafficking in liquor and beer.

The target of the first protests were immigrant saloonkeepers who insisted on selling beer from immigrant-owned breweries to their immigrant customers. In 19th-century Ohio teetotaling was the mark of solid native middle-class respectability, and much of the impetus behind national Prohibition stemmed from the determination of the white, rural, Protestant majority to enshrine their personal values in the Constitution for all time.

The original motto of the W.C.T.U. was "For God and Home and Native Land," and the organization remained a parochial cabal of small-town do-gooders until it was taken over in 1879 by its second president, Frances E. Willard. A former teacher of aesthetics and dean of women at Northwestern, Miss Willard set about streamlining its jumbled structure, expanding its membership rolls and broadening its perspective to include women's suffrage, minimum-wage legislation and laws against white slavery.

She also founded the World W.C.T.U. Returning to her hotel room after a tour of San Francisco's Chinatown, Miss Willard came to a conclusion notable for both its social and its geographic insight: "But for the intervention of the sea," she said, "the shores of China and the Far East would be part and parcel of our fair land. We are one world of tempted humanity." The motto of the W.C.T.U. was then changed to "For God and Home and Every Land," and the already receding values of rural America were made available on a global scale.

Frances Willard's leadership was so successful that a minor cult has taken shape around her departed personality. The center of this cult is a 17-room Victorian bungalow built for Frances by her father in 1865, and later occupied by Anna Gordon, Miss Willard's companion and secretary, who subsequently became president of the W.C.T.U. herself. The house, on a tree-lined avenue which skirts the business district of Evanston, now serves as a museum-shrine and repository for masses of temperance memorabilia collected by Miss Willard and her successors.

The house is now the property of the W.C.T.U. and is cared for by Miss Lucretia Acker, an amiable octogenarian who came to Evanston from Wisconsin 15 years ago to get material for her temperance work back home and "just decided to stay on."

Miss Acker explained that as she showed guests through the house she manages "to slip in a little message about the effects of alcohol and other narcotics on the body." The phrase "alcohol and other narcotics" is frequently used in W.C.T.U. circles. Sometimes it is expanded to read "alcohol, tobacco, and other narcotics." "I'm not preaching, you understand," Miss Acker said, "but I like to get a little something in all the same. I feel I'm doing some good that way."

Miss Acker, a short plump lady with silky white hair and skin the color of faded magnolia petals, started my tour in a room furnished with several rocking chairs, a glass cabinet (bits of lace, *McGuffey's Second Eclectic Reader*, a teapot), and a large round chest whose double doors opened into a writing desk. The desk contained 99 small compartments, each labeled in Frances Willard's erratic script, and held, Miss Acker said, letters from William Jennings Bryan, Jane Addams, and "other people who admired Miss Willard's work."

Miss Acker opened a large music box of inlaid wood and pulled a lever. Inside the lid of the box was a list of songs which the box could play. The list read:

1) *How Firm a Foundation*
2) *Nearer, My God, to Thee*
3) *While the Days are Going By*
4) *Varina (there is a land of pure delight)*
5) *Home, Sweet Home*
6) *In Heavenly Love Abiding.*

"These were Miss Willard's favorite hymns," Miss Acker told me, releasing the lever. The box made a grinding sound and began to play *Nearer, My God, to Thee*. "When Miss Willard would come home from her long journeys on behalf of temperance, tired and often dejected, Saint Courageous—that's the name Miss Willard gave her own dear mother—would open this box and sing a favorite hymn for her daughter. One day Miss Willard said, 'This cottage is to me a haven of rest.' That's when she decided to call it Rest Cottage."

In other rooms on the ground floor were Willard family possessions and numerous photographs. On an adjacent wall a muscular St. Michael was slaying a dark Satan with a receding hairline. "She was very fond of art," Miss Acker said. On a small shelf was a book by Frances Willard, *How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle*, which Miss Acker said contained much of Miss Willard's philosophy of life.

Upstairs we visited Miss Willard's den, which featured a fireplace inscribed with the legend "Let Something Good Be Said," a basket of firewood that had been gathered by Anna Gordon during Miss Willard's final sickness and a patchwork quilt made in 1876. The ladies of the Ohio W.C.T.U. had sewn a prophecy of the state of the alcohol problem in 1976 inside the quilt. "We can't open it until then," Miss Acker said, "but it's quite a temptation." In an open desk drawer sat a plaster cast of Miss Willard's right hand. It was puffy, with stubby fingers.

Photographs by Declan Haun

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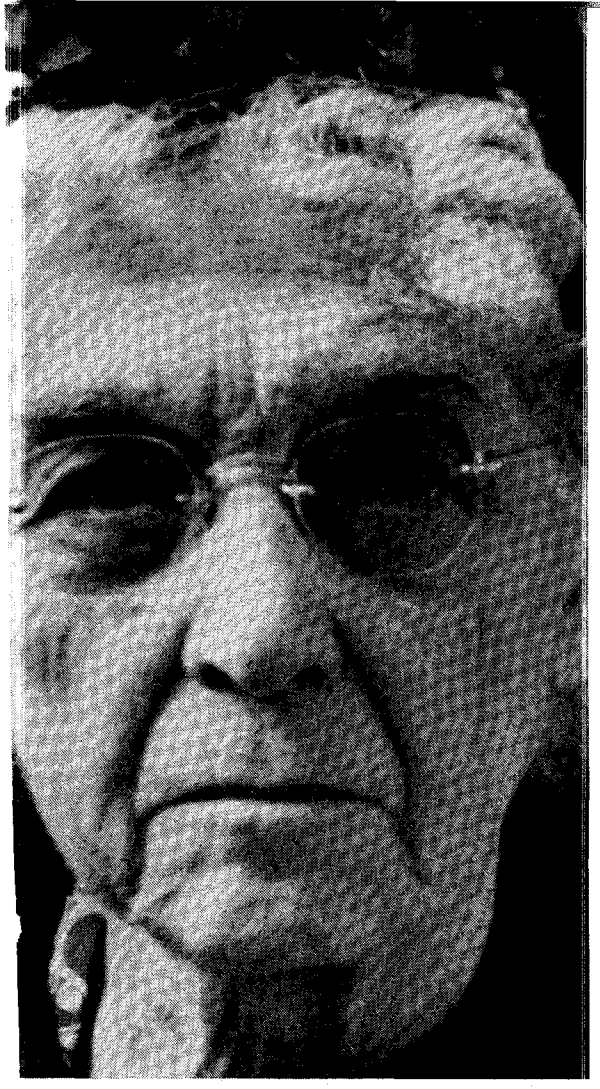


Most W.C.T.U. members come from teetotaling families.

As I left, Miss Acker asked me to sign her guest book. "I mean to count the names of all the folks who've been through during my fifteen years some day," Miss Acker told me. "I have books and books of them in the hall closet."

Frances Willard's comprehensive campaign for social and moral progress, which operated under what she called her "Do Everything Policy," has today dwindled to a faint shadow of its former self. Whereas Miss Willard traveled freely in the company of Presidents (Theodore Roosevelt considered her an excellent chess partner) and recruited crusaders from the top levels of society, today's W.C.T.U. has to expend most of its energy simply keeping itself alive.

The organization's members talk darkly of the several Great Betrayals which are responsible for their present problems. The first Great Betrayal was Franklin Roosevelt's support of Repeal. "It's the only promise he ever kept," Mrs. Tooze says, "but he sure kept that one."

Then there was the desertion of the middle class and its increasing acceptance of the "foreign" custom of drinking. The third and most painful betrayal is the tendency of the churches to give up the idea. "Just try to find a Methodist preacher who'll get up and preach a temperance sermon," said a W.C.T.U. lady. "They're afraid they'll scare away the congregation."

Politically the group is conservative, but not fanatically so—at least on the national level of organization. "Thank God for the Communists," I was told at national headquarters. "If it wasn't for them, and the challenge they give us, we'd probably just sit back and drink ourselves to death."

Mrs. Fred J. Tooze, the ninth president of the W.C.T.U., was elected in 1959. Her major contribution so far has been the invention of the Hour of Social Freedom, or Fruesta (a compound of "fiesta" and "fruit"), which she hopes will eventually replace the cocktail hour as a social institution in America. During the Korean War many of the W.C.T.U. state organizations sent canned fruit juice to the front lines, and they have recently been protesting the sale of beer to U.S. combat troops in Vietnam.

At 64, Mrs. Tooze is of medium height, trim, agile and energetic. Her platform manner recalls the good old days of the Chautauqua and county fairs, and she has created great personal loyalty and enthusiasm among her followers. She is particularly shocked by the increase in drinking among women in the past decade. "The secret drinker today," she explained, "primarily it's the woman, and it's the mother, too, that's doing this. We used to get calls from women worried about their menfolks, nowadays fathers call in and ask us to do something: Mother's drunk on the floor, and won't we please help."

Like most of the national officers Mrs. Tooze was born into a teetotaling family and has been active in the temperance movement for as long as she can remember. As a child she traveled around the country with her parents while her father, a Baptist minister, crusaded for temperance laws and her mother busied herself setting up chapters of the Loyal Temperance Legion, the W.C.T.U.'s auxiliary organization for children between the ages of six and twelve. The L.T.L. accepts both boys and girls, as does the senior youth organization, the Youth Temperance Council. Full membership privileges are granted, however, only to children who sign a pledge of lifelong total abstinence from alcohol, tobacco and profanity. The children's pledge reads:

I promise, God helping me,
Not to buy, drink, sell, or give
Alcoholic liquors while I live;
From all tobacco, I'll abstain,
And never take God's name in vain.

Requirements for adult membership in the W.C.T.U., which is limited to women, include signing a similar, although unrhymed, version of the oath. Men who wish to join the crusade may be enrolled as honorary members.

The exact role of the honorary members is somewhat obscure. One member of the male auxiliary told me, and with pride, "Oh, we do lots of things. Drive the girls around places. Carry stuff. Things like that." All policies, however, are made by the women, a situation which the men of the W.C.T.U. seem to accept as the natural order of things.

"My viewpoint?" said Mr. Tooze when I called him. "My viewpoint is exactly the same as hers in every respect. Talk to her." Mr. Tooze assured me that it would be a waste of time to come to see him, but I said that I would like to anyway. "Now look here," he told me, "I'm not trying to avoid you, understand. I'm just *telling* you. Anything which Mrs. Tooze says goes for me too."

Fred J. Tooze, a plump man with flour-white skin and closely cropped white hair, met me on the front porch of their two-story Victorian frame house. "After you phoned," he told me, "I called Mrs. Tooze. She said you were all right.

"When you mentioned the magazine over the telephone, I thought it was for subscriptions. We've had a lot of trouble with those fellows. Often they will try to sell to me if my wife turns them down. Enterprising, but they don't get away with it. My wife handles all the subscriptions." He motioned me to a chair and seated himself in the far corner of a sofa, where he crossed his legs and folded his arms. "Let's hear your questions," he said, squinting at the ceiling. "Let's hear what your line is."

I asked what the precise role of the honorary member was in the work of the W.C.T.U. He looked at me briefly and then resumed watching the ceiling. "Have you questioned my wife on this matter?" he asked. I said I had not. "I'm not trying to hedge on this, you understand, but I have no official association with the administrative structure or operation of the organization. Mrs. Tooze can give you more accurate information than I can. I can tell you that I am an honorary member. That is true. I am an honorary member, and I participate to the extent that I am able."

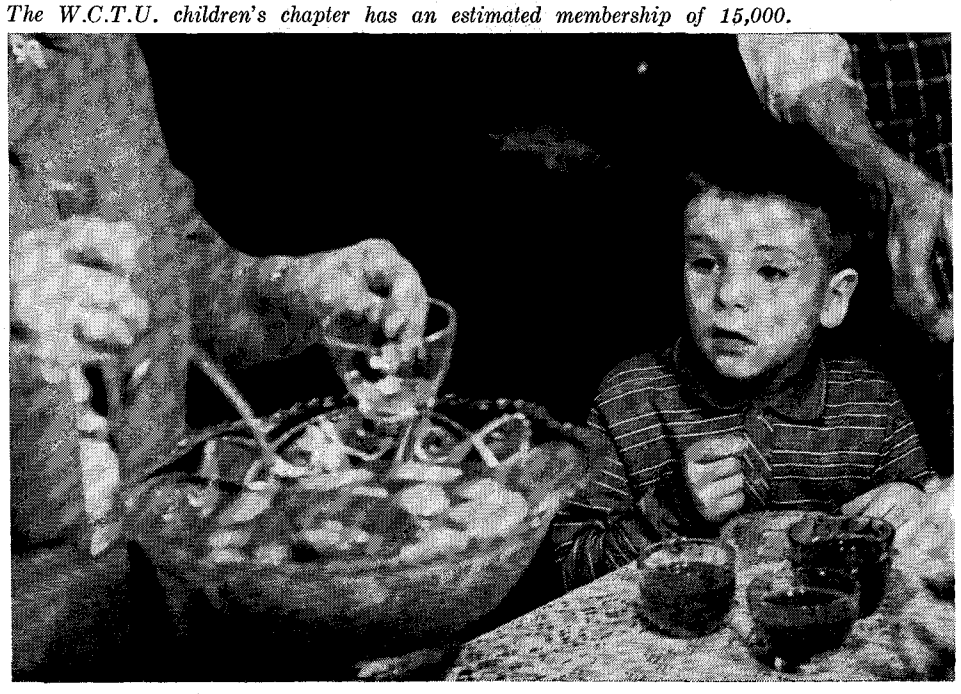
I learned also that Mr. Tooze has been in temperance work since the age of five, when he marched in his first temperance parade. "I am proud to say I have never taken a drink or smoked a cigarette in my life," he said. As in his wife's case, both of Mr. Tooze's parents had been in temperance work. "The causal factor was parental," he said.

I thanked Mr. Tooze for his time. "Think nothing of it," he said. "I have plenty of time. Plenty of time." He got up to show me out. "You have full permission to quote any and all of the information which I have given you. I am in total and complete accord with my wife on any and all matters of viewpoint. We honorary members work alongside the women, but it's the women that run the organization."

Like her husband, Mrs. Tooze recalls marching in temperance demonstrations when she was a child. Mrs. Tooze told me, "I remember once—it was up in Connecticut—we had a dog in this parade, and we had the dog placarded, TREMBLE KING ALCOHOL, WE SHALL GROW UP. That's the L.T.L. motto, and they still use it, I suppose, but we used to sing it and shout it and everything. In this parade some of the children of the enemy came out and pelted our dog with stones, and we had to take the poor animal out. We found out that it was the local brewer's kids that were doing it."

Part of the job of the W.C.T.U. today is to lay the basis among the school-age population for the eventual reconsideration of a Prohibition amendment. The job of selling future voters on Prohibition, Mrs. Tooze says, should start in kindergarten. "We've had parents come to us and say, 'We did not realize that there was alcohol in this beer we were drinking. The children brought this information home to us, and that's the last drink that will be in *our* house.'"

The W.C.T.U. children's chapter has an estimated membership of 15,000.



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That such dialogues actually occur was substantiated by the former L.T.L. secretary, Jean Hansen, who told me of a child who recently caused a great stir by loudly refusing to eat his dinner in a Chicago restaurant when he realized that the establishment served beer. "Of course we don't tell them to go home and criticize," she added, "but you know how children are."

The estimated membership of the L.T.L. is 15,000 to 20,000—the W.C.T.U. maintains surprisingly vague records on such matters. The W.C.T.U. hopes to reach the rest by teaching teachers to teach temperance. Under the W.C.T.U. Bureau of Narcotic Education, summer-school courses are given in both Evanston and Chautauqua, N.Y. State organizations recruit likely teachers and offer them stipends—$100 "scholarships"—to encourage them to attend. A dozen students is considered a good turnout. Two summers ago five showed up.

The major point of the W.C.T.U.'s educational program is that alcohol is a poison—a "protoplasmic, or life-poison," Mrs. Tooze calls it—and that if you drink, sooner or later it will kill you. The early W.C.T.U. lecturers used to carry around brightly colored illustrations of diseased livers and rotted kidneys to scare their audiences into total abstinence. Today's approach, although somewhat watered down in shock value, is basically the same.

In the "character-building" stories, games and playlets used by the Loyal Temperance Legion there is another message besides that of mere total abstinence. The theme is that Mother Knows Best. Father is usually represented as a likable but inept booby whom Mother seems to tolerate around the house only out of the goodness of her heart. Frances Willard never married, and once wrote that Man and Woman had once been partners in life, but that somehow Woman had reached a higher plane of evolution, and it was now her responsibility to lift Man out of the mire of his lower-animal sensuality. "Of course, we're known as Organized Mother-Love," Mrs. Tooze explained. "That's what we're called."

Before women were allowed to vote, the ladies tried to get their point across to the U.S. Congress by resorting to the sheer power of numbers. Gigantic petitions were rolled onto the Senate floor in baby carriages, strung from the balconies of the Capitol rotunda, and one was carted into the White House and presented to Grover Cleveland by Frances Willard herself.

The ladies today, however, have decided that petitions no longer impress legislators, and pressure is now brought to bear in Washington by letters. These are carefully handwritten, because the W.C.T.U. is convinced that Congressmen pay no attention to typewritten correspondence, and carefully phrased so as to avoid the repetitive wording which would mark their messages as canned. To coordinate the letter-writing, the W.C.T.U. maintains a full-time lobbyist in the capital.

The Legislative Department of the W.C.T.U. operates out of two rooms in the basement of an old brownstone on Capitol Hill, and is run by Mrs. Mildred Harman, a short woman with short reddish hair. "The President has his disappointments and we have ours," Mrs. Harman told me recently. "Mr. Johnson doesn't get all his bills through the Congress either."

Mrs. Harman's major legislative interest at the moment is a resolution to declare the fourth week of each April as National Youth Temperance Education Week. The bill, which has been introduced several times and each time has died in committee, has only symbolic value, but its passage would be a major moral victory.

"It's such a nice old bill," Mrs. Harman said sadly, "you would think the *angels* would be for it. I call the Senate committee clerk and he tells me, 'Madame, there are seventy such bills before the committee,' and says for me to call back in two weeks. I call back and say, 'Mr. Clerk, this is Mildred Harman. Your two weeks are up.' I feel I am gnawing away. Maybe someday they will break."

The W.C.T.U. is organized in every state in the Union, though policies and activities are set in Evanston. Each state has its own president (California and Washington for some reason each have two) and each county that is organized has a district president. The smallest unit, usually consisting of about 30 members, is the local "union."

The W.C.T.U. national officers are decisive and outspoken on practically every topic except the number of members the organization has. "Some of the ladies put the estimate as high as half a million," says Mrs. Herman Stanley, the W.C.T.U. promotional secretary, "but I think that's overdoing it a bit." Mrs. Tooze said a quarter of a million, "in round figures." The round figures include the children.

The reason for their caginess can be found tucked away in the annual Treasurer's Report presented to the national convention. According to "income from dues" figures in these reports, the W.C.T.U. had 164,184 members in 1965. This is not a paltry number for a national protest organization, but a year-by-year comparison for the past five years shows that the movement has been going down, and the decline has been sharp. For the past five years the W.C.T.U. has been losing members at a rate of more than 8,000 a year, a trend which would totally deplete the group within 20 years.

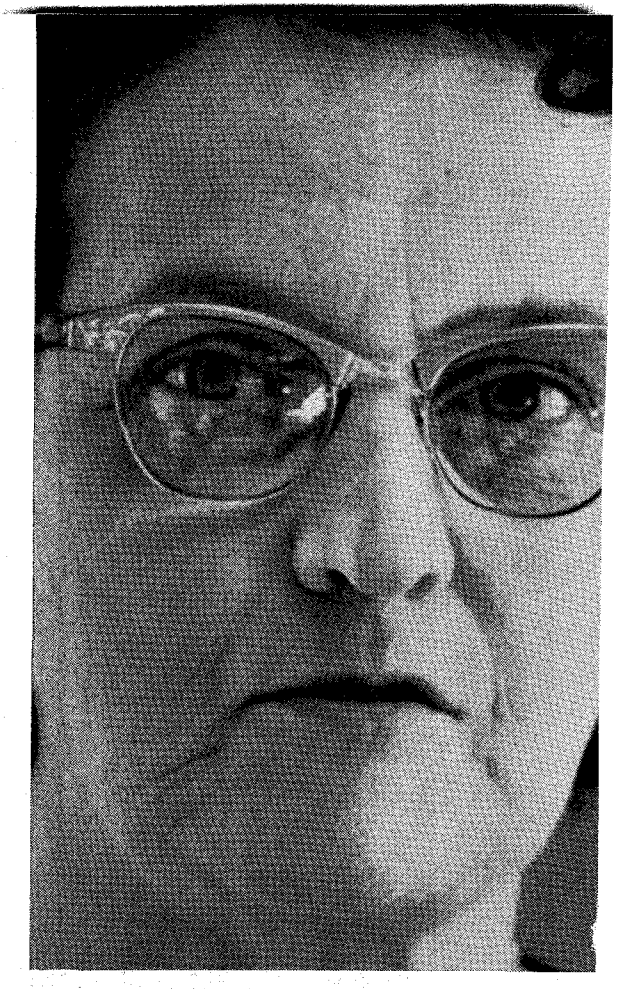
The Evanston union is one of about 150 Iota Sigma chapters in the country, which means that it is designed especially for professional women and working girls. The W.C.T.U. has long believed that women "out in the world" face especially fierce temptations, so in 1934 it was decided that their specific needs could best be met by separate organizations. Iota Sigma means "To Prevail with a Sane Mind."

The professional women who comprise Evanston Iota Sigma are the 32 officers and staff members of the national headquarters, and they meet in Rest Cottage at noon on the second Tuesday of each month. Each lady brings her own sandwich, but dessert and coffee are provided by the dessert committee. After lunch comes a business session, and business is followed by an educational program appropriate to a specific monthly theme. I I was invited to sit in on a recent meeting. The theme was Character Building.

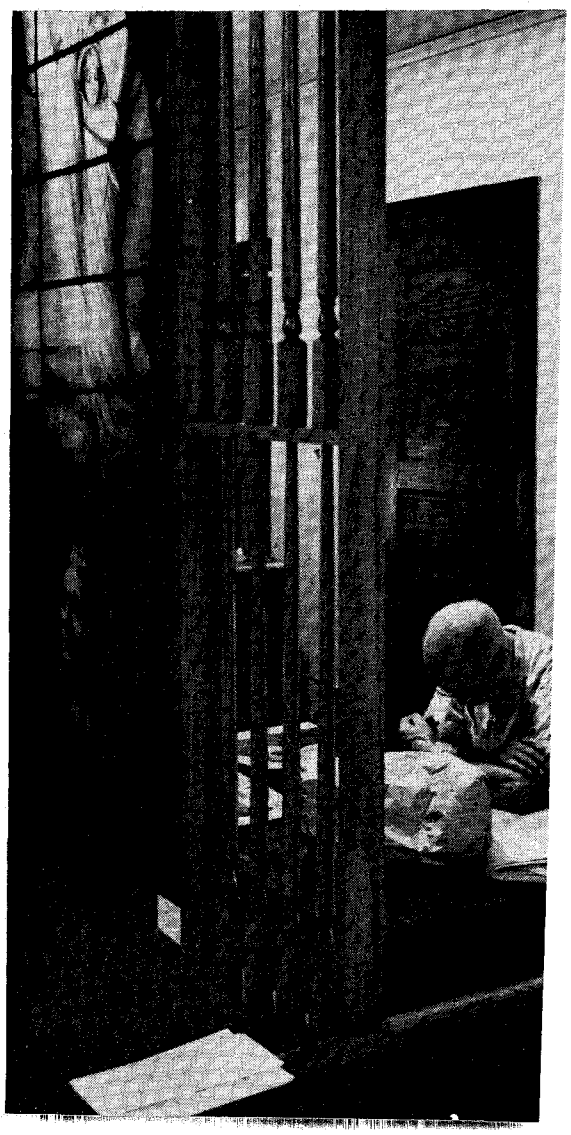
The ladies were seating themselves at folding card tables, in foursomes, and I was asked to sit at a table which had already acquired two occupants—the only other men in the room. "I'll just sit over here with the boys," Mrs. Stanley explained to no one in particular. "The boys" turned out to be Mrs. Stanley's husband, Herman, who works around the headquarters building (locking up at night and delivering packages), and Mr. Paul Wright, now deceased, who worked in the headquarters mailroom for the past fifteen years.

"I can remember when William McKinley was elected," Mr. Wright said. Mr. Stanley, a mild-mannered man, somewhat shorter than his wife, said that he remembered the day McKinley was assassinated but that the election was before his time. During lunch Mr. Stanley told me of a recent trip to Washington, D.C., which he and his wife had taken. Inside the Capitol there had been a large mural of the Battle of Lake Erie which he had wanted to photograph. A Capitol policeman, however, told him that taking pictures inside the building was against regulations. "It was the right thing for the policeman to have done," Mrs. Stanley told her husband. "Some people will distort pictures to make them show things which aren't really there." Mr. Stanley replied that he had meant no harm.

"Our national shrines should be sacred," Mrs.



Frances Willard felt Man and Woman were once partners, but then Woman reached a higher plane of evolution.



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Mrs. Herman Stanley, the Union's promotional secretary.

Stanley told us. "And we should have a Sacred Patriotism where our nation's traditions are concerned, too." She was warming to her topic. "You take the Supreme Court. They're supposed to preserve the Constitution and yet they change it around to mean things it's not supposed to mean. They interpret and distort and . . . and . . . why, the first thing you know it doesn't mean *anything* anymore." Mr. Stanley sat very straight, listening.

Just then a heavyset Negro wearing a dark blue suit and black tie entered the room. He was about 45 and was accompanied by a slightly younger woman in a tan suit and light blue coat. Several of the ladies present apparently knew the newcomers and nodded greetings, which were returned. The gentleman was later introduced as the Reverend King L. Mock, a graduate of the W.C.T.U. Narcotic Education course in Chautauqua, New York, and today's guest speaker. The woman was his wife, Charlotte.

The business part of the meeting took twelve minutes. The treasurer reported a balance of $82.93 in the kitty and announced that "almost ten dollars" had been spent on books for the Haven Junior High School, the health director of which was reported to be delighted by the gift of anti-alcohol propaganda. The acquisition of 7 new card tables (the ones we had used at lunch) and 36 new folding chairs (on which we were sitting) was announced. The tables and chairs had been purchased with trading stamps the chapter members had accumulated.

After the business meeting was adjourned, a lady in orthopedic shoes rose to deliver an inspirational message on the theme of Mother. She cited several Biblical mothers and grandmothers who had been revered as evidence of God's particular interest in motherhood, and went on to extend her theme to apply to women in general.

"You don't have to bear the child to be a mother," she said, "or to share in the special grace which God has showered upon the holy estate of motherhood. For God has raised up Woman to have a heart of compassion and love not only for this child which may be her own, but for all of mankind." Several of the ladies nodded vigorously. "Amen," one of them said.

Finally it was time for the guest speaker, the Reverend Mock. King Mock, a powerfully built and serious man with deep lines in his full face, is an ordained minister in the Baptist church. Until 1958 he had been pastor of the Beersheba Baptist Church, on the South Side of Chicago, but had resigned to take a job as a high-rise apartment house supervisor "to get closer to people's lives." He now stood before the Evanston W.C.T.U. holding a packet of six large filing cards, a bulging manila envelope, a small worn brown paper bag and a rolled-up square of black fabric. Without acknowledging the applause, he opened the square of cloth and draped it over a small table which stood in the front of the room. Then he laid the file cards flat on the cloth to form a U.

"These cards represent one of our high-rise complexes on the South Side," he said. "They have laundries and playgrounds and every other thing you can think of. Even a little grass is beginning to grow in some cases." The ladies were amused by this comment, and began to relax. Mr. Mock opened his manila envelope, turned it upside-down over the high-rise cards and several hundred pennies clattered onto the table. The pennies formed a mound which spilled over the cards, partly obscuring them. "These pennies represent people and how they spill over," he said.

The ladies looked intently at the pennies. Mr. Mock opened his paper bag and emptied 20 or so hypodermic syringes and several small pharmacy vials on top of the pennies. There were some audible gasps, and several of the women shifted uneasily in their folding chairs. "And this is what happens to the people when they spill over," Mr. Mock went on. "Each of these syringes I have personally taken away from a narcotics addict in the neighborhood where I live. I have scared some of them into turning them over; some I have taken from small children whose older brothers or sisters have led me to them, hoping I could do some good before it was too late."

He surveyed his audience. "Those of you who have not been exposed to this problem, I can't say that you're blessed because it gives you a feeling of humaneness and compassion for a fellow human being to know such things and to enter into them, and we have heard some very fine sentiments expressed concerning compassion and the instincts of love which God has put into mothers." Attention shifted briefly to the lady in the orthopedic shoes, who smiled brightly.

"But you *are* blessed because your nerves are not torn apart by some kid who has gotten next to you and kept you awake at night wondering *why*." Mr. Mock had shouted the last word. His voice now became gentle and conversational. "You and I have been brought up to respect the gray hair and to have reverence for the woman." There was a general nodding of heads. "You and I have been taught to think of dope pushers as hardened male criminals." Quizzical looks were exchanged. "But I am here to tell you that there are some women who will lead children astray. Many of those who sell the dope to the young people on the South Side of Chicago are women, and some of them are not young women."

"No," said one of the ladies. "No."

"So the question arises, what to do? And the fact is that there are no simple answers to this question. How many of you have read *The Ugly American*?" Mr. Mock asked. "I read part of it," one lady volunteered. "I read a review," said another. "Well, from studying the story of that American diplomat, faced every day with situations nobody had ever faced before and for which his training had not prepared him, we see that I cannot take solutions from one area over into the next one. Instead of being so ready with our cut-and-dried answers, we must look deeply into the causes of things, and in coming to understand the causes—what causes people to lose their pride in the first place, for instance—there comes a great frustration."

Mr. Wright, who had taken a front seat, was now asleep.

"There was a day," Mr. Mock continued, "when the family dwelling was passed down from one generation to the next. Grandfather or Grandmother was there to advise the young ones as they came up, and the father was the head of the family. We are in a new age, groping our way. And we are fast arriving at a situation where there is a head of nothing.

"Adults greedy for money are waiting to lead our children astray. And it isn't just the little old woman who's pushing the stuff. Take her away and three like her are waiting to take her place.

"I don't have the answers. I just want to tell you what the problem is like. Maybe you have the answers. I don't."

The ladies clapped vigorously and nodded to one another. Miss Allen smiled broadly and formed a silent "thank you" for Mr. and Mrs. Mock. A woman in the back of the room tapped her cane on the carpet and asked if a question were in order, and as the speaker gathered his file-card housing development together, the woman delivered a brief speech in which she pointed out that she had learned, while doing volunteer work in the Welfare Office, that people on relief were lazy and unappreciative and that they lacked self-respect. She said that they didn't really want to work so long as the Government was feeding them. Mr. Mock answered that his experience had been different and that maybe we shouldn't draw firm conclusions from only a few cases.

A temperance crusade, vintage 1879, as portrayed in a New York newspaper.

Another lady asked if Mr. Mock had reformed all of the drug addicts whose syringes he had brought with him. Mock looked blankly at his questioner, then looked at his wife, who smiled gently and lowered her eyes. "Ma'am, perhaps we'd better explain something to you," he began.

Several days later I asked Mrs. Tooze her impression of Mr. Mock's talk. "I thought that maybe he would have something there he would leave us. Some literature or something," she said. She seemed disappointed.

It was late afternoon, and Mrs. Tooze had put in a hard day struggling against the rich and crafty legions of King Alcohol. This dope addiction business—it seemed to keep cropping up. Was it meant to lure the ladies into dividing their forces? If so, it wouldn't work. Organized Mother-Love would not be diverted from its purpose. "There's nothing that the liquor people would like to see us do any better than to go off on a tangent," she said firmly. "Our main line is alcohol. We were organized to fight the liquor traffic, and that's where we'll stay." □

The late Paul Wright, one of the few men ever employed by the W.C.T.U., worked at headquarters for 15 years.

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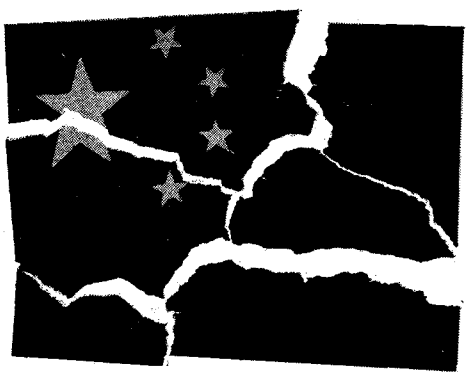
Editorial



China in turmoil

So vast is our country that no fable could do justice to its vastness, the heavens can scarcely span it—and Peking is only a dot in it, and the imperial palace less than a dot. . . . And besides, any tidings, even if they did reach us, would arrive far too late, would have become obsolete long before they reached us. . . .

—Kafka, *The Great Wall of China*

There is something awesome about the spectacle of a great nation tearing itself apart. This is the torment of China, the ancient land where man first invented paper and silk and gunpowder; the vast land, far larger than the United States, extending from the world's highest mountains to one of its grimmest deserts; the swarming land where one fourth of the human race lives and works in perpetual poverty. For nearly two decades it had seemed that Mao Tse-tung's revolution had finally brought a kind of order and even progress out of the gigantic chaos that is China. It has been a hard order and a hard progress, God knows, founded on mass executions, and rationed hunger, and forced labor for the millions, but, year by year, the factories were built, and they produced, and China began to recognize itself again as one of the world's great powers. But for months now, the harsh discipline of Communist rule has been giving way to rioting and confusion until China today seems in a state of virtual anarchy.

It is impossible, of course, to know. In reading newspaper reports from Tokyo, which quote Japanese correspondents in Peking, who in turn are quoting wall posters describing clashes that may or may not have occurred in Shanghai, one realizes that the gap between reality and our understanding of reality has never been wider. Observing China's "great cultural revolution" has been compared to observing a raven flying through a midnight sky, and interpreting it has been compared to interpreting the struggle of two sea monsters, fighting to the death underwater. But the two basic forces seem to be those traditional antagonists, the visionaries and the technicians. On the one side stands the legendary old Mao, creator of Communist China, marshaling his hysterical young Red Guards to maintain the "purity" of the revolution; on the other, the leaders of the party bureaucracy are entrenched in power and committed to the post-revolutionary realities. Mao has gigantic prestige, and the passion of his beliefs, but his opponents may have a greater strength—the power to obstruct and the knowledge that the aged leader is running out of time.

Neither side shows any sign of compromise with the outside world. At the height of the storm, China's propagandists continue to cry imprecations against both the United States and the Soviet Union, and rampaging crowds rough up the hated foreigners, Russians and West Europeans alike. But precisely because Peking's internal crisis has veered and wavered for so long, the struggle that ravages China can provide a respite for China's enemies. It is often argued that dictators create foreign crises to solve their domestic problems, but this is not easy when a nation's rulers are at war among themselves. At such times a nation is vulnerable and essentially helpless.

None of this has been lost on the Europeans, both West and East. Helpless though Peking may be at the moment, the Soviet Union has little desire to confront a hostile China on one flank and a hostile NATO on the other. And as Moscow calls home part of its diplomatic community from China, it has left little doubt that it would like to improve its relations with the West—not out of any softening of the spirit but simply as a matter of commonsense national interest. The smaller nations have acted accordingly. Where once the Germans and East Europeans refused to deal with each other, Bonn established full diplomatic relations with Romania last month and expects to work out similar ties elsewhere in Eastern Europe.

Only in the United States, it seems, do men in high positions cling to the myths of the Cold War at its coldest, the myth that all Communists of all countries are identical robots, that all are united in a vast conspiracy, that all are dedicated solely to spying and sabotage. The plan to open more U.S. consulates in Russia, in exchange for a similar number of Soviet consulates here, was proposed by President Eisenhower and signed fully two years ago, but recent Senate hearings sometimes made it sound as though the presence of a few Soviet bureaucrats in Chicago would undermine the Republic. And on the more important question of expanded trade between the U.S. and Russia, the assumption seems to be that Americans are too simple and innocent to work out an equitable exchange of goods with the wily Russians.

It is one of the ironies of Mao Tse-tung's xenophobic view of the world that he has always suspected the Soviets and the U.S. of joining forces against China. It is a good thing for China that its antagonists are too blinkered by their own ideology to explore anything as daring as that.

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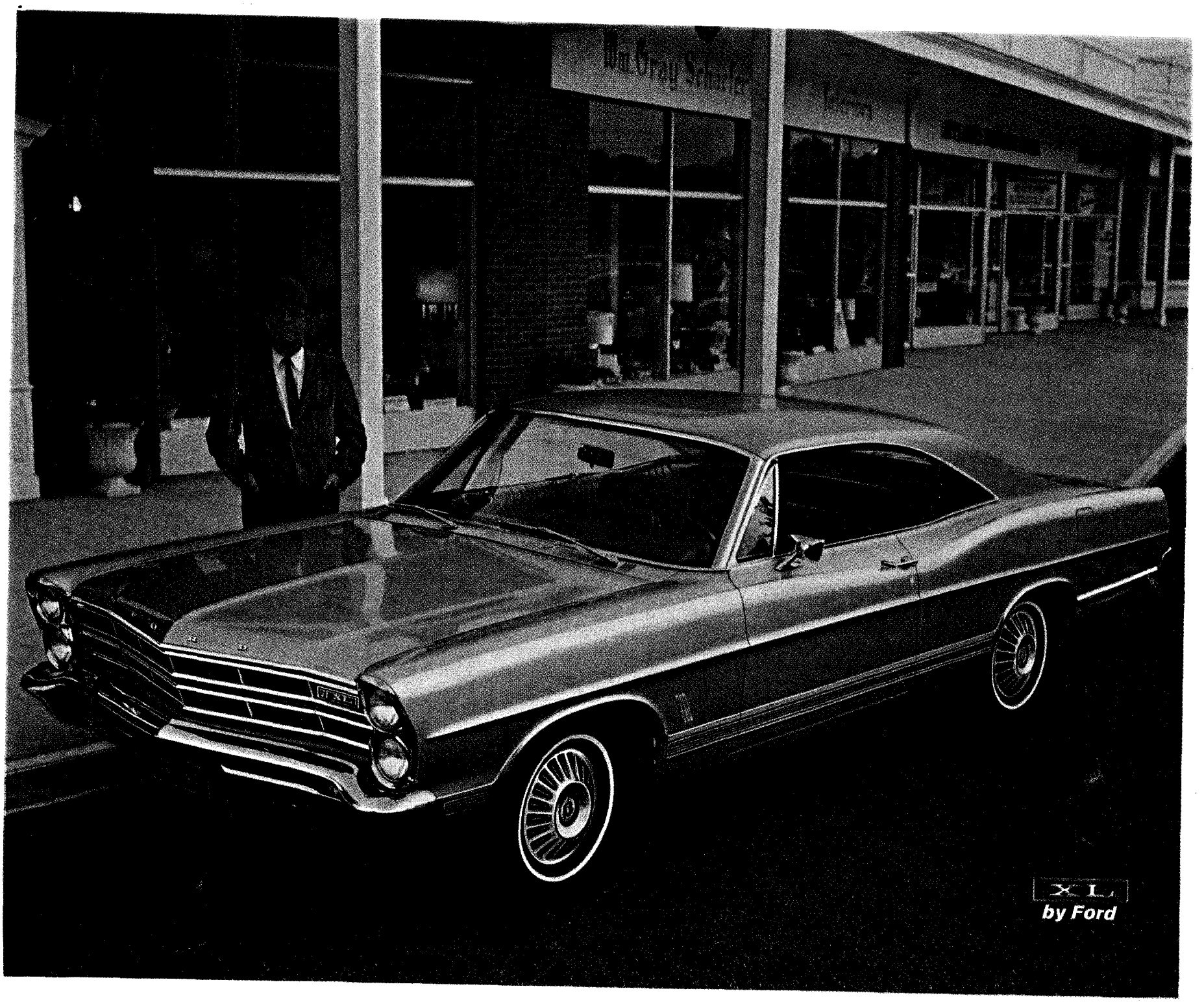
I chose a sporty new XL Hardtop by Ford
like I make a business decision: with cold facts.
Cold fact 1—Ford has one of the world's
quietest rides. That shows it's solidly built.
Cold fact 2—Ford has better ideas, like a
SelectShift transmission that you can use
as an automatic or a manual.
Cold fact 3—My wife likes Ford's looks.



And who'd argue with that? Certainly no one who's seen the new Ford XL. Bristling 289 *cu. in.* V-8 is standard. So are the foam-padded Thunderbird bucket seats and new SelectShift transmission that shifts automatically when you want it, and manually when you need it on ice or snow or on twisting mountain roads. And, of course, every '67 Ford is equipped with Ford Motor Company Lifeguard-Design Safety Features. Plus the rock-solid durability that is winning new Ford boosters in record-breaking numbers.

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the real taste that satisfies longer.

And now enjoy the famous Camel tradition of taste
in new Camel Filters, too.

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regular or filter
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